No M 148.41

GIVEN BY

Estate of Mrs. Elizabeth G. Gay.

John James Loring
Boston

THE

MUSICAL CABINET,

CONTAINING

A SELECTION

OF

ALL THE NEW AND FASHIONABLE

SONGS.

ARRANGED FOR THE VOICE AND PIANO FORTE.

CHARLESTOWN:
PUBLISHED BY T. M. BAKER,
At his Circulating Library, Maine Street.

.....
1822.

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(M.373.31 imperfect.)

** M 143. 71
Estate of Mrs. Elizabeth D. Gay.
May 6, 1908

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No. 10 Merchants' Hall.

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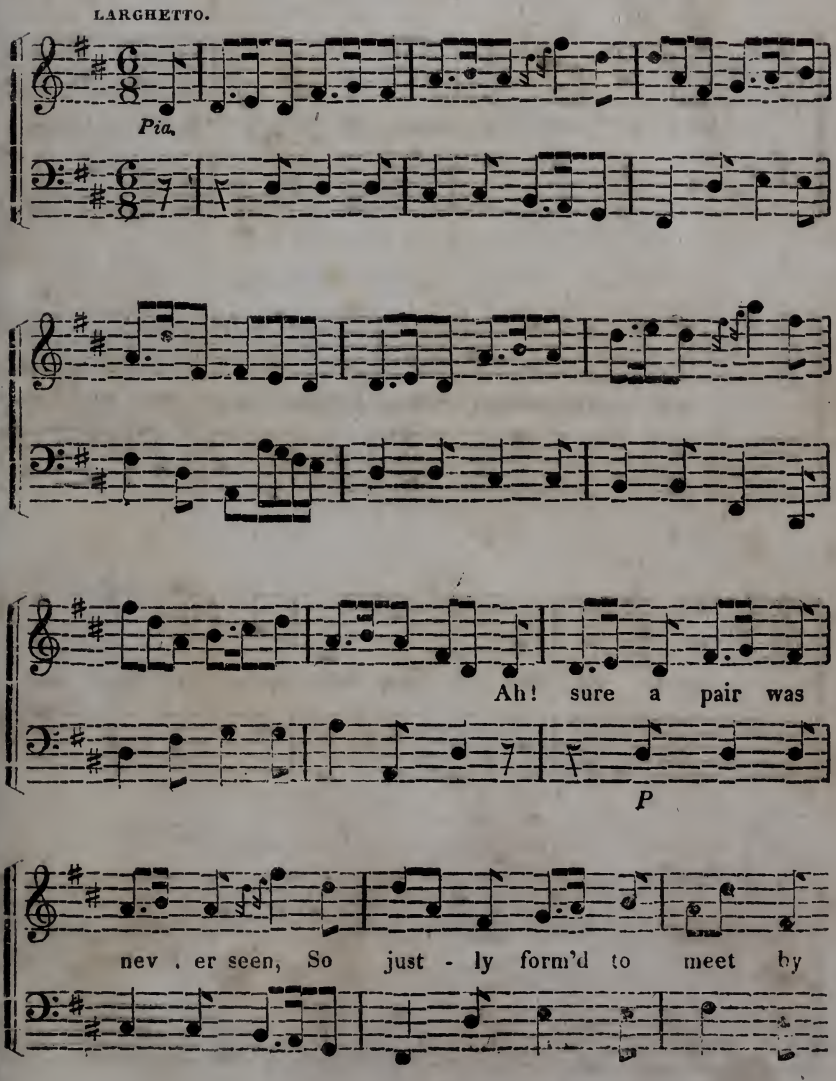
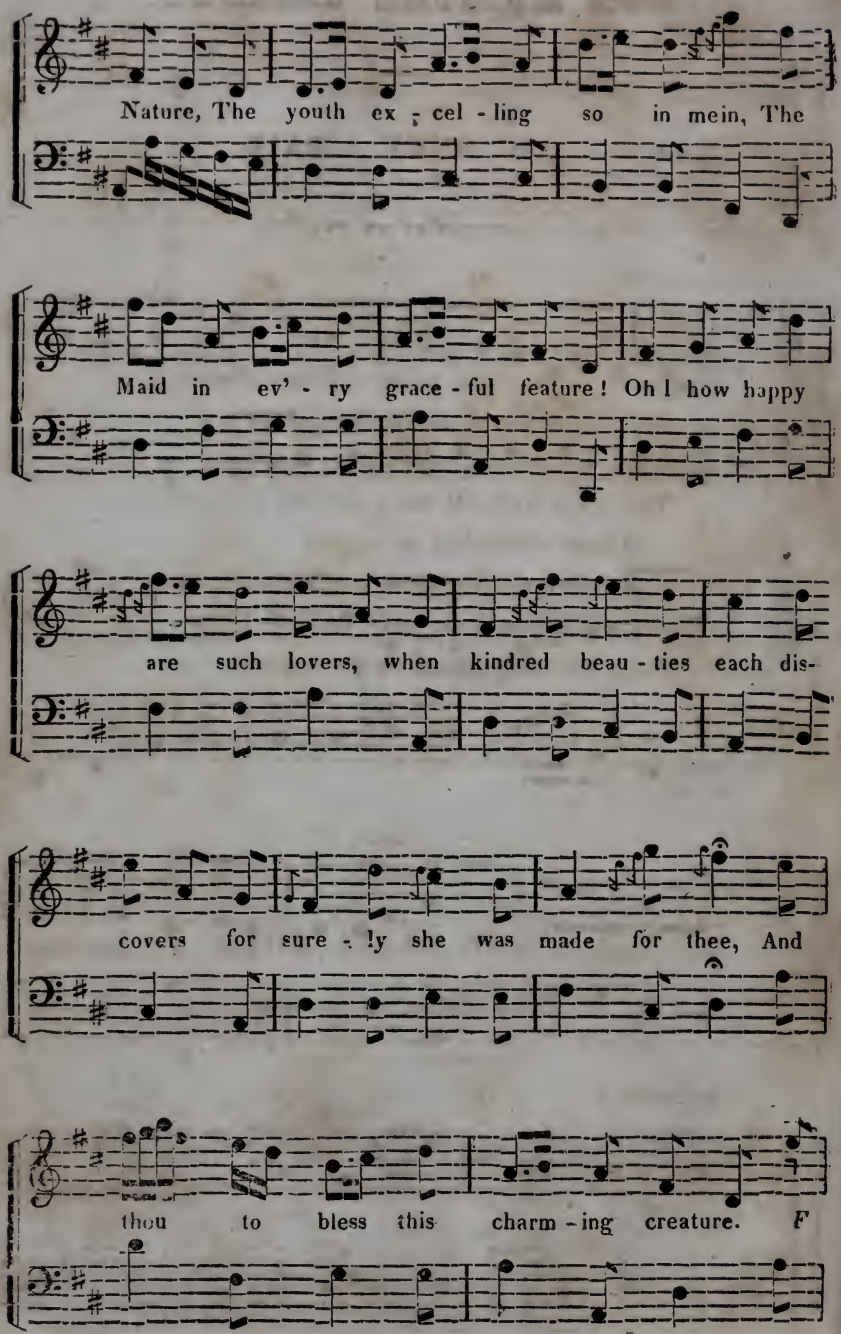
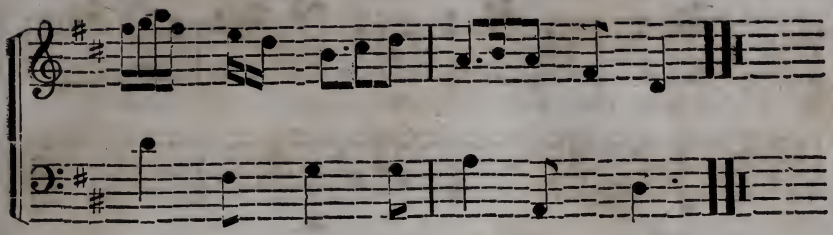
THE MUSICAL CABINET.

AH! SURE A PAIR.

AS SUNG BY MR. PHILIPPS.




Nature, The youth ex - cel - ling so in mein, The
Maid in ev' - ry grace - ful feature! Oh! how happy
are such lovers, when kindred beau - ties each dis-
covers for sure - ly she was made for thee, And
thou to bless this charm - ing creature. F



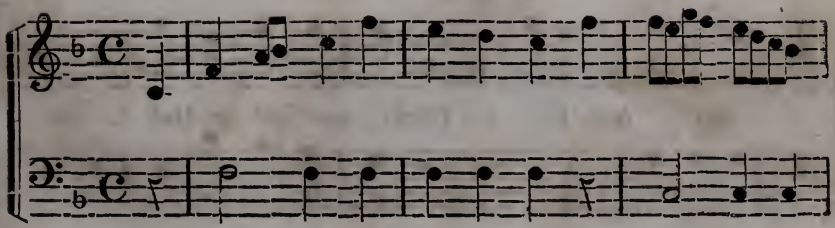
2.

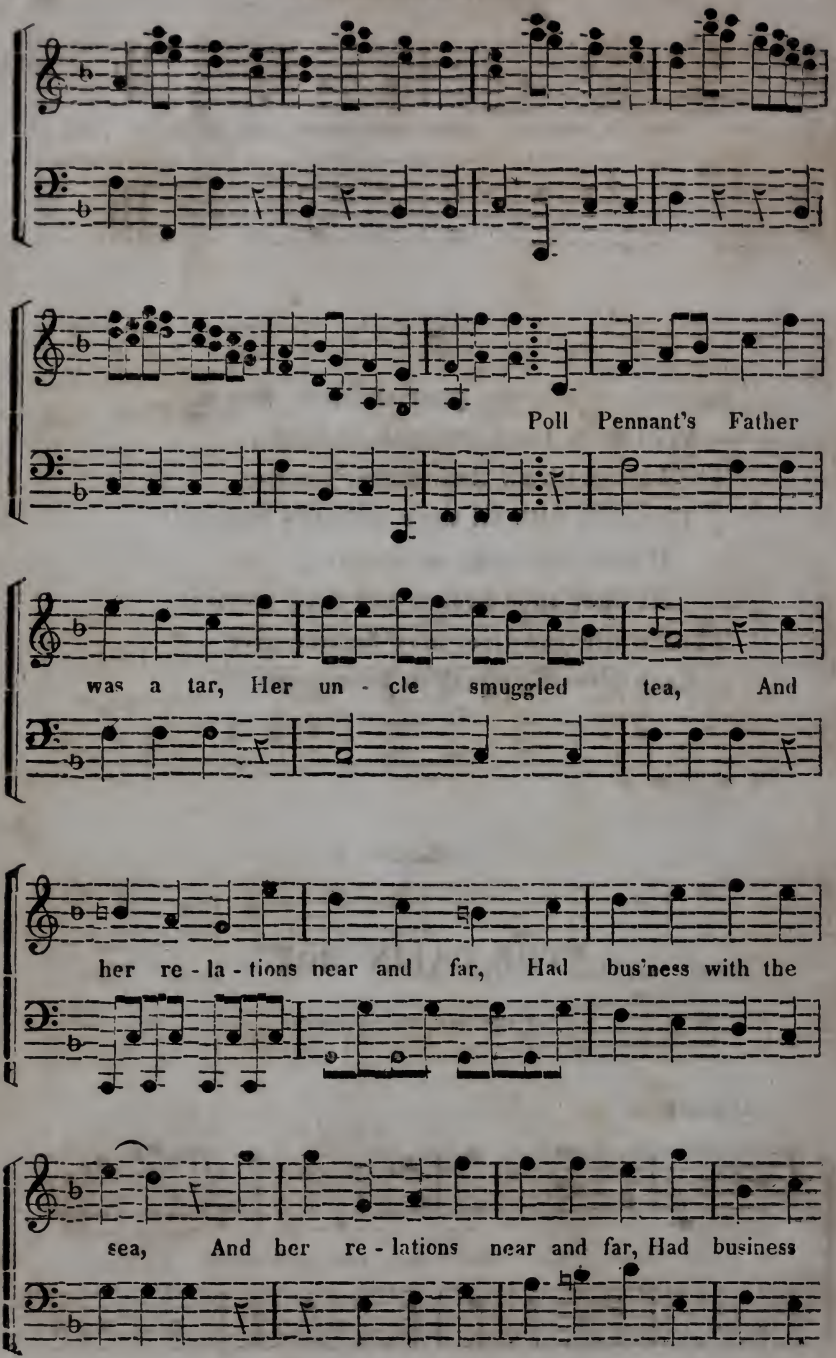
So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty ;
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty !
O how charming to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit ;
Thus while you live, may fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit.

THE CABIN BOY.

AS SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

ALLEGRETTO.




Poll Pennant's Father
was a tar, Her un - cle smuggled tea, And
her re - la - tions near and far, Had bus'ness with the
sea, And her re - lations near and far, Had business

with the sea. She mar - ried Jack, pride of the
crew, One to her bosom dear, She married Jack, pride
of the crew, One to her bosom dear; And 'mongst
these sai - lors quickly knew, To hand, and
reef, and steer, To hand and reef and steer.

2.

That Jack was off, the ship unmoor'd,
She heard with silent joy!
And cunningly repair'd aboard,
Dressed like a Cabin Boy;
When e'er to danger he would rush,
Jack still a helpmate found;
And were he hurt in any brush,
She kindly dressed his wound.

3.

The cruise was out; from her disguise.
Poll now with pleasure burst;
Then took her passage in a prize,
And to their home came first;
Jack chased her soon, in eager gaze,
Unladed all his joy,
And presently sung out the praise,
Of the kind Cabin Boy.

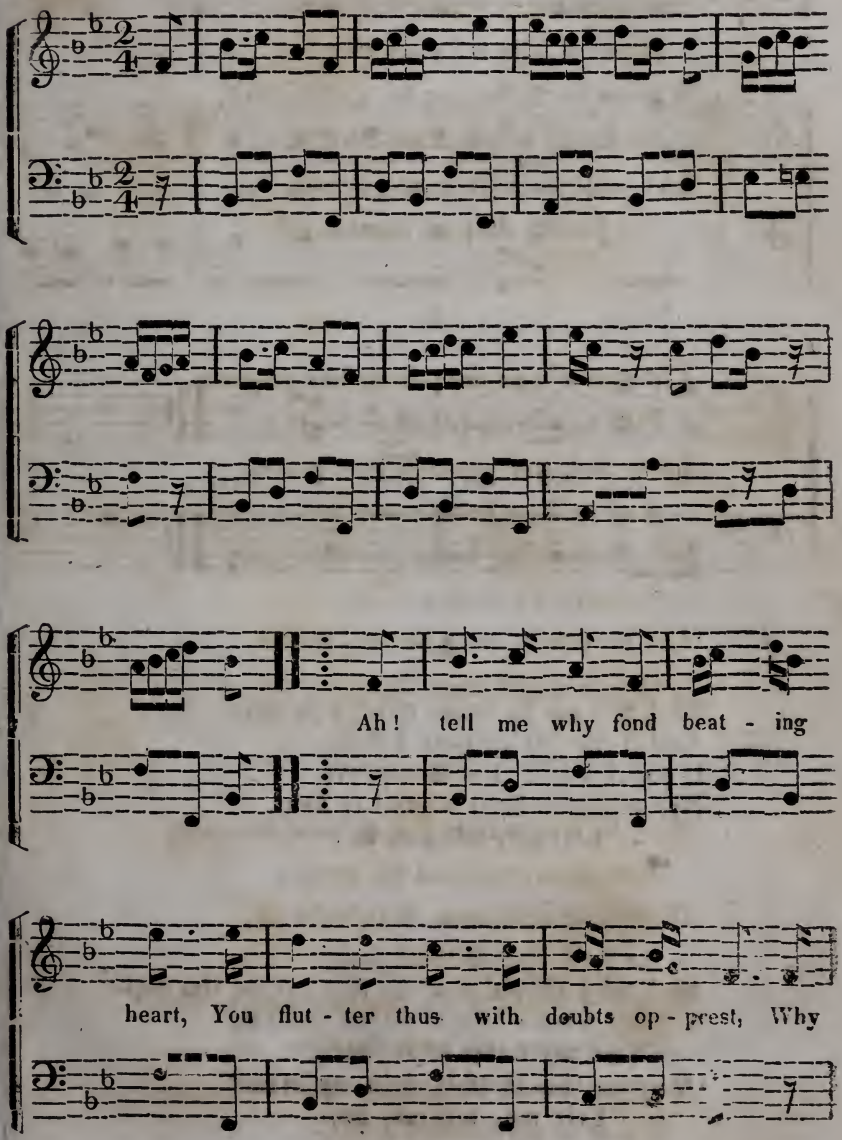
4.

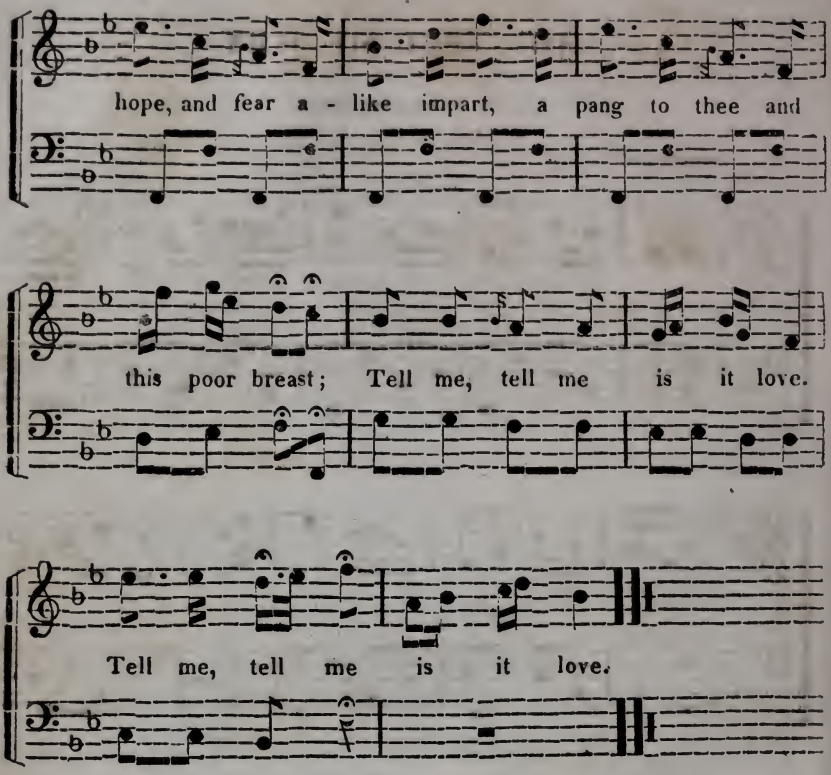
How he had watched him, how his care,
Had nicely dressed his prog;
How sung him some delightful air,
As they tipt off their grog;
'Twas I, cried Poll, that messmate, who,
In all your toil took part!
You, my sweet Poll, Jack cried out, you?
Come to my faithful heart.

AH! TELL ME WHY.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

ANDANTINO.





2.

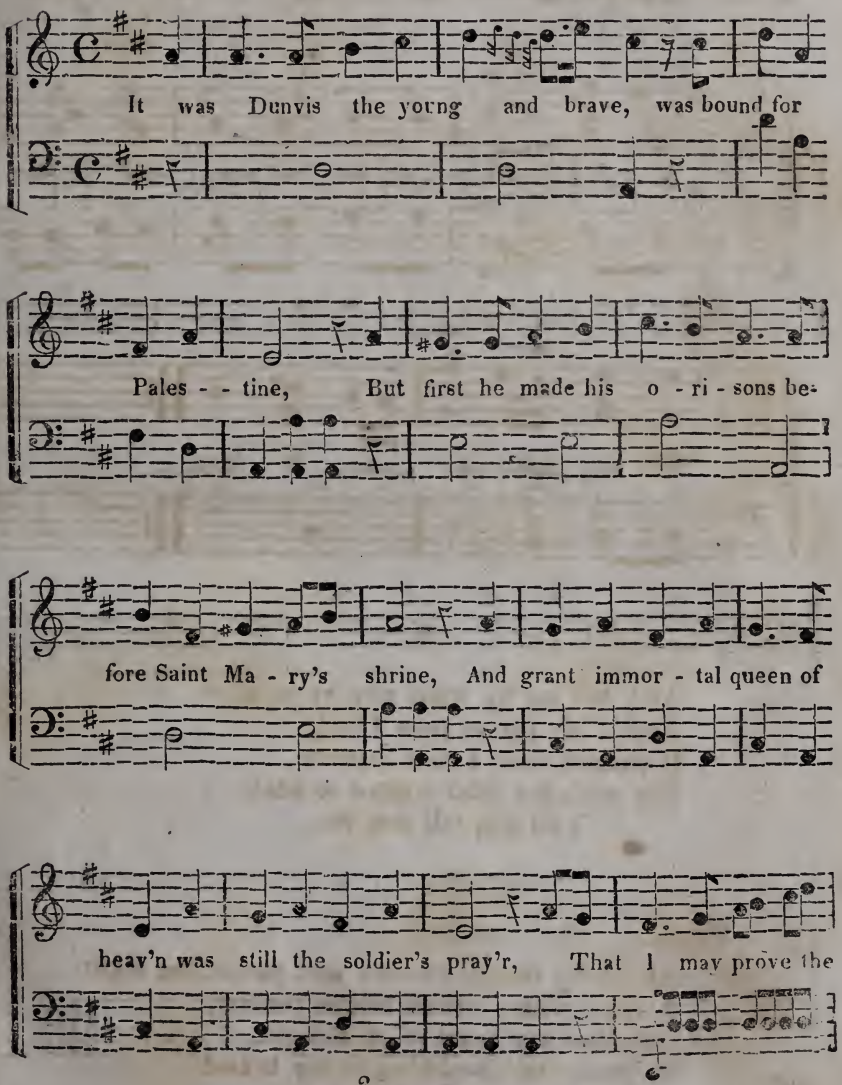
Ah! tell me by what pow'rs ye move,
And if 'tis joy or pain I feel,
If painful still, I still approve,
Nor wish the fatal wound to heal.
Tell me, tell me, &c.

3.

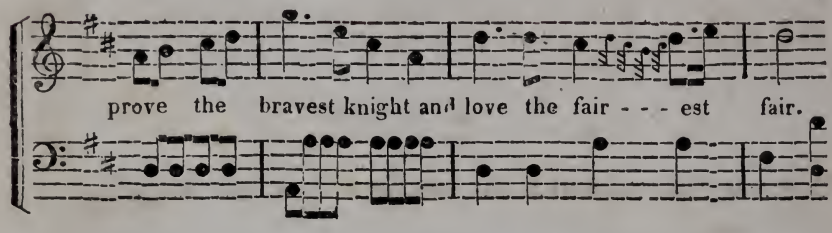
Ah! why should charms that please the sight,
A voice where Music reigns confest,
Rob thee my heart of all delight,
Or cause this throbbing in my breast.
Tell me, tell me, &c.

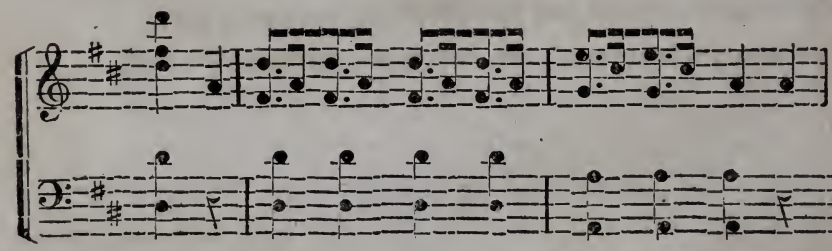
THE KNIGHT ERRANT,

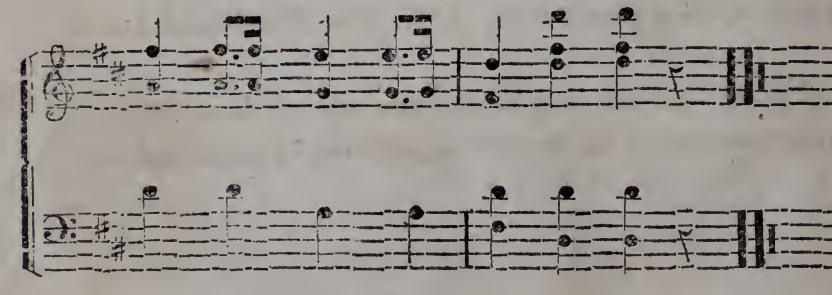
AS SUNG BY MRS. WARING,


It was Dunvis the young and brave, was bound for
Pales - - tine, But first he made his o - ri - sons be-
fore Saint Ma - ry's shrine, And grant immor - tal queen of
heav'n was still the soldier's pray'r, That I may prove the

bravest knight, and love the fairest fair, That I may


prove the bravest knight and love the fair - - - est fair.





2.

His oath of honour on the shrine, he grav'd it with his sword,
And follow'd to the holy land, the banner of his lord ;
When faithful to his noble vow, his war cry fill'd the air,
Be honour'd, aye, the bravest knight, belov'd the fairest fair.

3.

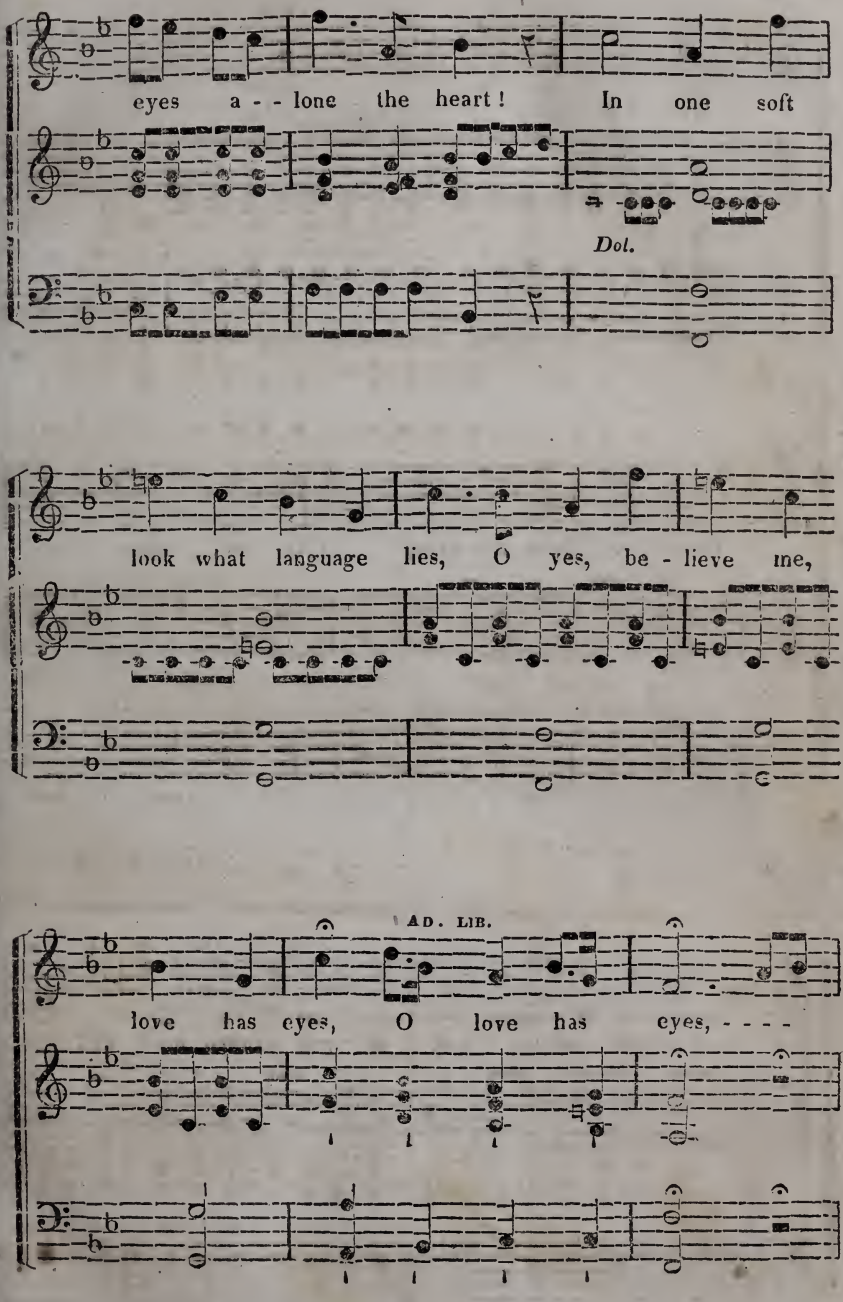
They owe the conquest to his arm, and then his liege lord said,
The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must be repaid,
My daughter Isabel,and thou,shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair.

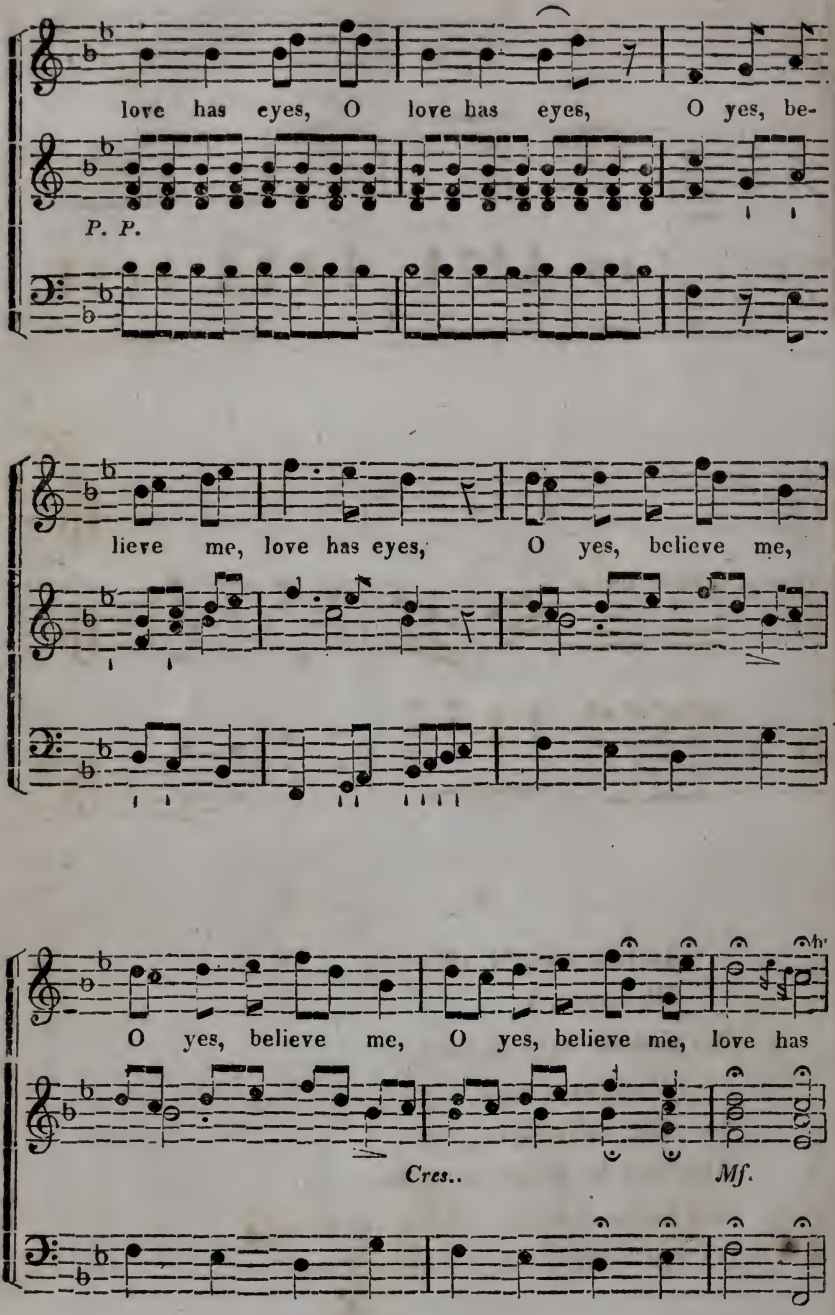
4.

And then they bound the holy knot, before Saint Mary's shrine,
Which makes a paradise on earth, when hearts and hands combine ;
And every lord and lady bright, that was in Chapel there,
Cried honour'd be the bravest knight, belov'd the fairest fair.

LOVE HAS EYES.

AS SUNG BY MR. PHILIPPS.

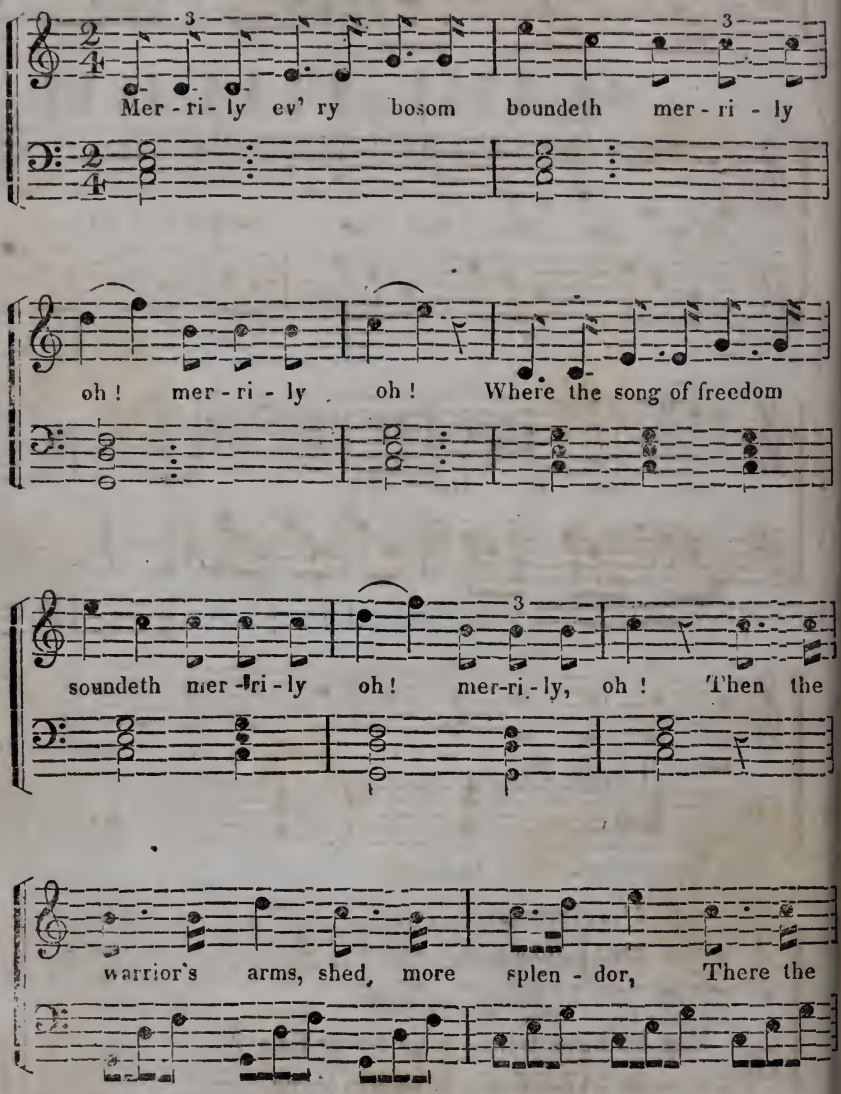

eyes a - - lone the heart! In one soft
Dol.
look what language lies, O yes, be - lieve me,
AD. LIB.
love has eyes, O love has eyes, - - - -

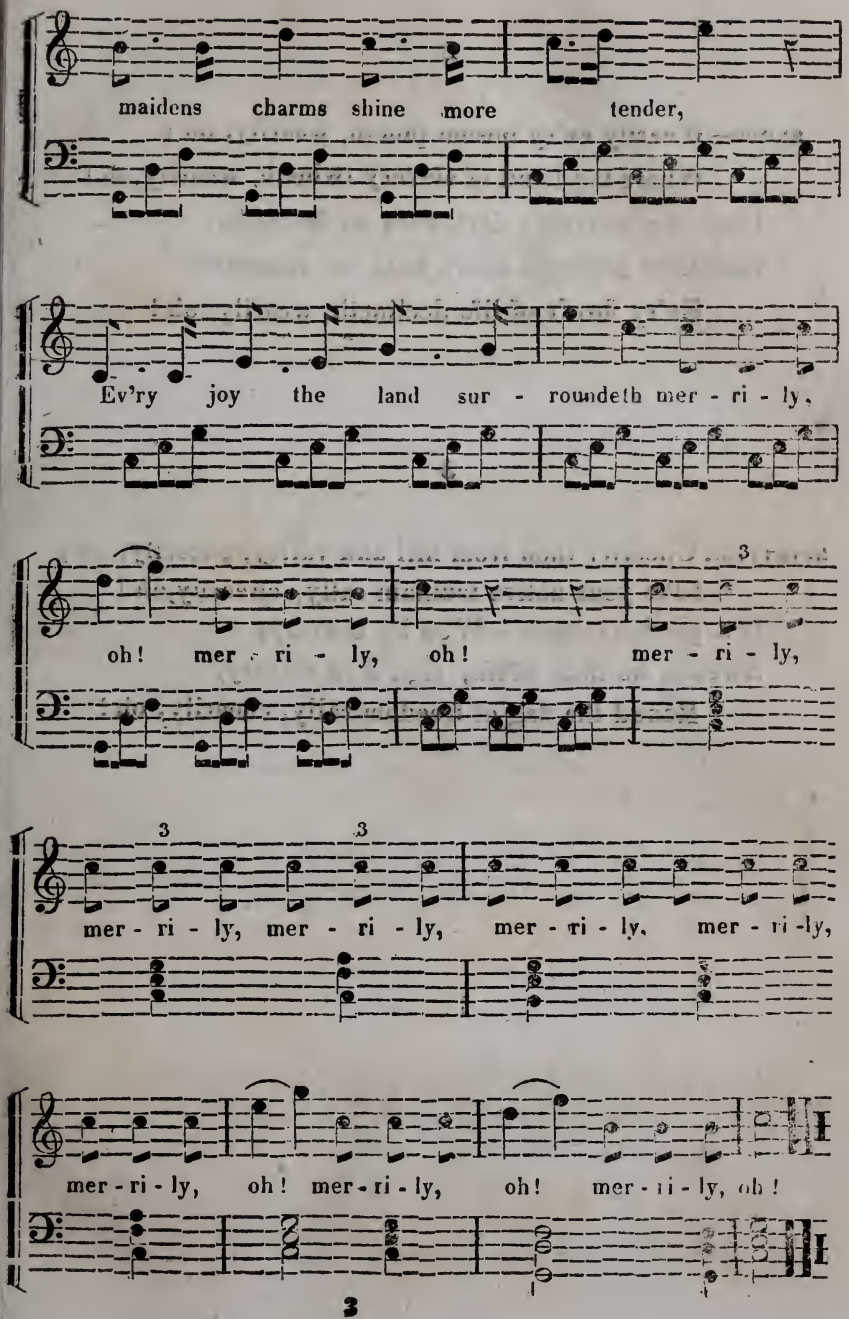

love has eyes, O love has eyes, O yes, be-
P. P.
lieve me, love has eyes, O yes, believe me,
O yes, believe me, O yes, believe me, love has
Cres..
Mf.

2.

Love's wing'd, they cry,
Oh never, I
No pinions have to soar,
Deceivers rove,
But never love,
Attached he roams no more
Can he have wings who never flies ?
Oh yes believe me, love has eyes.

THE TYROLESE SONG.


Mer - ri - ly ev' ry bosom boundeth mer - ri - ly
oh! mer - ri - ly oh! Where the song of freedom
soundeth mer - ri - ly oh! mer-ri - ly, oh! Then the
warrior's arms, shed, more splen - dor, There the


maidens charms shine more tender,
Ev'ry joy the land sur - roundeth mer - ri - ly,
oh! mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly,
3
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
3 3
mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh!
3

2

SLOW—Wearily ev'ry bosom pineth, wearily, oh !
Where the bond of slavery twineth, wearily, oh !
There the warrior's dart, hath no fleetness,
There the maiden's heart, hath no sweetness,
Ev'ry flow'r of life declineth, wearily, oh !

3

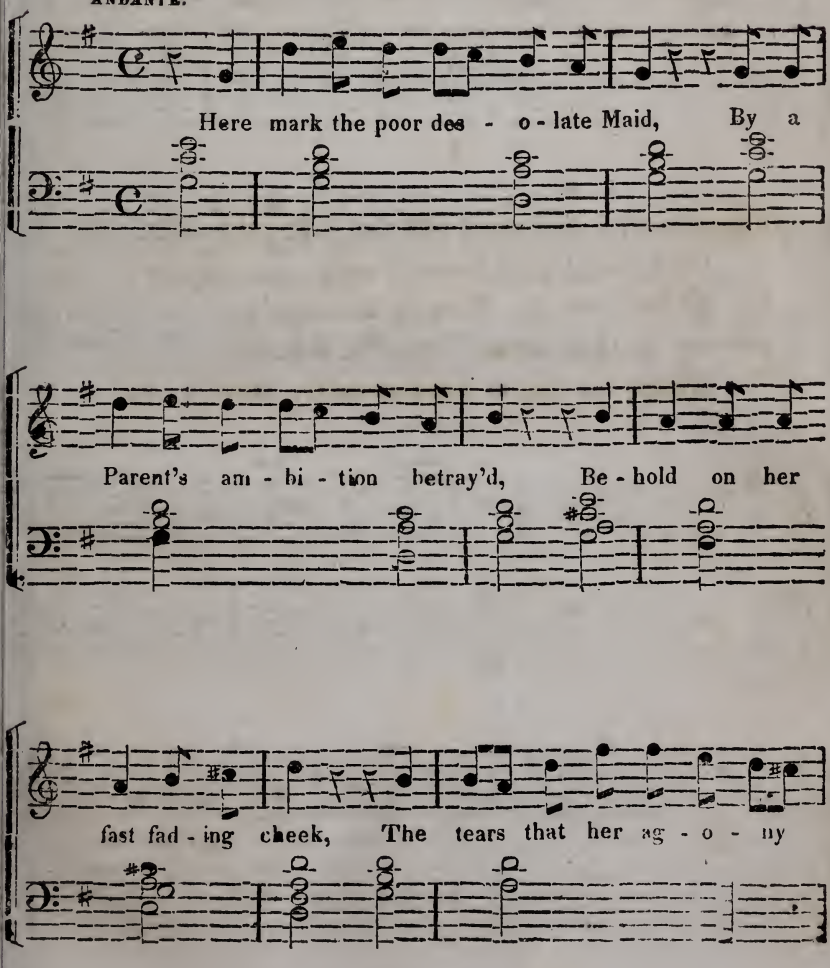
SPIRITED, Cheerily then from hill and valley, cheerily, oh ;
Like your native fountain sally, cheerily, oh !
If a glorious death—Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than death, sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of freedom rally, cheerily, oh !

'TIS BUT FANCY'S SKETCH.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

AS SUNG BY MR. PHILIPPS.

ANDANTE.



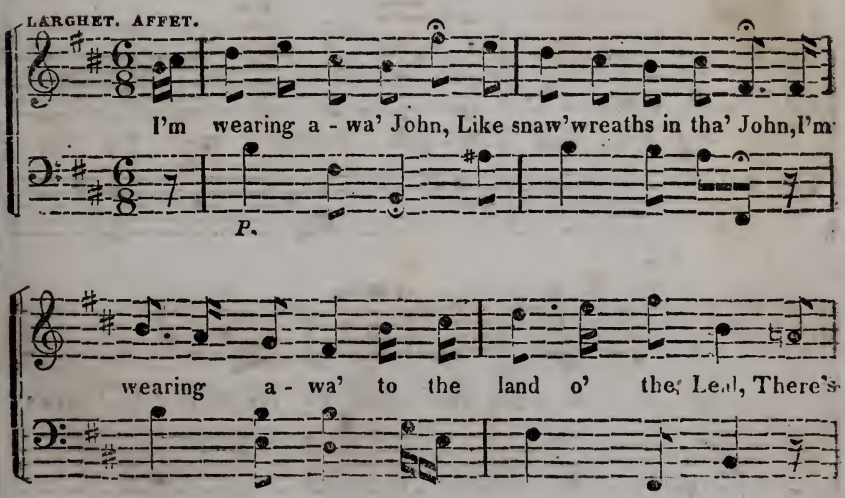
speak, And here stands the well be - lov'd youth, Calling
Pia.
For.
Heav - en to wit - ness his truth, And here stands the
mur - der - ous wretch, But mark me, But
P.
F.
mark me, 'tis - - - - but fan - - - - cy's
PP
sketch! Ah! - - - 'tis but fan - cy's sketch.

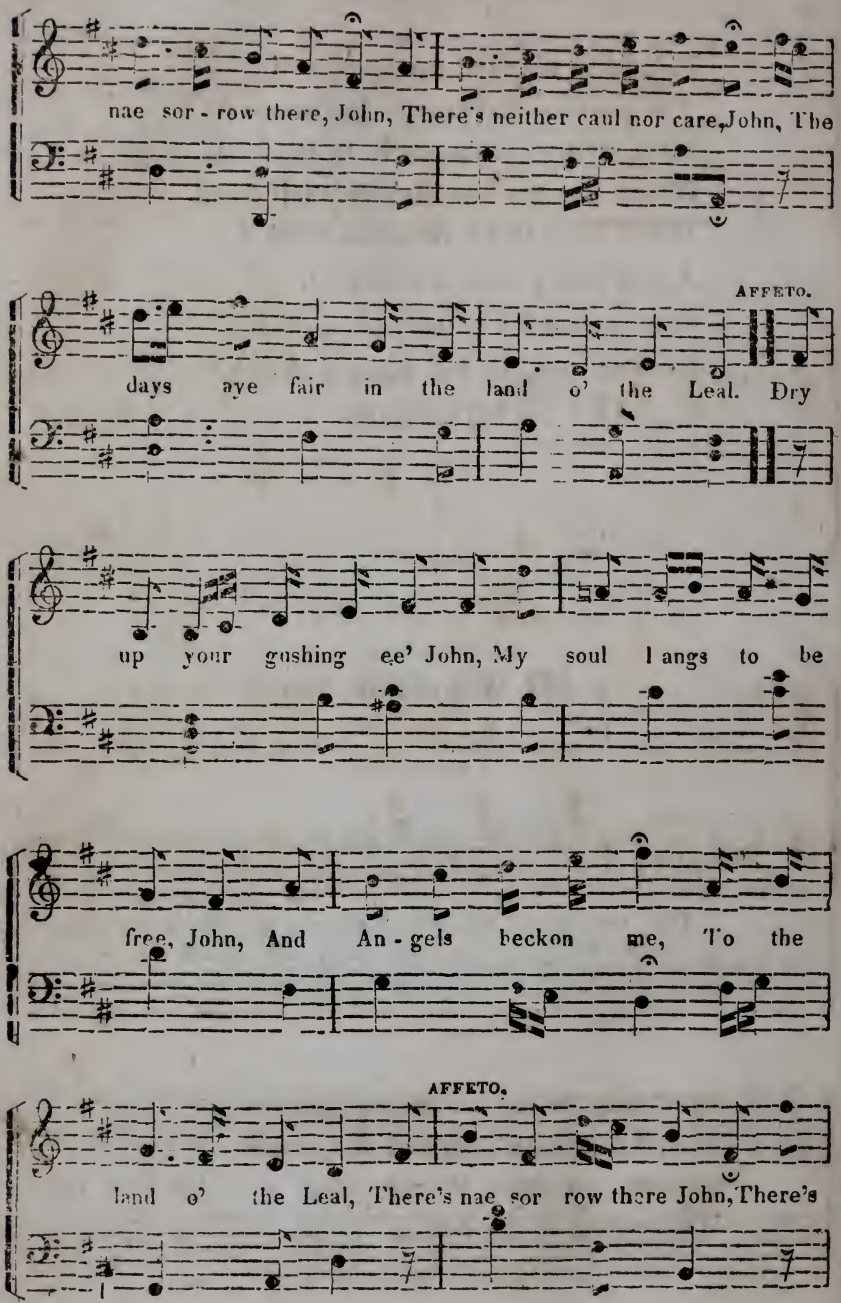
2

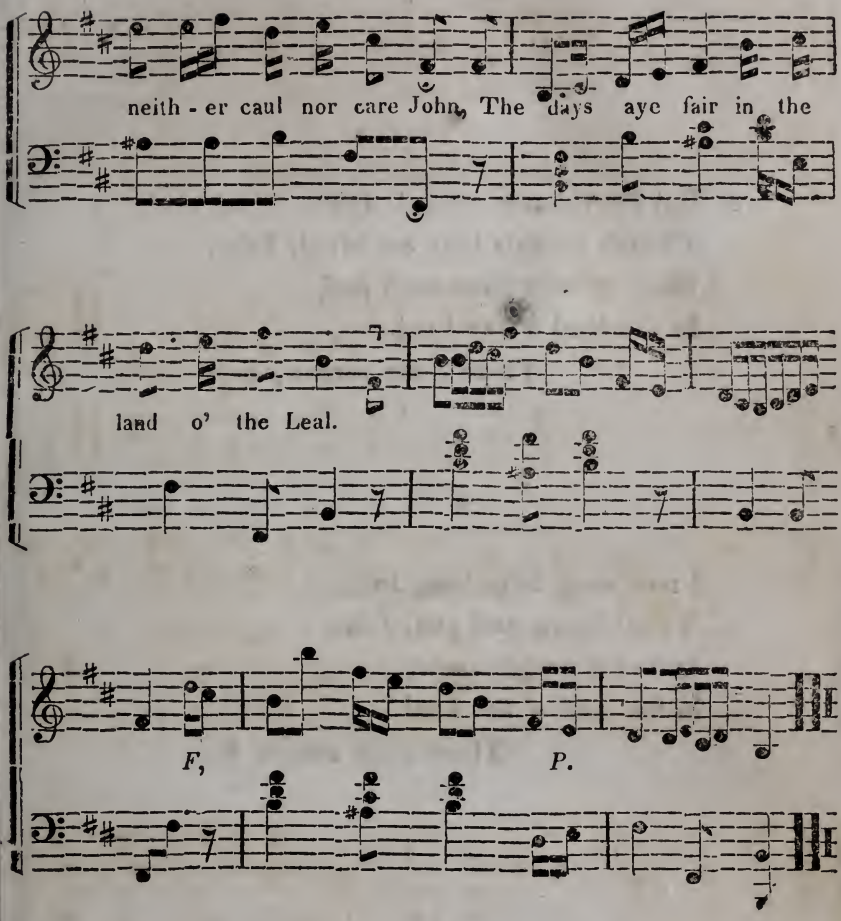
Behold in his face are express'd
The passion that rage in his breast;
Here read while he dares to demand,
Of her parents this Maiden's fair hand,
While deep in his dungeon secur'd,
A still living wife is immur'd,
Who curses the murderous wretch,
But start not, 'tis but fancy's sketch,
Ah! 'tis but fancy,&c.

I AM WEARING AWA'.

A CANZONET.




nae sor - row there, John, There's neither caul nor care, John, The
AFFETO.
days aye fair in the land o' the Leal. Dry
up your gushing ee' John, My soul I angs to be
free, John, And An - gels beckon me, To the
AFFETO.
land o' the Leal, There's nae sor row there John, There's



2.

Our bonny bairns are there, John,
They were baith guid and fair, John,
And oh! we grudg'd them sair,
To the land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow &c.

3.

But Providence is kind, John,
Though mortals they are blind, John,
Much greater bliss we'll find,
In the land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow, &c.

4

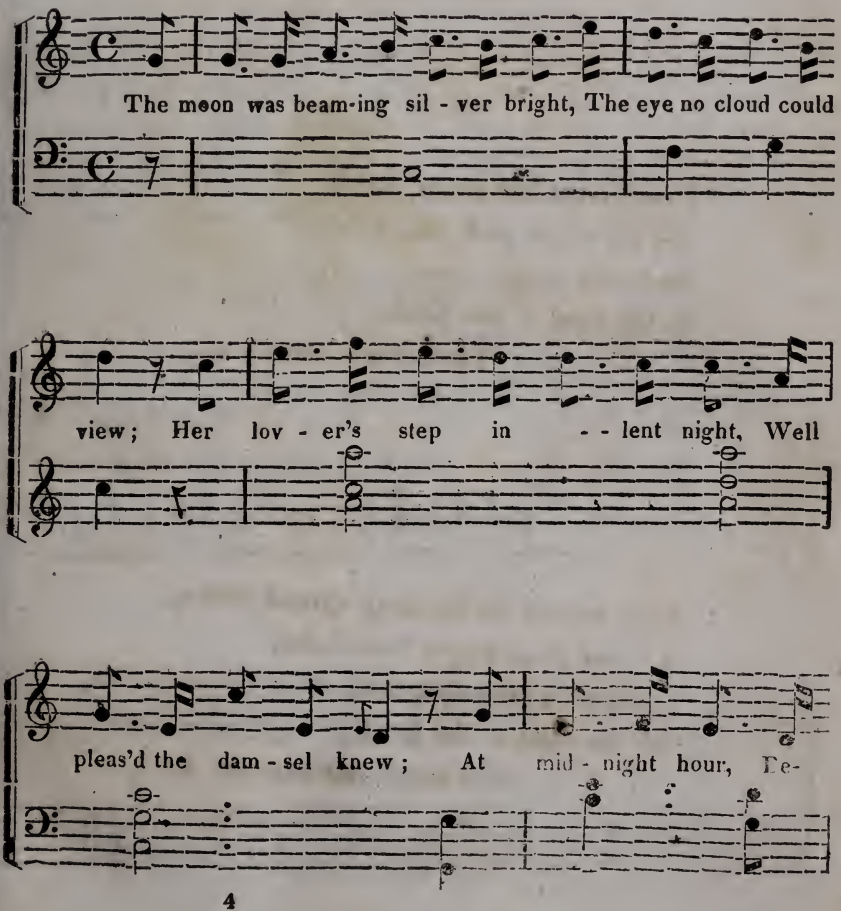
I now must bid adieu, John,
To all below and you, John,
And visit worlds anew,
In the land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow &c.

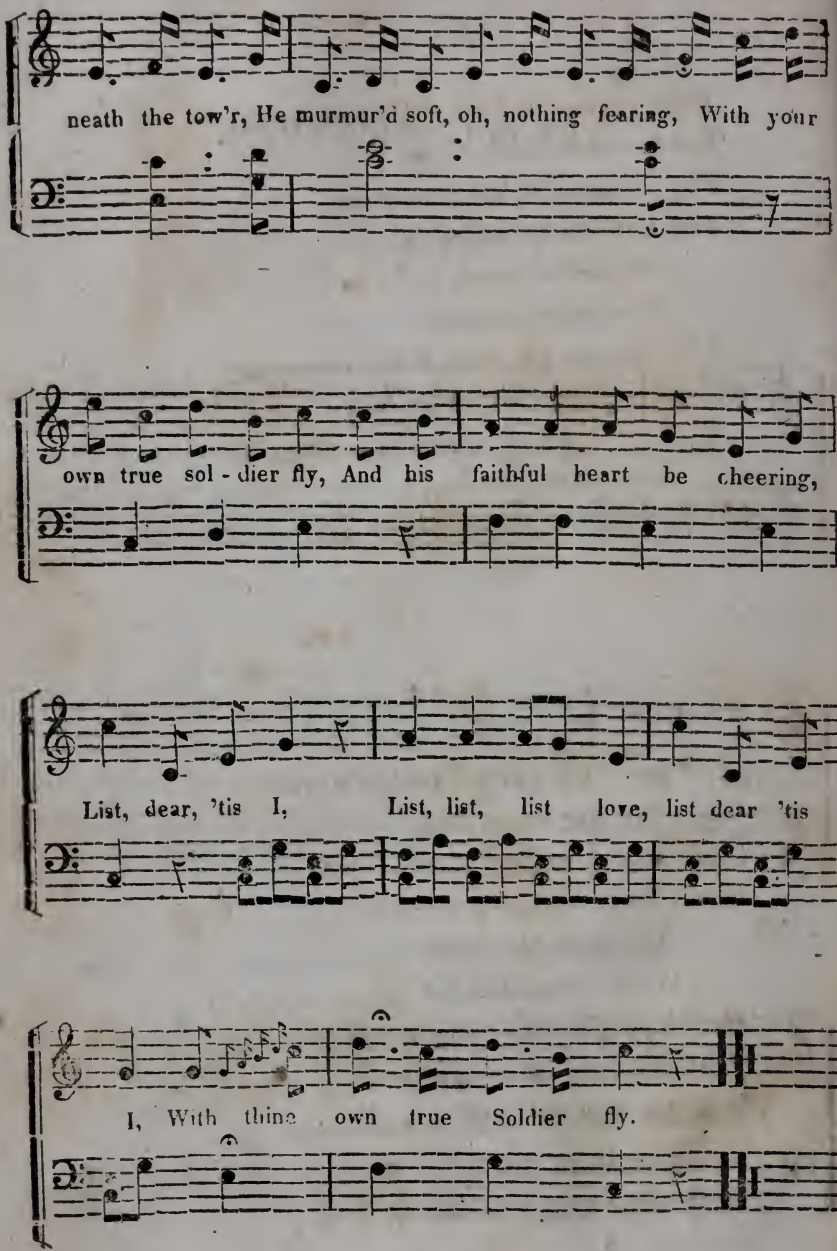
5

May heaven its blessing spread, John,
Around your hoary head John,
Until with me you tread,
On the land o' the Leal
There's nae sorrow, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

AS SUNG BY MR. PHILIPPS.


The moon was beam-ing sil - ver bright, The eye no cloud could
view; Her lov - er's step in - - lent night, Well
pleas'd the dam - sel knew; At mid - night hour, De-


neath the tow'r, He murmur'd soft, oh, nothing fearing, With your
own true sol - dier fly, And his faithful heart be cheering,
List, dear, 'tis I, List, list, list love, list dear 'tis
I, With thine own true Soldier fly.

2.

Then whisper'd love, "Oh maiden fair,
Ere morning shed its ray ;
Thy lover calls, all peril dare,
And haste to horse away!
In time of need,
Yon gallant steed,
That champs the rein, delay reproving,
Shall each peril bear the by ;
With his master's charmer roving,
List, dear, 'tis I,
With thine own true Soldier fly."

3

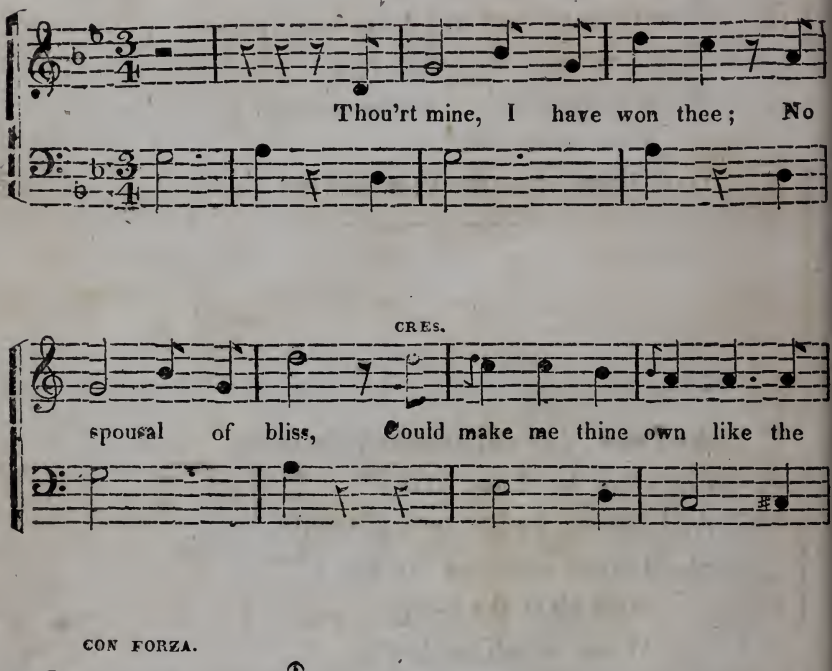
And now, her gallant soldier's bride,
She's fled her home afar ;
And chance, or joy, or woe betide,
She'll brave with him the war !
And bless the hour,
When 'neath the tow'r,
He whisper'd soft, "oh, nothing fearing,
With thine own true soldier fly,
And his faithful heart be cheering ;
List, dear, 'tis I,
With thine own true soldier fly !

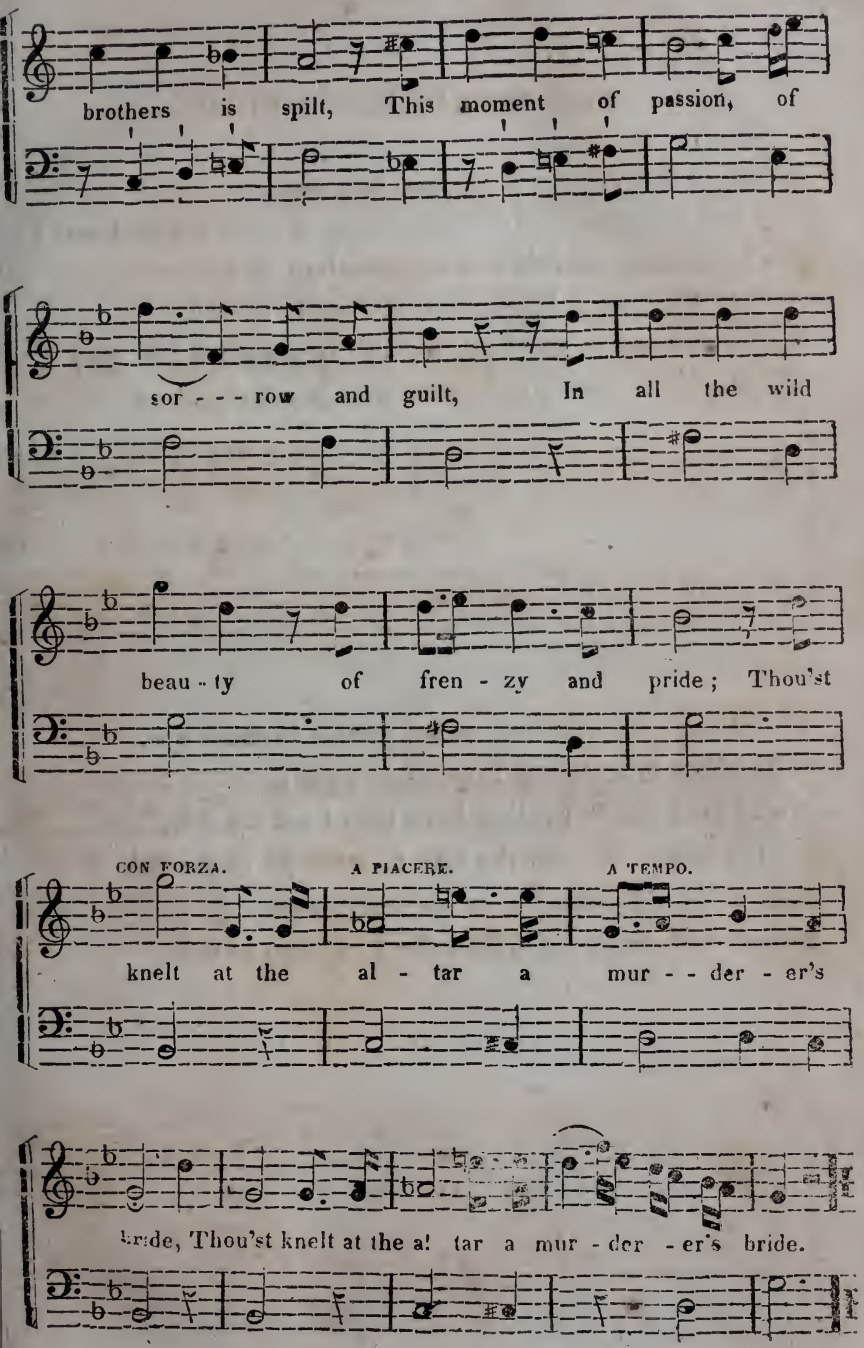
THE MURDERER'S BRIDE.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

The following poetry is founded upon a story of the tragical issue of a love adventure in the Highlands of Scotland, which ended in the destruction of the families of both parties.

The scene will be observed to be laid in the chapel of the castle still in fire and ruins, when the lovers are preparing to fly from the justice of the survivors.


Thou'rt mine, I have won thee; No
CRES.
spousal of bliss, Could make me thine own like the
CON FORZA.
hor - rors of this, This hour when the blood of thy


brothers is spilt, This moment of passion, of
sor - - - row and guilt, In all the wild
beau - ty of fren - zy and pride; Thou'st
CON FORZA.
A PIACERE.
A TEMPO.
knelt at the al - tar a mur - - der - er's
bride, Thou'st knelt at the al tar a mur - der - er's bride.

2

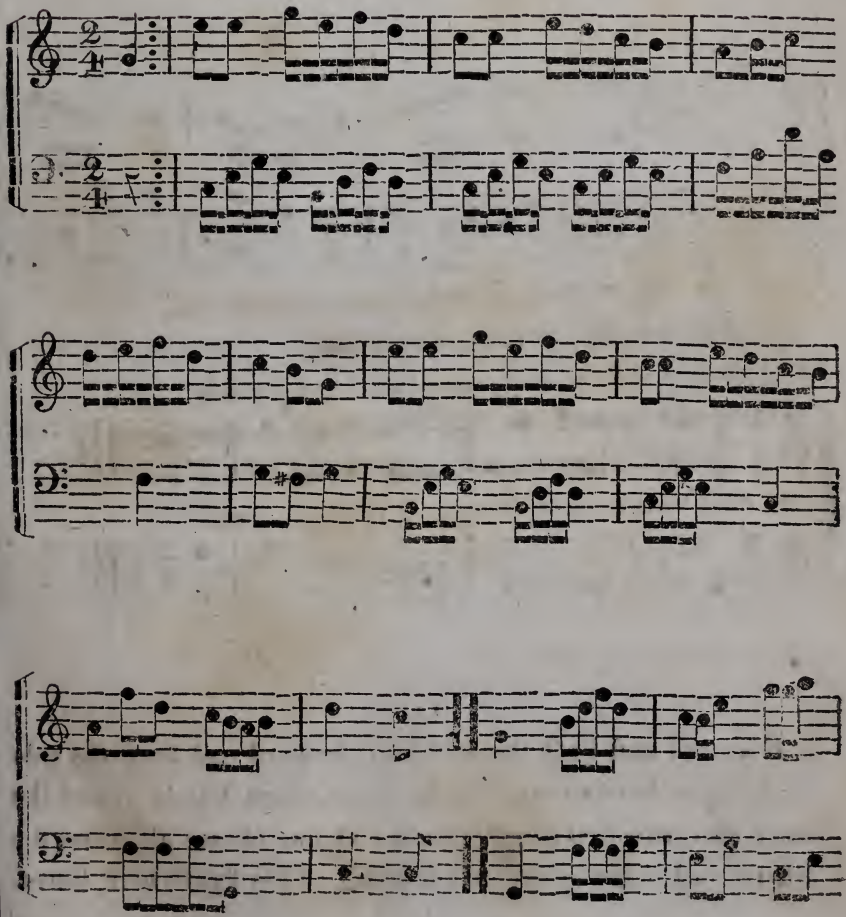
Adieu to thy visions of joy and fair fame,—
Thou must track the dark path-way of sorrow and shame;
Oh! wilt thou not think of thy desolate sire
Thy kindred in blood, and thy castle on fire,
The curse which was breathed in thy mother's last gasp,
The blood dropping hand thou must tenderly clasp.

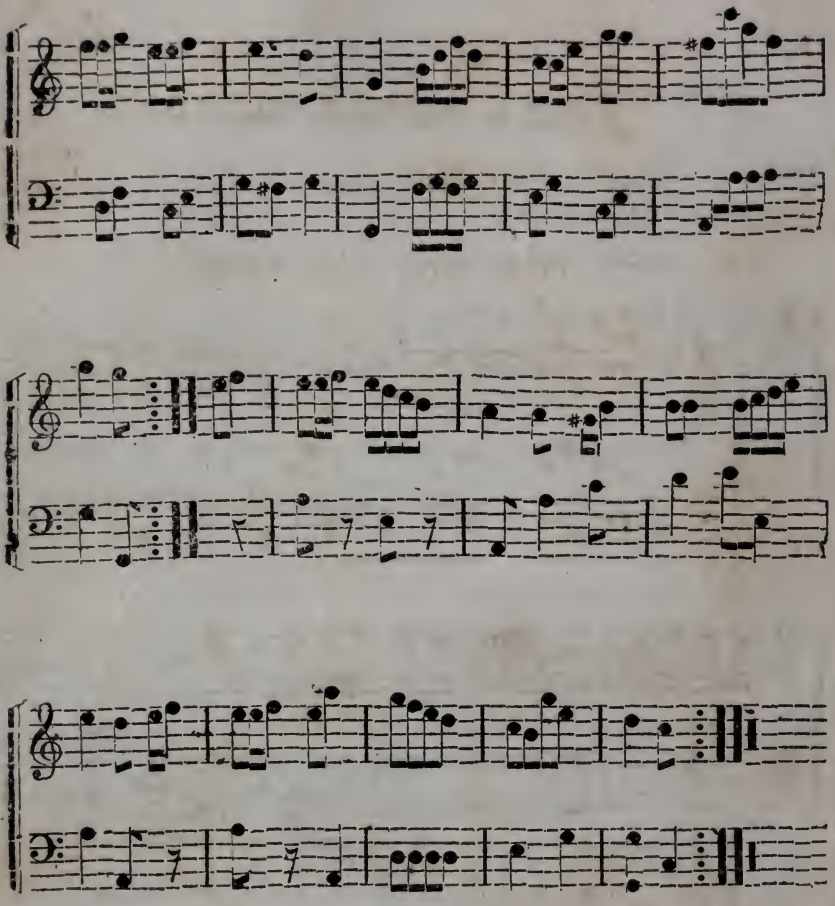
3

I read the high purpose, which beams in thine eye,
It is but to suffer, to love, and to die;
Away then to climes, that have heard not the tale,
Our steeds through the forest, our bark to the gale;
And if I've lost Heaven in striving for thee,
Thou shalt make our wild exile a Heaven to me.

LA SHEW.

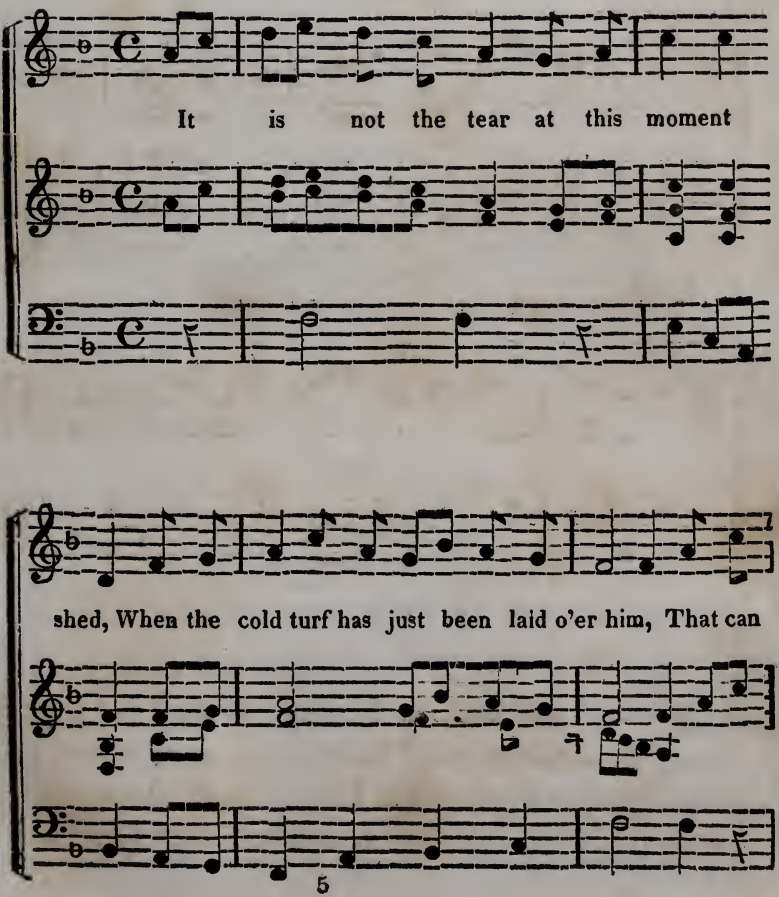
A FAVOURITE COTILLION.

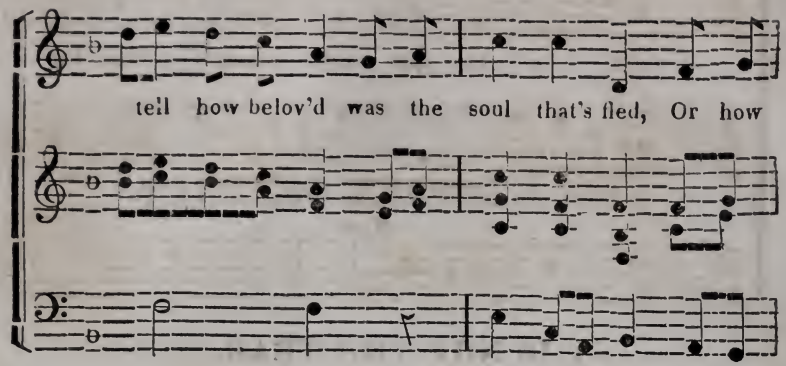


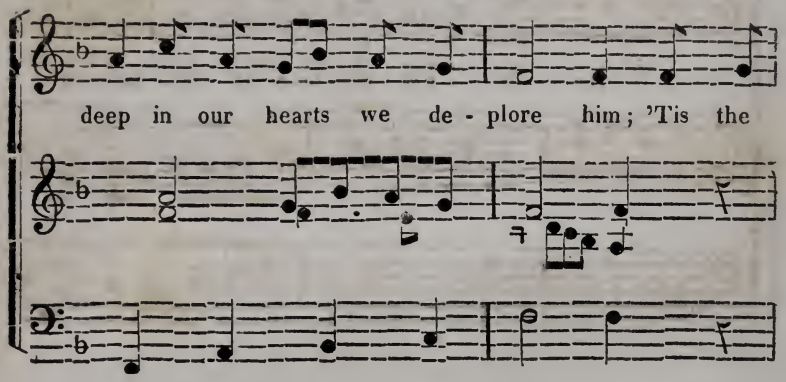


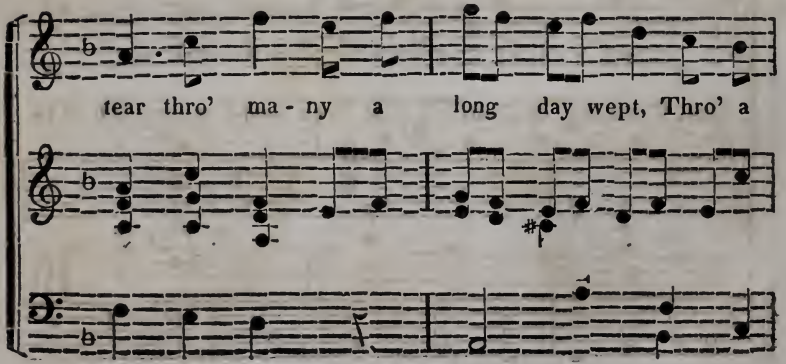
Forward and back the first four, forward and back the side four, cross hands round the first four, cross hands round the other four, two first couple Ladies chain, chasse all, same for others, and begin by the side couple. This figure four times.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR.




tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how


deep in our hearts we de - plore him; 'Tis the


tear thro' ma - ny a long day wept, Thro' a

life by his loss all shaded, 'Tis the
sad - - re - mem - brance fondly kept, When all
oth - - - er griefs are fa - - ded.

1.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him;
That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled,
Or how deep in our heart we deplore him;
'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept,
Thro' a life by his loss all shaded,
'Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept,
When all other griefs are faded.

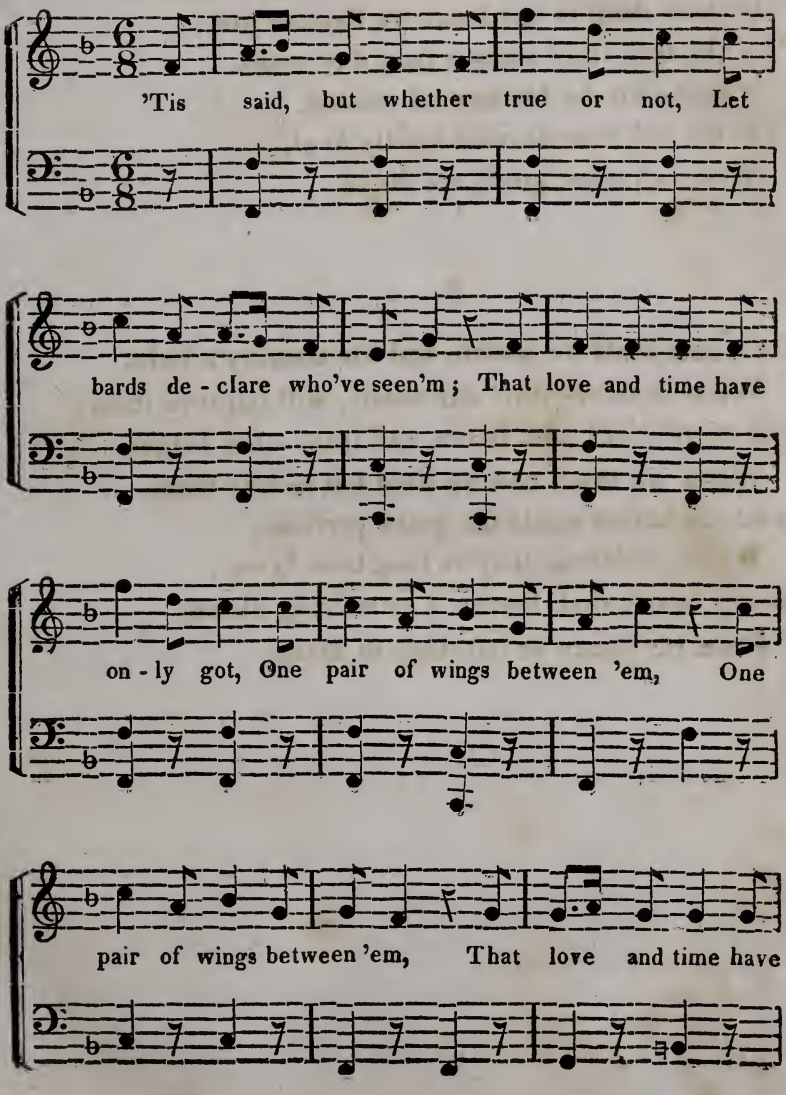
2.

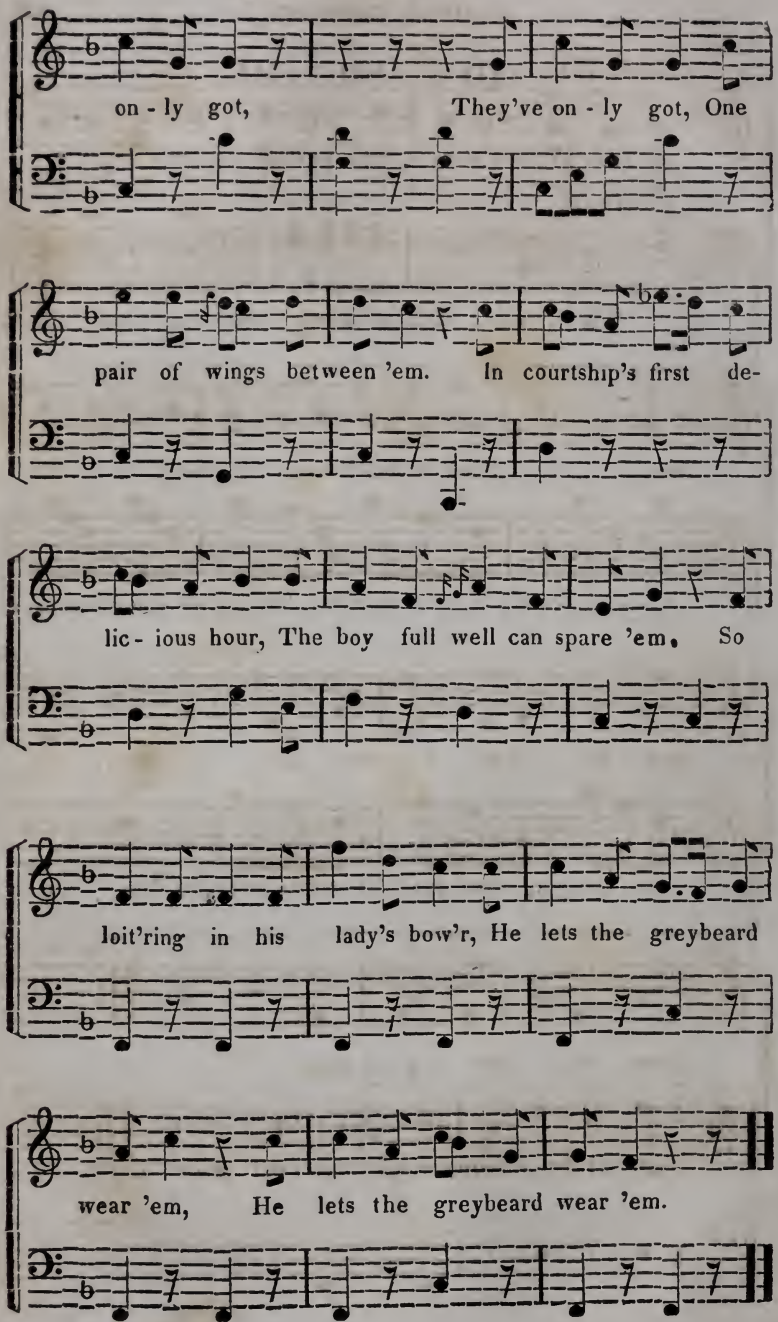
Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines thro' our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
Where, fadeless, they've long been lying;
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom,
From the image he left there in dying.

LOVE AND TIME.

AS SUNG BY MRS. FRENCH, MRS. HOLMAN, AND MISS DAVIS.

ANDANTE.


'Tis said, but whether true or not, Let
bards de - clare who've seen'm; That love and time have
on - ly got, One pair of wings between 'em, One
pair of wings between 'em, That love and time have


on - ly got, They've on - ly got, One
pair of wings between 'em. In courtship's first de-
lic - ious hour, The boy full well can spare 'em. So
loit'ring in his lady's bow'r, He lets the greybeard
wear 'em, He lets the greybeard wear 'em.

ALLEGRO.
Then is time's hour of play, Oh! how he flies a-
way, Then is time's hour of play, O
how he flies a - - way, flies a - - way, O
how he flies a - - way.
VOLTI.

2.

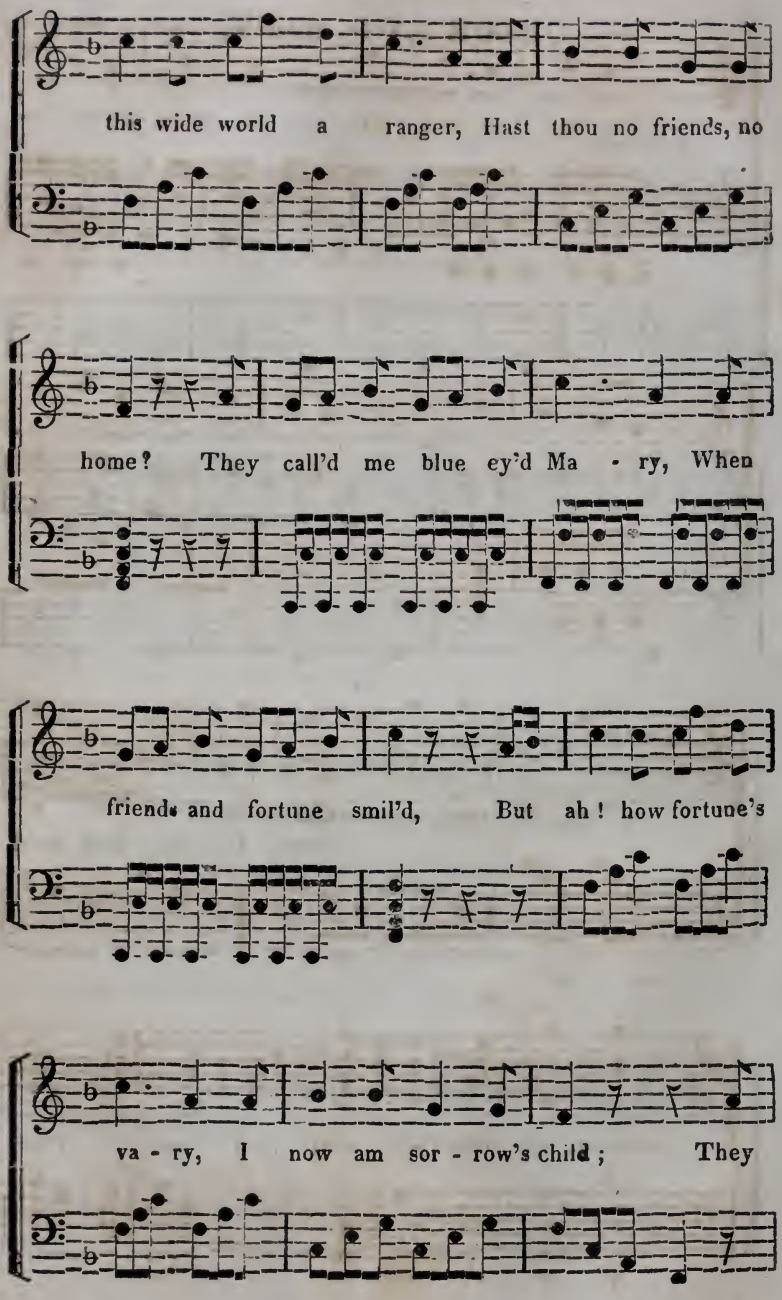
But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow ;
If time to day has had his flight,
‖:Love takes his turn to-morrow:‖
If time to day ‖:has had his flight :‖
Love takes his turn to morrow.
Ah time and love! your change is then,
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
‖.And to'ther takes to flying :‖
Then is love's hour to stray,
Oh how he flies away!

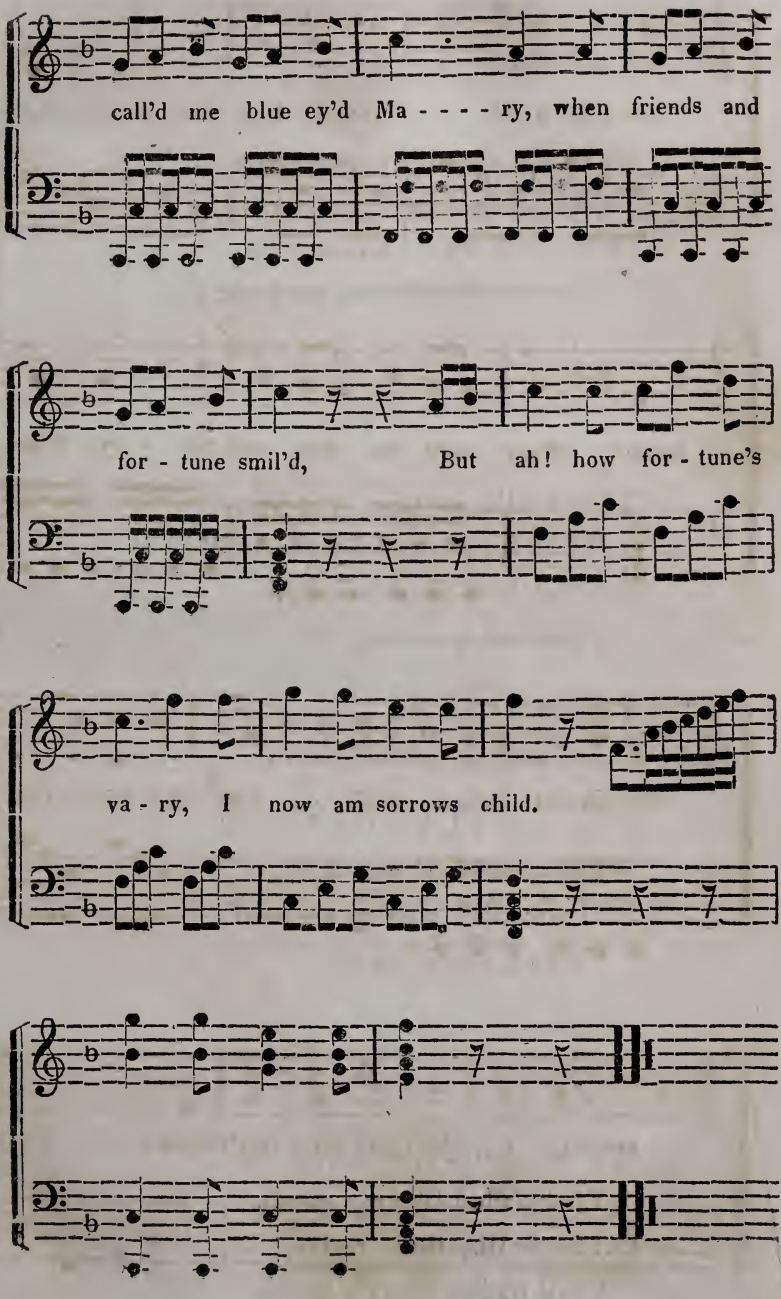
3.

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal,
‖:With love and time much better:‖
Who knows, the dear one, ‖:ho w to deal:‖
With love and time much better.
So well she checks their wand'rings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That love, with her ne'er thinks of wings,
‖:And time forever wears 'em :‖
This is time's holiday,
Oh how he flies away.

BLUE EY'D MARY,

A FAVOURITE SONG.


this wide world a ranger, Hast thou no friends, no
home? They call'd me blue ey'd Ma - ry, When
friends and fortune smil'd, But ah! how fortune's
va - ry, I now am sor - row's child; They


call'd me blue ey'd Ma - - - - ry, when friends and
for - tune smil'd, But ah! how for - tune's
va - ry, I now am sorrows child.

1.

Come tell me blue ey'd stranger,
Say whither dost thou roam
In this wide world a ranger?
Hast thou no friends, no home?

2.

They call'd me blue ey'd Mary,
When friends and fortune smil'd
But ah! how fortunes vary,
I now am sorrows child.

3.

Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,
And ease thy hapless lot,
Still wet with waning showers,
I'll buy, forget me not.

4.

Kind sir, here, take these posies,
Their faded like my youth,
But never like those rosies,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

5.

Look up thou poor forsaken,
I'll give thee house and home,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam.

6.

Born thus to weep my fortune,
Though poor, I'll virtuous prove,
For I've early learnt the caution,
That pity was not love.

7.

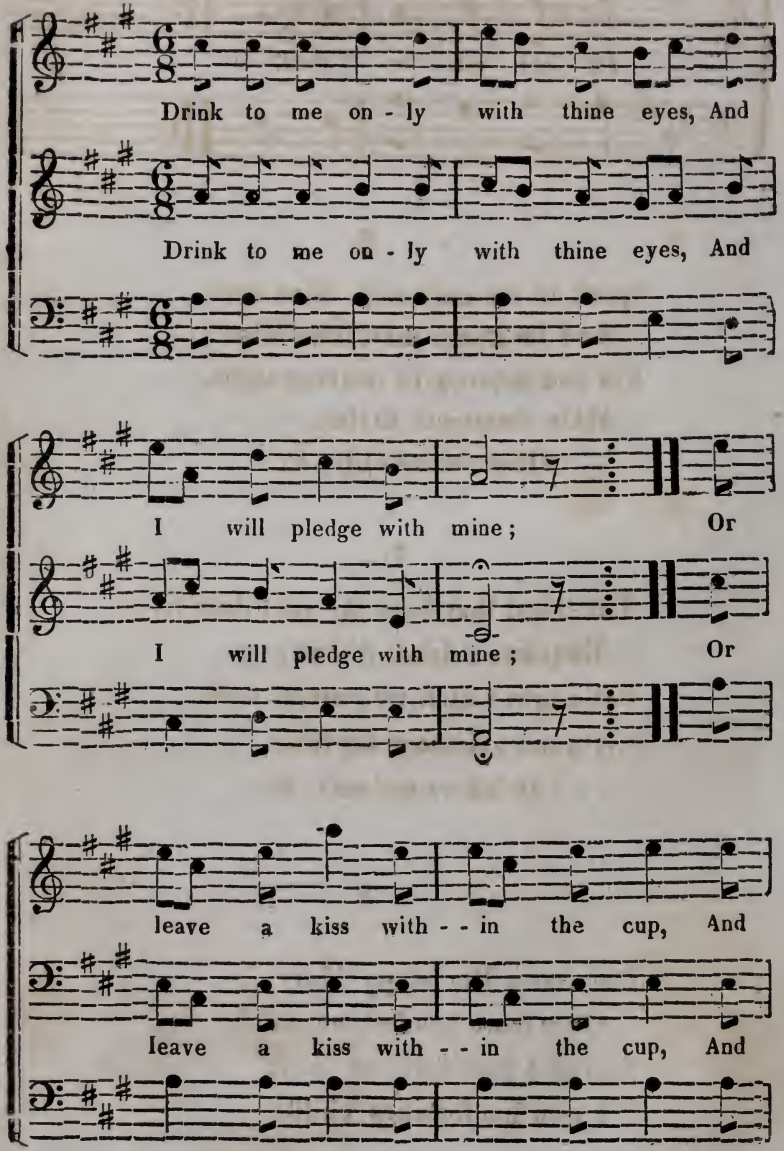
No, no, sweet blue ey'd stranger,
No never must we part,
No more to be a ranger,
I'll give thee hand and heart.

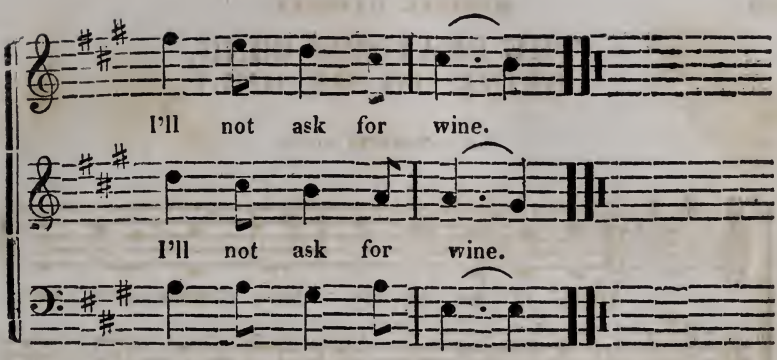
8.

Once more I'm happy Mary,
Once more has fortune smild,
And ah ! how fortunes vary,
I now am fortunes child.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

A FAVOURITE GLEE.


Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And
Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And
I will pledge with mine; Or
I will pledge with mine; Or
leave a kiss with - - in the cup, And
leave a kiss with - - in the cup, And



2.

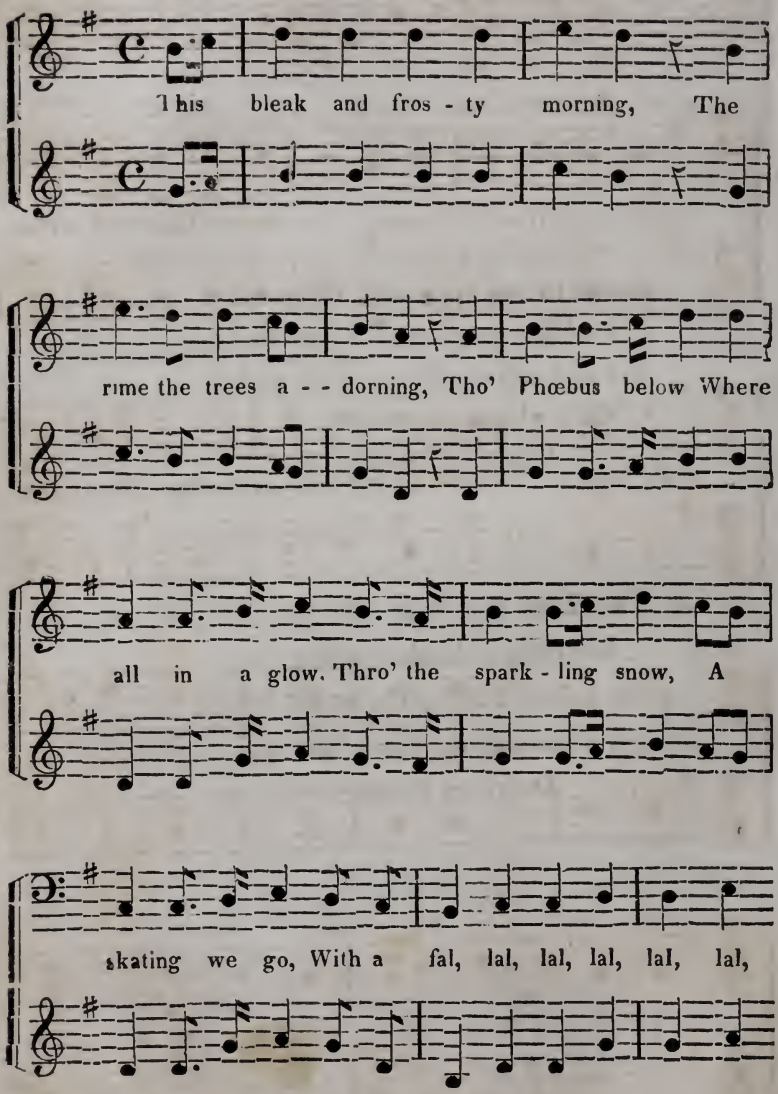
Speak to me only with thine eyes,
And language read from mine;
For sad adieu give heaving sighs,
Mute eloquence divine.
Drink to me only, &c.

3.

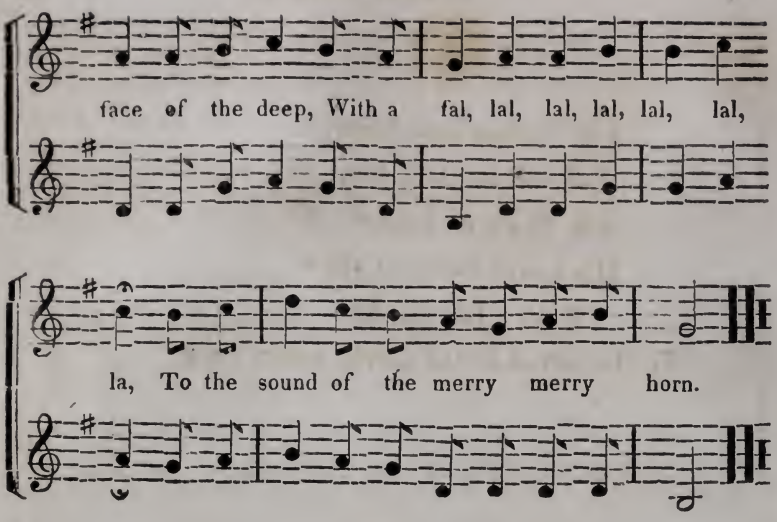
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Requires a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar taste,
I'd not exchange for thine.
Drink to me only, &c.

THE SKATER'S SONG,

A DUETT.


This bleak and fros - ty morning, The
rime the trees a - - dorning, Tho' Phœbus below Where
all in a glow. Thro' the spark - ling snow, A
skating we go, With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,

Ia, To the sound of the merry merry horn. From
right to left we're plying. Swifter than wind we're
fly - ing, Spheres on spheres surrounding, Health and
strength a - bound - ing, In cir - cles we sweep, Our
poise still we keep, Be - - hold how we sweep The



2.

Great Jove looks down with wonder,
To view his sons of thunder;
Tho' the waters he seal,
We rove on our heel,
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,
With a fal, lal &c,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

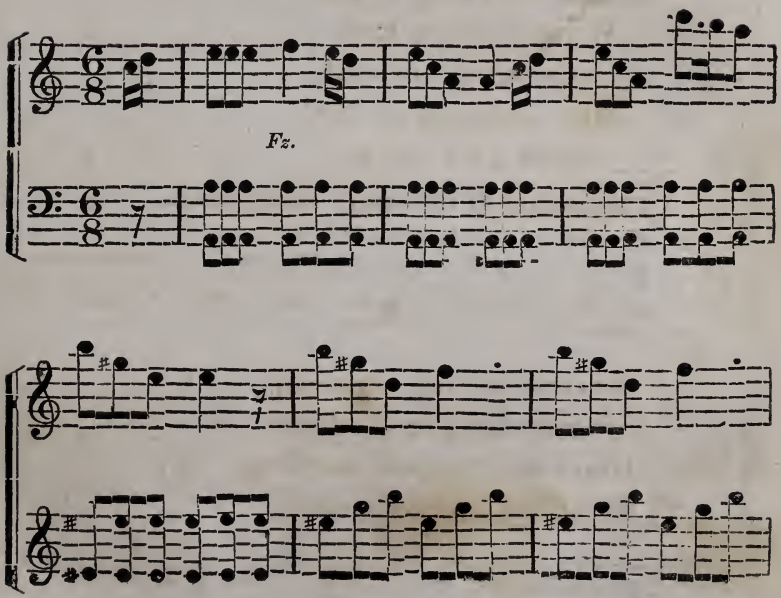
3.

See, see, the club advances,
See how they join the dances,
Horns and trumpets sounding,
Rocks and hills rebounding,

Let Tritons now blow,
And call us their foe,
For Neptune below
His beard dare not show,
With a fal, lal, &c.
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

THE SAILOR'S LAST WHISTLE,

AS SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.



Whether Sailor or not, for a
FF.
moment a - vast, Poor Jack's miz - en top - sail is
laid to the mast, He'll nev - er turn out or will
more heave the lead, He's now all a - back, nor will
sails shoot ahead; Yet the worms gnaw his timbers, his

ves - sel a wreck, When he hears the last whistle,
hears the last whistle, when he hears the last whistle, he'll
jump up - on deck.

1.

Whether Sailor or not, for a moment avast,
Poor Jack's mizen topsail is laid to the mast;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead,
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead;
Yet the worms gnaw his timbers, his vessels a wreck,
When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon deck.

2.

Secur'd in his cabin, he's moor'd in his grave,
Nor hears any more the loud roar of the wave;
Press'd by Death he is sent to the tender below,
Where seamen and lubbers must every one go—
Yet the worms gnaw his timbers, his vessel a wreck,
When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon deck.

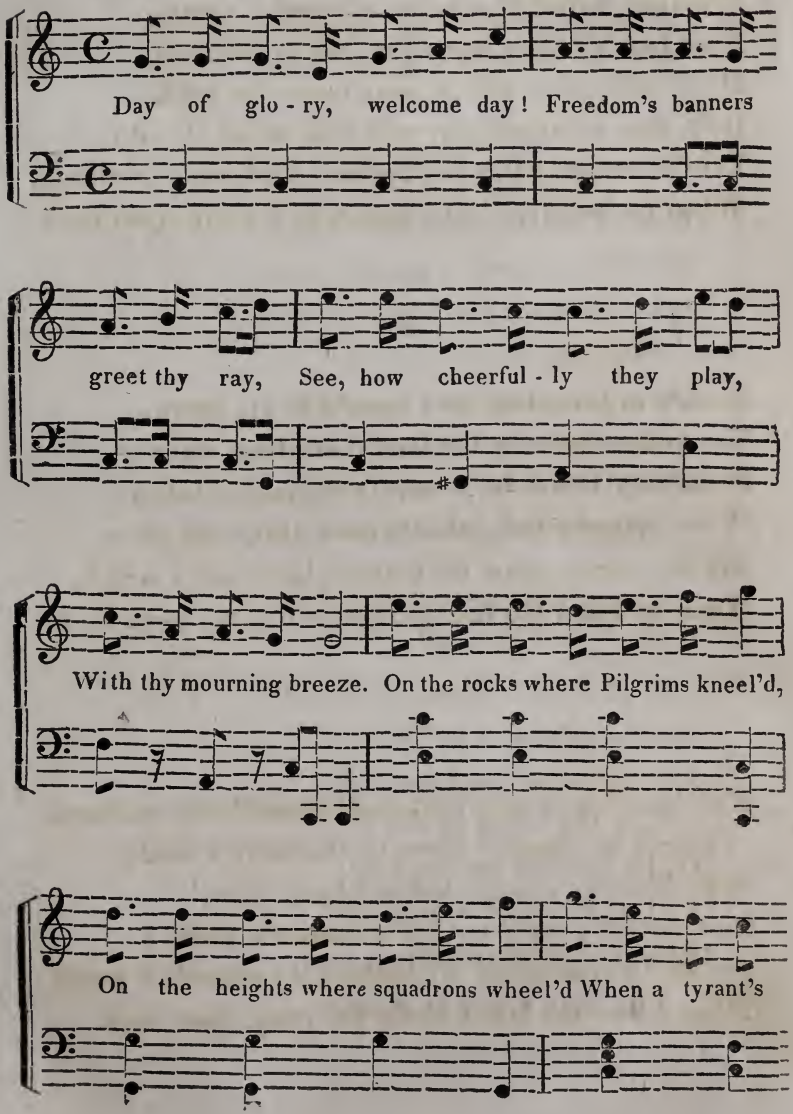
3.

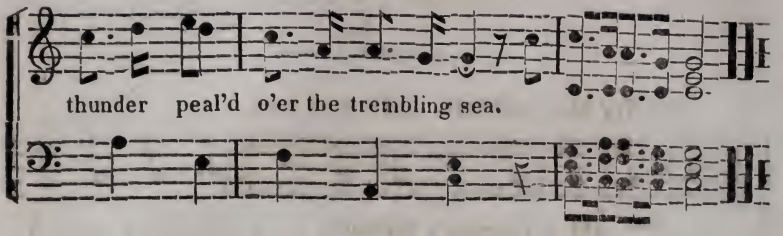
With his frame a mere hulk and his reck'ning on board,
At length he dropp'd down to Mortality's road;
With Eternity's ocean before him in view,
He cheerfully pip'd out his messmate's adieu;
For tho' worms gnaw my timbers, my vessel's a wreck,
When I hear the last whistle I'll jump upon deck.

DAY OF GLORY.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SLOW AND MAJESTIC.


Day of glo - ry, welcome day! Freedom's banners
greet thy ray, See, how cheerful - ly they play,
With thy mourning breeze. On the rocks where Pilgrims kneel'd,
On the heights where squadrons wheel'd When a tyrant's



2.

God of armies! did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his cars,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
Who for freedom died.

3.

God of peace! whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er;
O, let freemen be our sons;
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
Till there's war no more.

4.

By the patriot's hallowed rest,
By the warriour's gory breast,
Never let our graves be press'd
By a despot's throne :
By the pilgrim's toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes,—let our heirs
Bow to Thee alone.

For Music to the following words, see page 59.

1.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.
Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' Battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and Slaverie !

2.

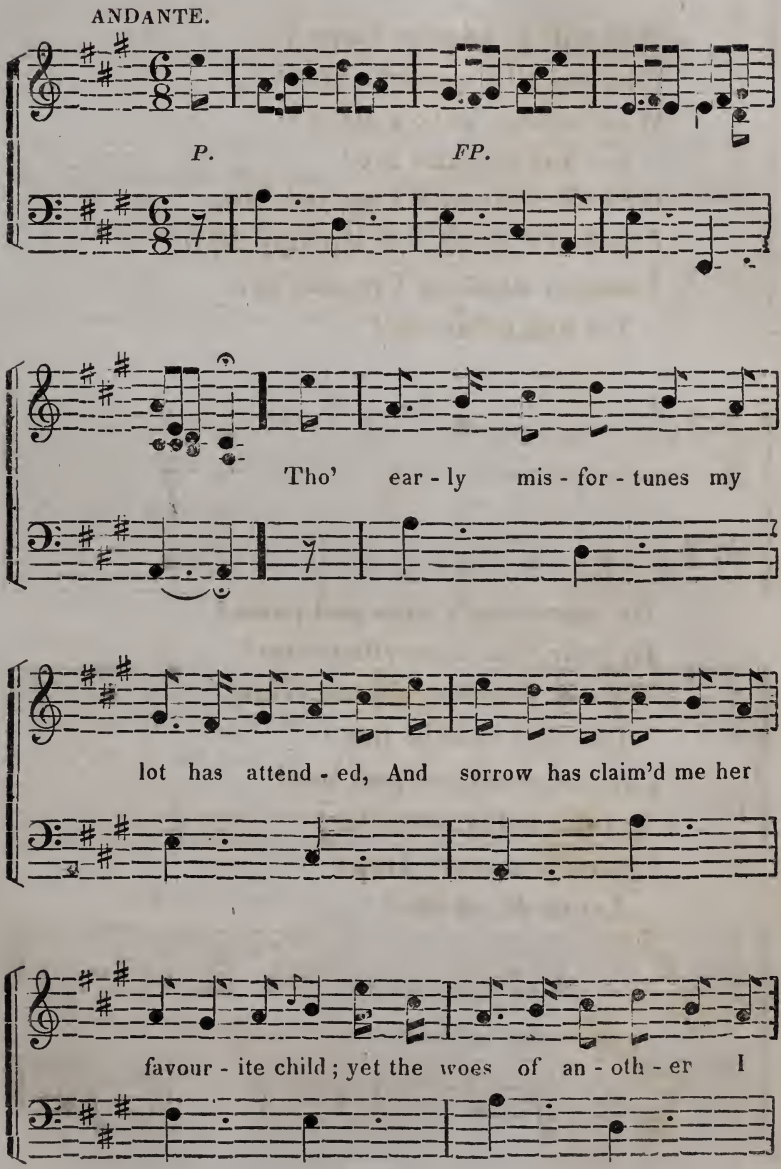
Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

3.

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your Sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !
Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

THE POOR ORPHAN MAID.

A FAVOURITE SONG.


ANDANTE.
P.
FP.
Tho' ear - ly mis - for - tunes my
lot has attend - ed, And sorrow has claim'd me her
favour - ite child; yet the woes of an - oth - er I

still have befriended, 'T'was then for a moment my
woes were beguil'd, for each tear that was charg'd to a
smile by my aid, gave joy to my heart tho' a
poor orphan maid, gave joy to my heart, tho' a
poor orphan maid. F.

1.

Tho' early misfortune my lot has attended,
And sorrow has claim'd me her favourite child,
Yet the woes of another I still have befriended,
Twas then for a moment my woes were beguil'd,
For each tear that was chang'd to a smile by my aid,
Gave joy to my heart tho' a poor orphan maid.

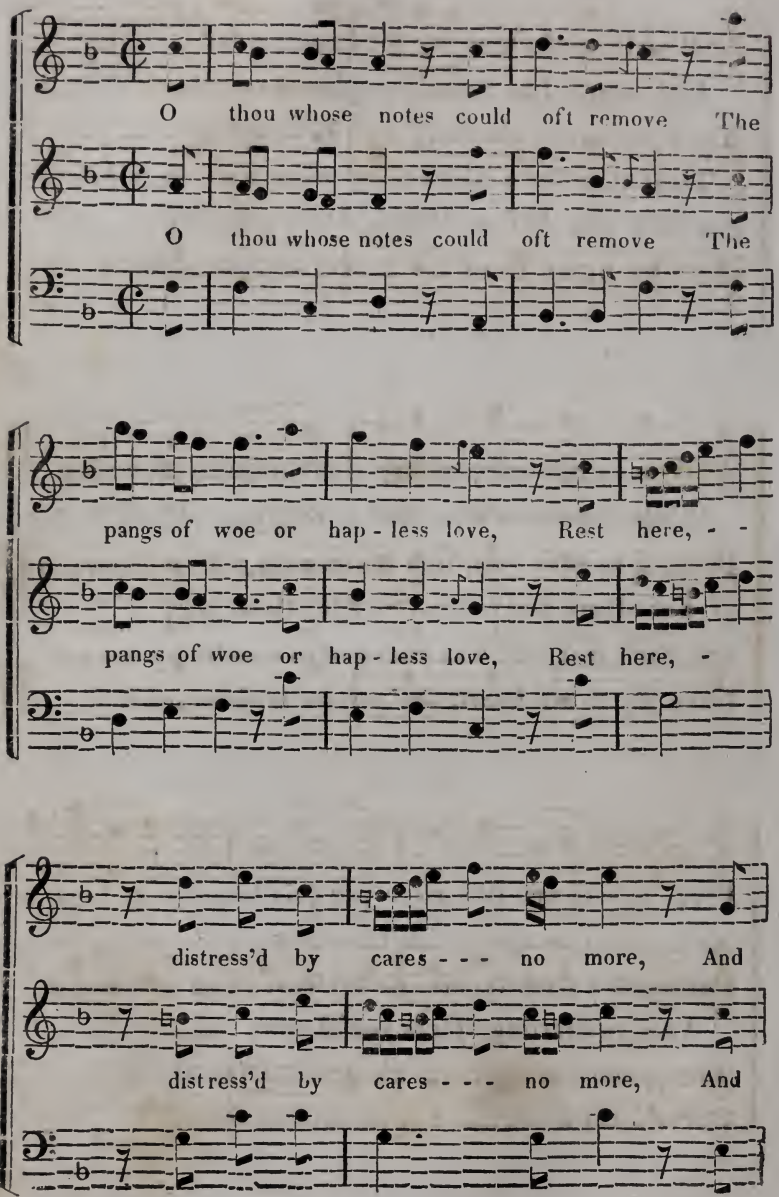
2.

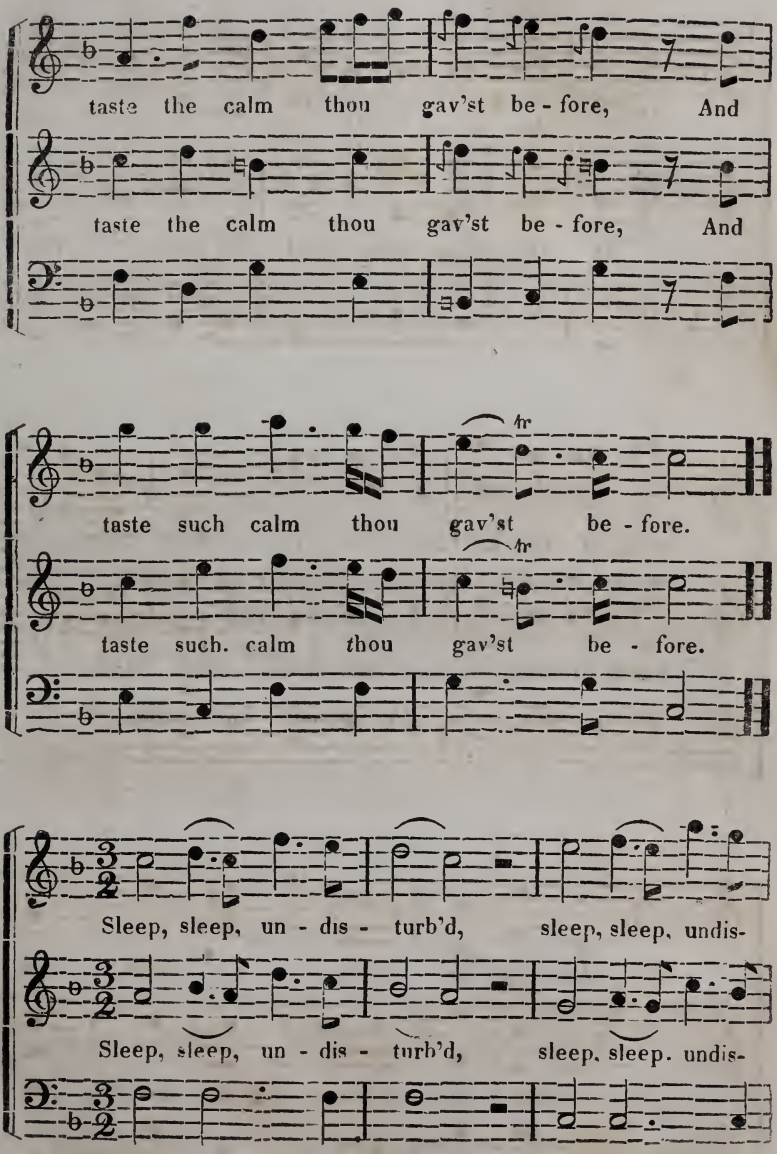
When in childhoods past day I saw destiny frowning,
While hope wou'd forsake as each prospect drew nigh,
I caught at each leaf, like the wretch who is drowning,
Yet others I saved not so friendless as I;
And each tear that was changed to a smile by my aid,
Gave joy to my heart, tho' a poor orphan maid.

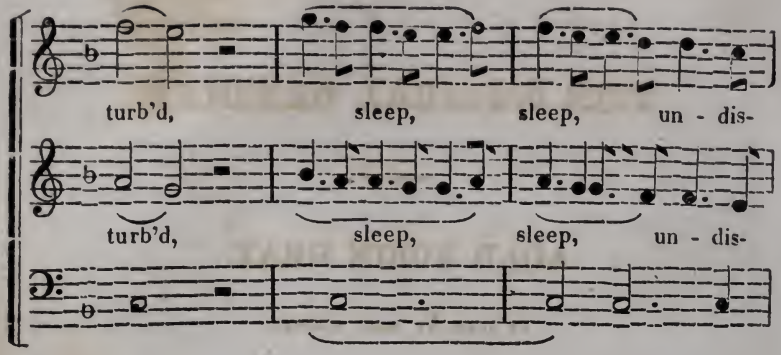
3.

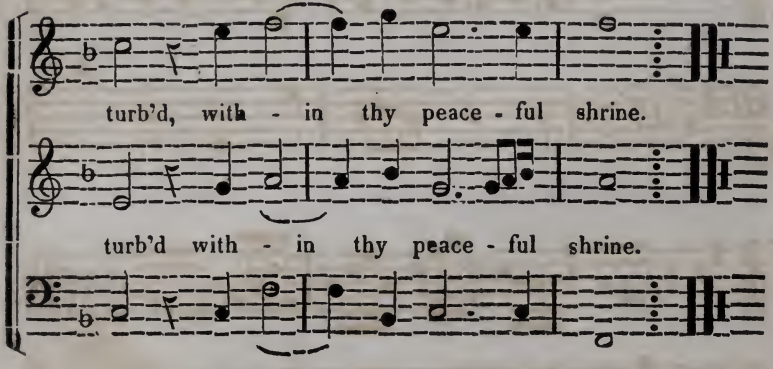
From experience like mine you this lesson may borrow,
Ne'er sink unresisting the victum of grief,
But sooth a friends care, tis the best balm for sorrow,
And comforting others you'll meet relief;
Thus each tear that was changed to a smile by my aid,
Cheer'd my heart tho' a little orphan maid.

GLEE.


O thou whose notes could oft remove The
O thou whose notes could oft remove The
pangs of woe or hap - less love, Rest here, - -
pangs of woe or hap - less love, Rest here, -
distress'd by cares - - - no more, And
distress'd by cares - - - no more, And


taste the calm thou gav'st be - fore, And
taste the calm thou gav'st be - fore, And
tr
taste such calm thou gav'st be - fore.
tr
taste such. calm thou gav'st be - fore.
Sleep, sleep, un - dis - turb'd, sleep, sleep, undis-
Sleep, sleep, un - dis - turb'd, sleep, sleep. undis-


turb'd, sleep, sleep, un - dis-
turb'd, sleep, sleep, un - dis-

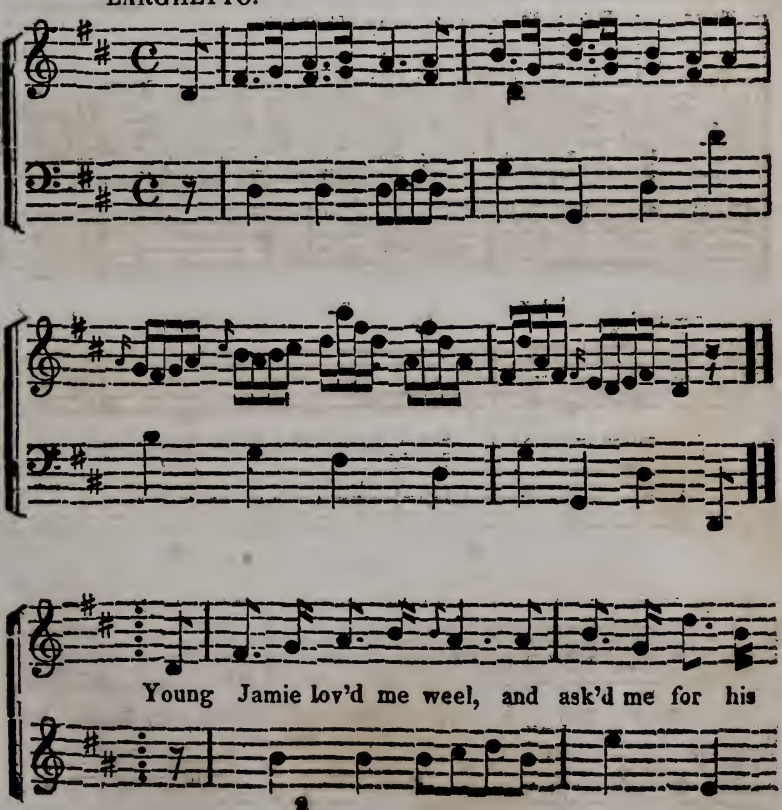

turb'd, with - in thy peace - ful shrine.
turb'd with - in thy peace - ful shrine.

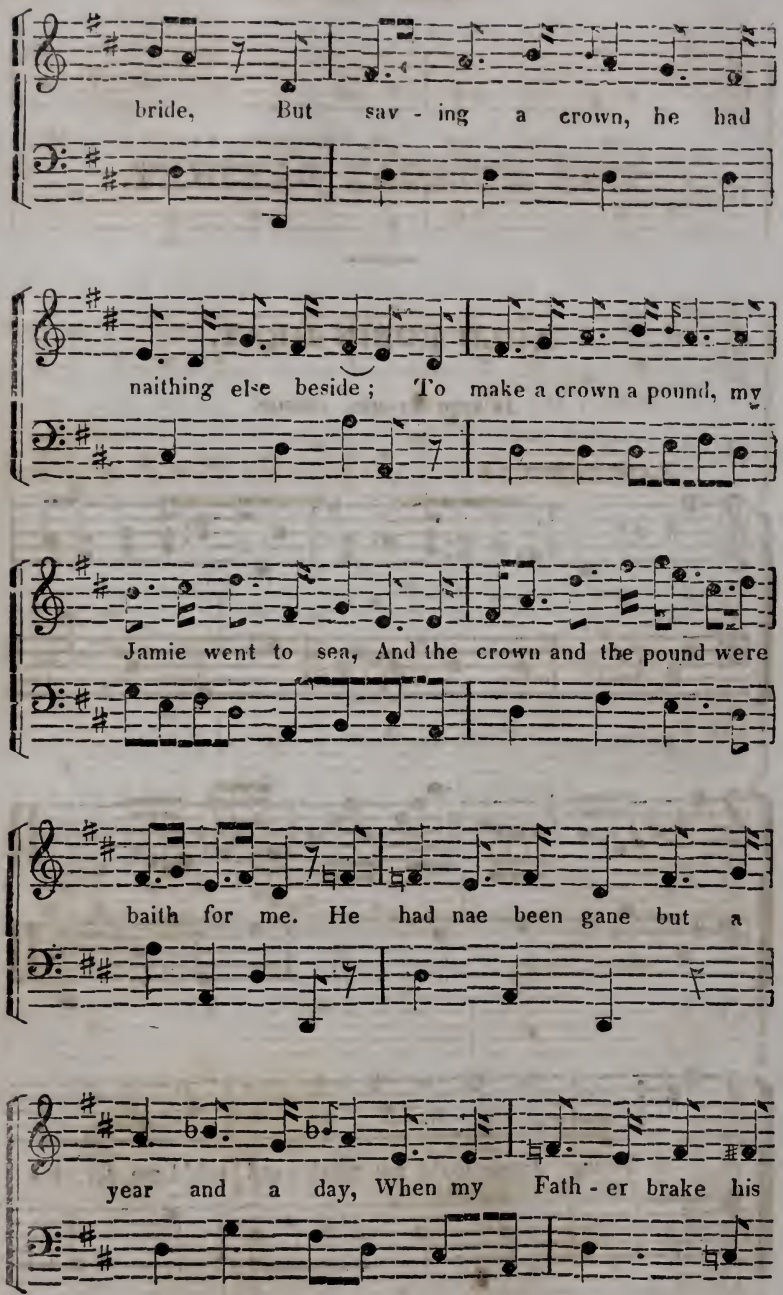
THE MUSICAL CABINET.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

AS SUNG BY MRS. HOLMAN.

LARGHETTO.




bride, But sav - ing a crown, he had
naithing else beside; To make a crown a pound, my
Jamie went to sea, And the crown and the pound were
baith for me. He had nae been gane but a
year and a day, When my Fath - er brake his

arm and our cow was stole a - way ; My
Mither, she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea, and
Auld Robin Gray came a court - ing to
me.

3.

My Faither cou'd na wark, and my Mither cou'd na spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their Bread I cou'd na win,
Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his Ee,
Said Jeanny for their sakes Oh marry me ;
My heart it fast hae, and I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and his Ship was a wrack,
His Ship was a wrack, why did na Jeanny dee,
And why was she spar'd to cry wae's me.

3.

My Faither urg'd me fair, my Mither did na speak,
But she look'd in my Face 'till my heart was like to break,
They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was at Sea,
And Auld Robin Gray is Gude-man to me ;
I had na been a Wife but Weeks only four,
When sitting sa mournfully out my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,
'Till he said I'm come hame, Love, to marry thee.

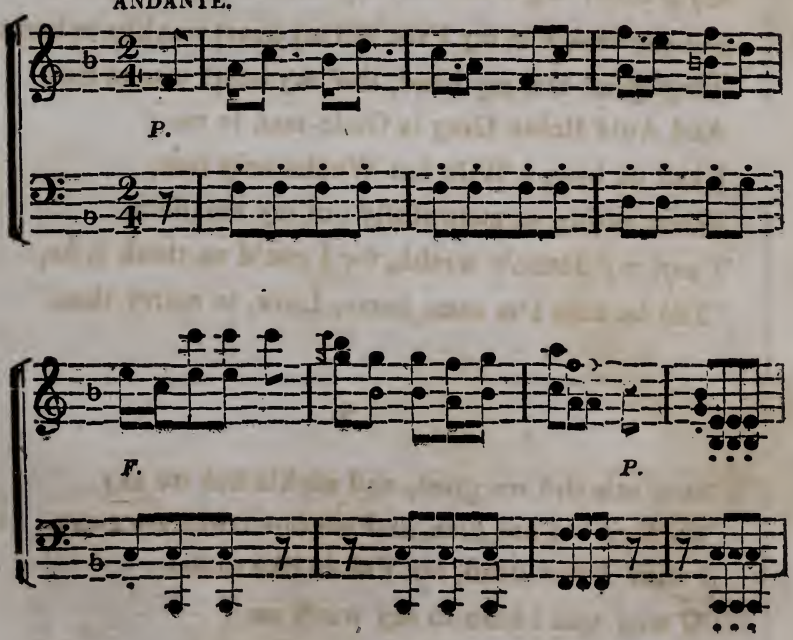
4.

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but ane kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
I wish I was dead, but I'm na like to dee,
O why was I born to say wae's me ;

I gang like a Ghaist, and I care na to spin,
I dare na think of Jamie for that wou'd be a sin,
So I will do my best a gude Wife to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

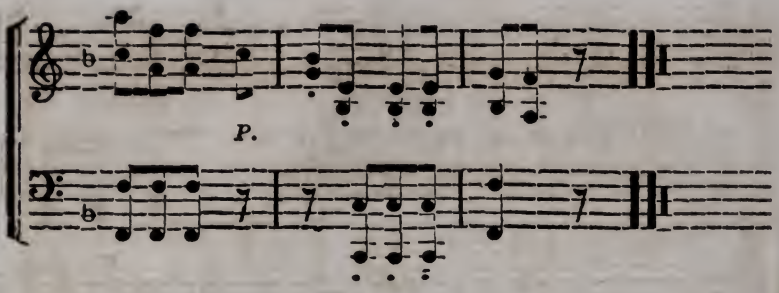
OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE.

AS SUNG BY MRS. HOLMAN.



Oh! say not woman's heart is bought, With
vain and empty treasure! Oh! say not woman's
heart is caught, by ev'ry i - dle pleasure; When
first her gentle bosom knows Love's flame, it wanders
never, Deep in her heart the passion glows, deep

Diffidently.
in her heart the passion glows, She loves, and loves for
With energy.
ev - er, She loves and loves for ev - er, She
loves and loves for ev - er, She loves and loves for
P. Cres. F. P.
ev - er, Deep in her heart the passion glows, She
loves and loves for ev - er.



1.

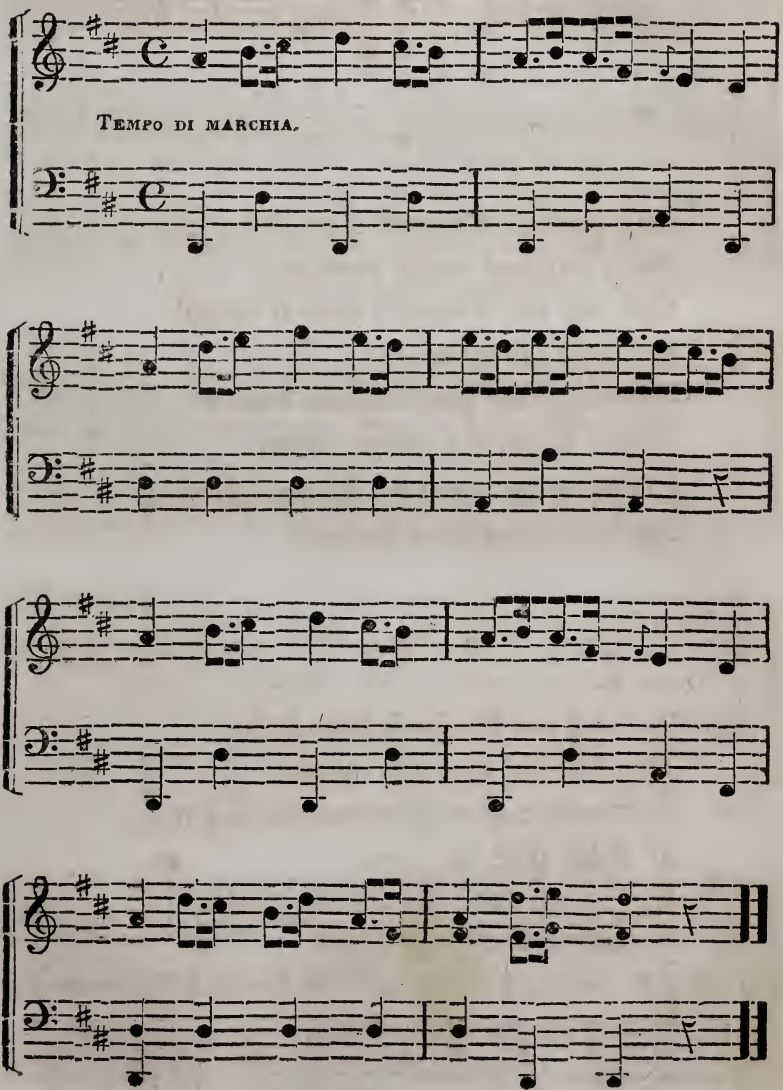
Oh! say not Woman's Love is bought,
With vain and empty treasure!
Oh! say not Woman's heart is caught,
By every idle pleasure!
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never,
‖:Deep in her heart the passion glows,:‖
She loves, and loves forever!

2.

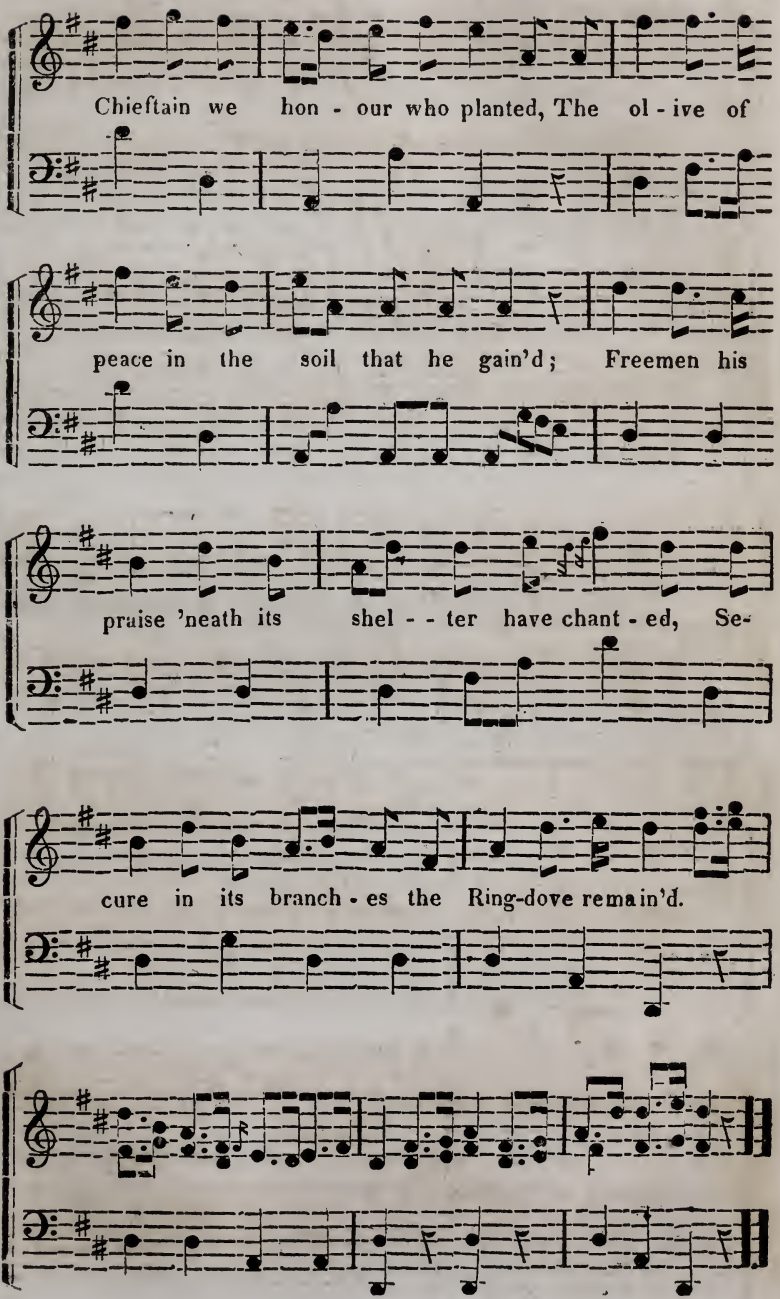
Oh! say not Woman's false as fair,
That like the Bee, she ranges;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes:
Ah! no the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never,
‖:No second passion e'er can charm:‖
She loves, and loves forever!

WREATHS FOR THE CHIEFTAIN.

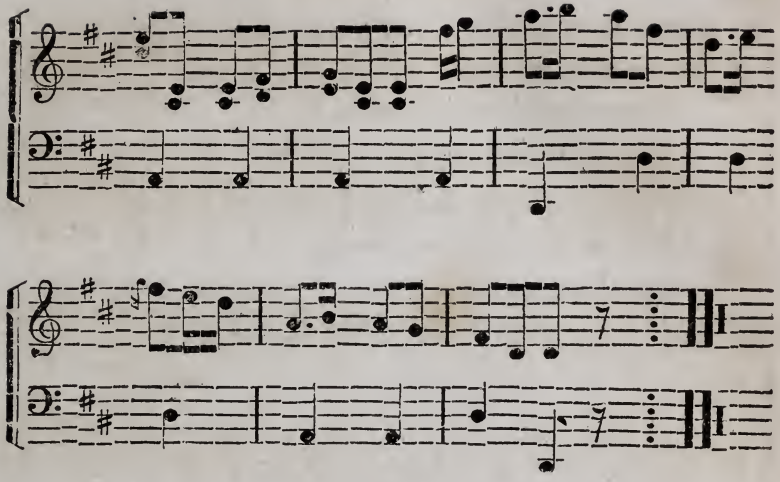
A FAVOURITE SONG AS SUNG BY MR. HUNTINGTON AT THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE FEB. 15, 1822.



Wreaths for the Chieftain we hon - or who planted the
ol - ive of peace in the soil that he gain'd,
Freemen his praise 'neath its shel - ter have chanted, Se-
cure in its branches the Ring-dove remain'd.
Wreaths for the


Chieftain we hon - our who planted, The ol - ive of
peace in the soil that he gain'd; Freemen his
praise 'neath its shel - - ter have chant - ed, Se-
cure in its branch - es the Ring-dove remain'd.

ALLEGRO.
War blasts have scatter'd it, Rude hands have shatter'd it,
Flown is the nest - ler that ten - ant - ed
there. Long from the pelt - ing storm, none sought its
blight - ed form, save the lone Ra - - ven that
scream'd in despair.



2.

Hosannas, the high vault of Heav'n ascending,
Hallow the day when our chieftain was born !
The olive he planted revives, and is blending,
Its leaves with the laurel that blooms o'er his urn,
Ne'er may the sacred tree,
Shorn of its verdure be,
Ne'er may the blast that hath scatter'd it blow :
" Heav'n send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourge on and broadly to grow."

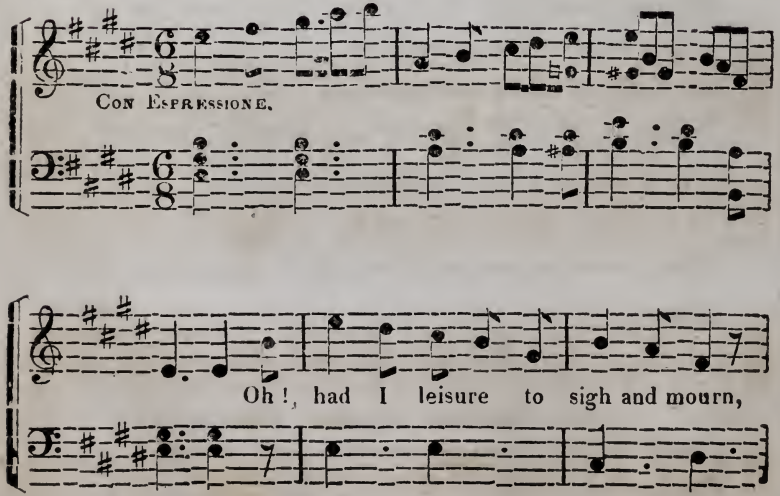
3.

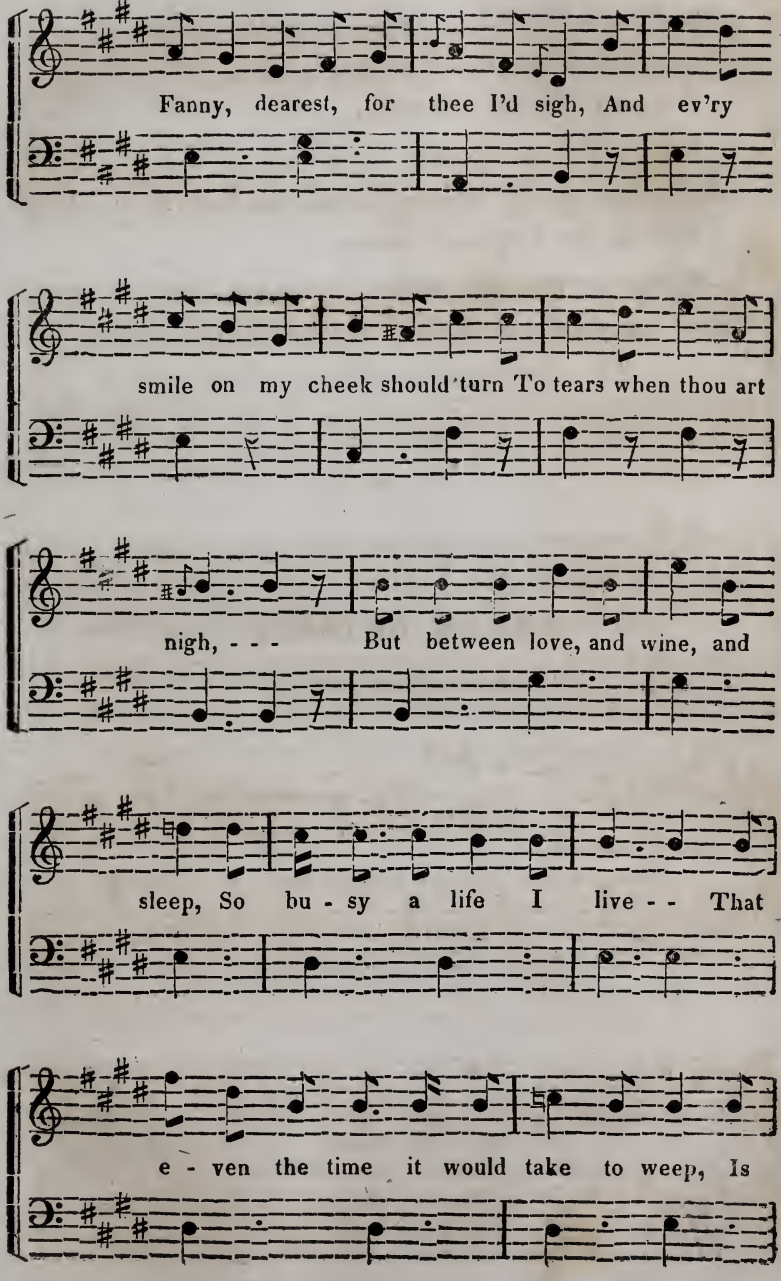
Sunk be the blaze of the bale fire forever !
Hush'd be the trump in the slumber of years !

Seraphs sounds Peans of praise to the giver,
Peace hath illumin'd a Nation in tears.
May she in triumph reign;
Over our land again;
Ne'er may her fair floating banner be furl'd;
Still be the Orphan's moan,
Silent the widows groan,
Lost for a time, in the joy of the world.

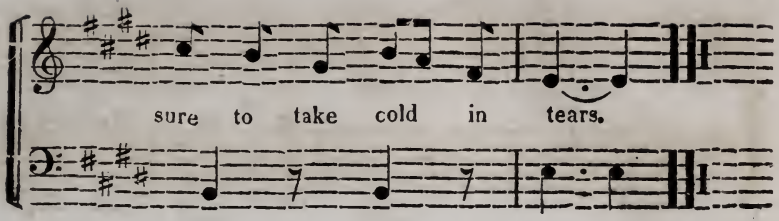
FANNY DEAREST.

AS SUNG BY MR. PHILIPPS.




Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh, And ev'ry
smile on my cheek should turn To tears when thou art
nigh, - - - But between love, and wine, and
sleep, So bu - sy a life I live - - That
e - ven the time it would take to weep, Is

more than my heart can give ; - - Then bid me
not to des - pair and pine, Fanny dearest of
all the dears, The love that's order'd to bathe in
wine, Would be sure to take cold in tears. The
love that's order'd to bathe in wine, Would be

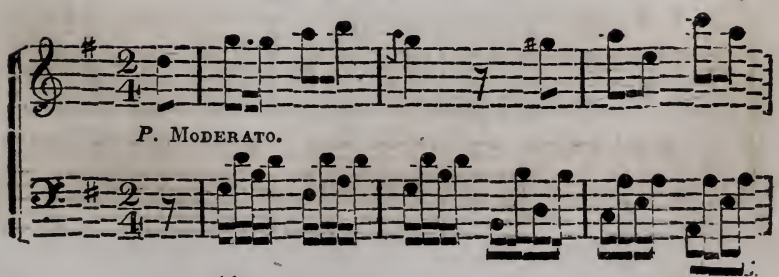


2.

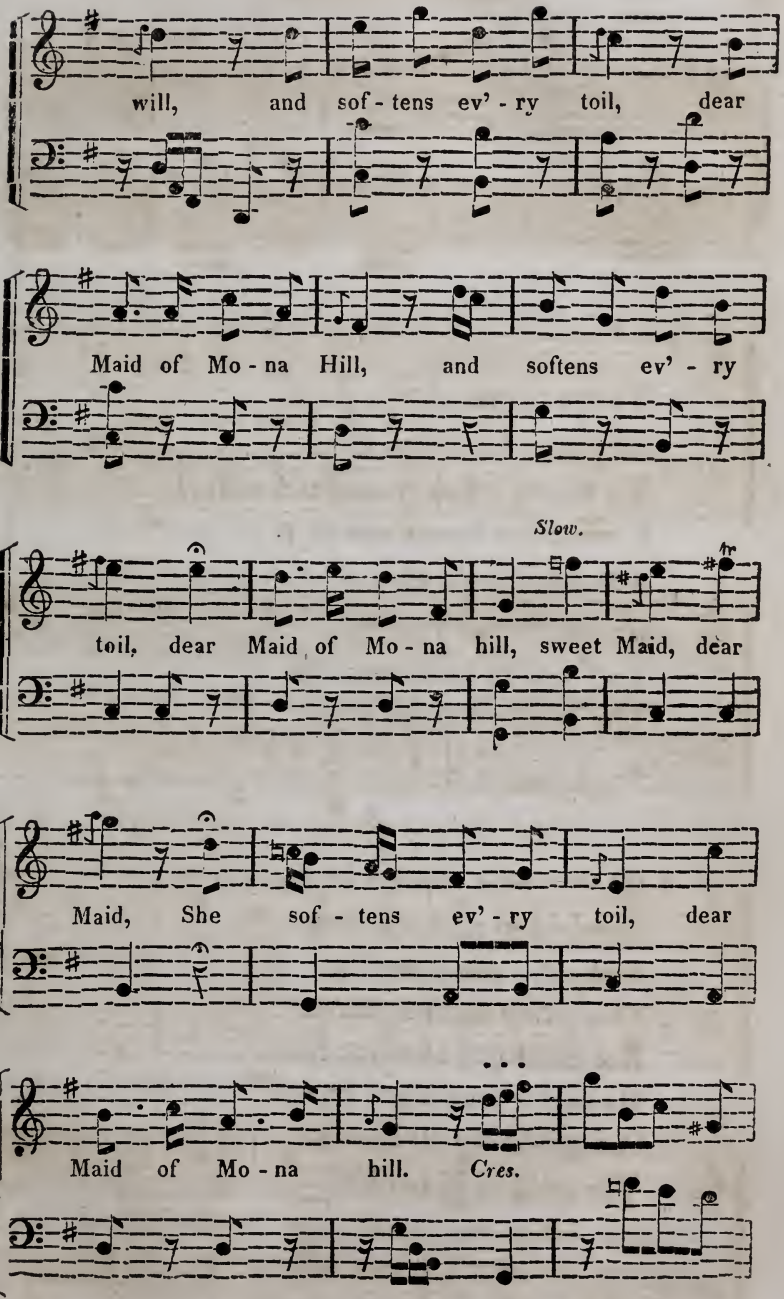
Reflected bright in this heart of mine;
Fanny dearest, thine image lies,
But ah! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimn'd too often with sighs;
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrows tear,
And tis only to see thee truly bright,
That I keep my eye beam clear;
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,
Fanny dearest, the hope is vain;
If sunshine will not dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

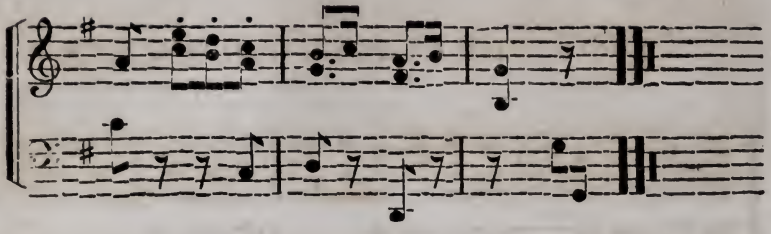
THE MAID OF MONA.

AS SUNG BY MR. PHILIPPS.



I seek not wealth nor fame, nor
wish 'mid rank to move, I ask no pom - pous
name, Give me the girl I love, whose
sweet endear - ing smile, e'er gains up - on my


will, and sof - tens ev' - ry toil, dear
Maid of Mo - na Hill, and softens ev' - ry
Slow.
toil, dear Maid of Mo - na hill, sweet Maid, dear
Maid, She sof - tens ev' - ry toil, dear
Maid of Mo - na hill. Cres.



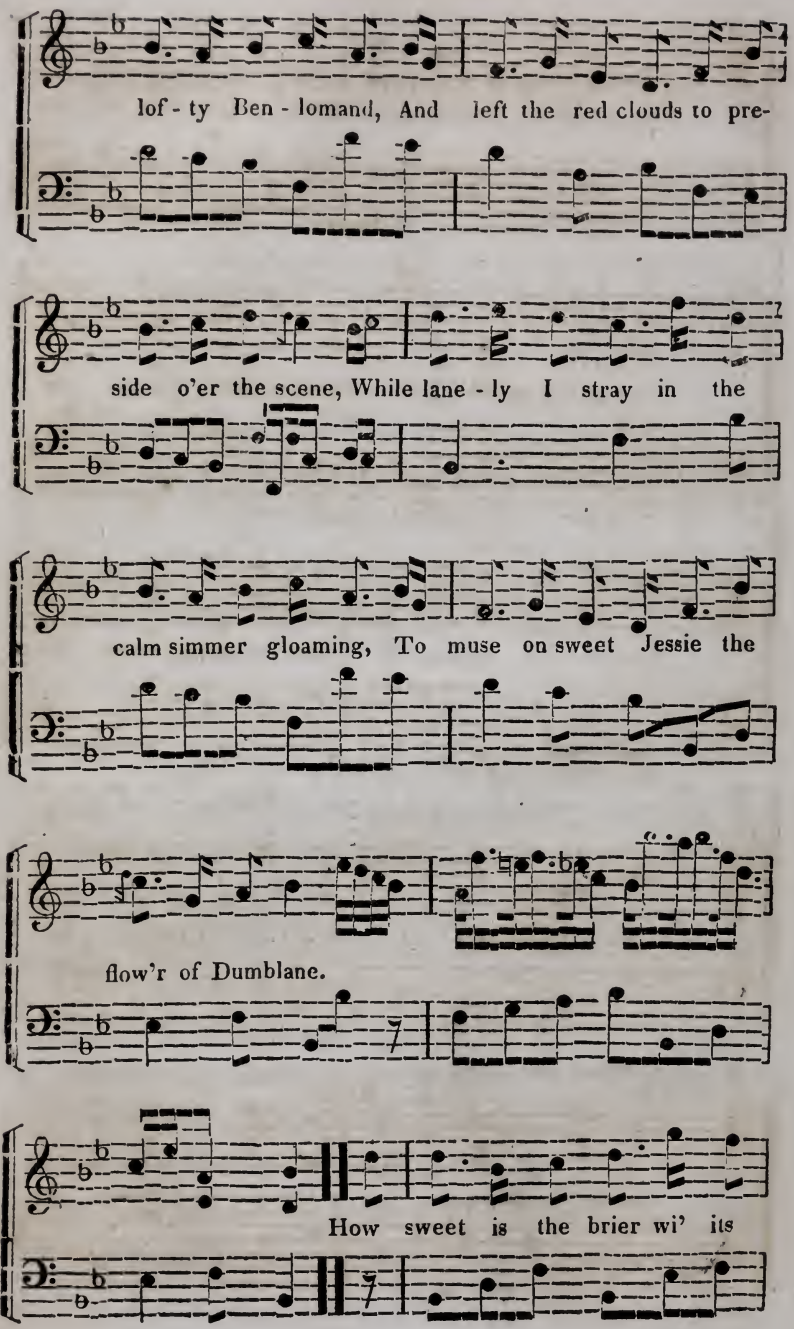
2.

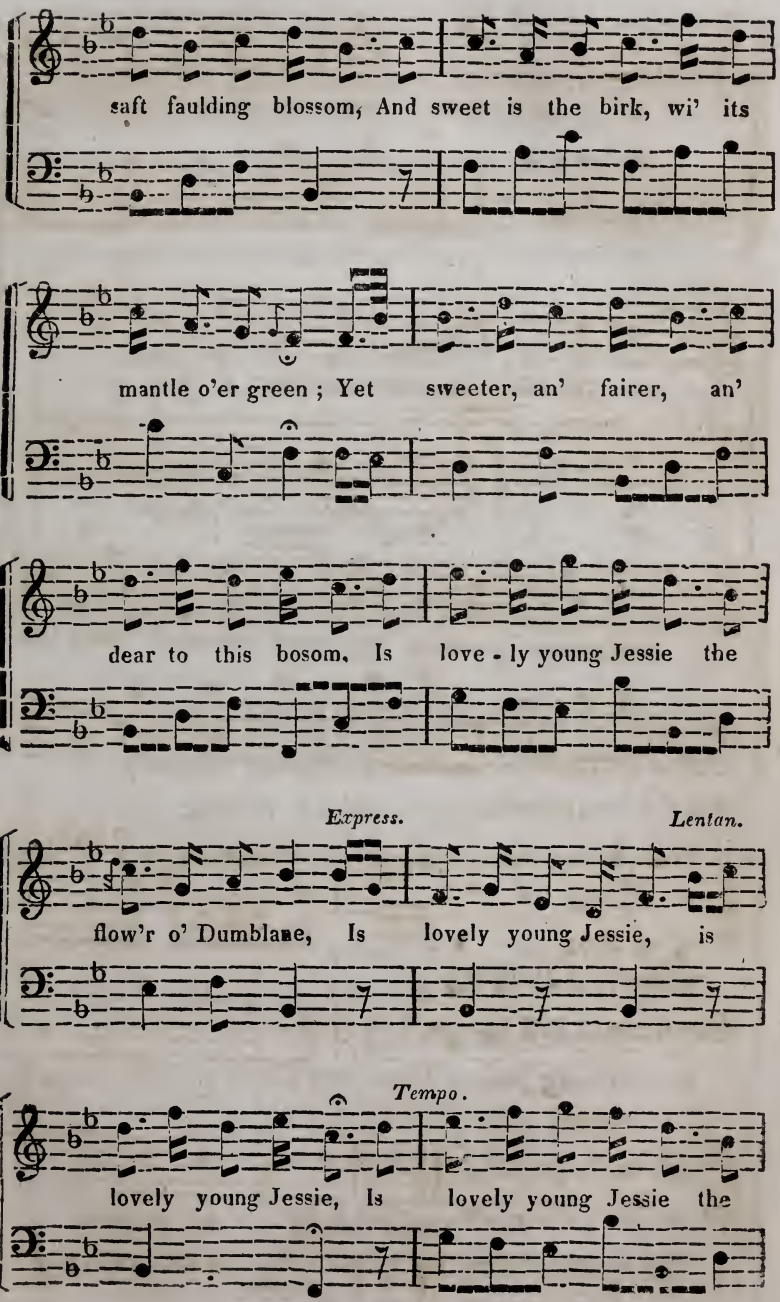
Thus sung an artless youth,
Beneath a hawthorn tree,
His words breath'd love and truth,
No faithless swain was he ;
A female caught his eye,
Beside a murm'ring rill,
And soon in haste went by,
The Maid of Mona Hill.

3.

He flew with anxious heart,
Resolv'd to own his love,
And ev'ry pang impart,
The lovely maid to move.
Her hand she blushing gave,
He said " fond heart be still
I've gain'd 'tis all I crave,
The maid of Mono Hill.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O'DUMBLANE.


lof - ty Ben - lomand, And left the red clouds to pre-
side o'er the scene, While lane - ly I stray in the
calm simmer gloaming, To muse on sweet Jessie the
flow'r of Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier wi' its


saft faulding blossom, And sweet is the birk, wi' its
mantle o'er green ; Yet sweeter, an' fairer, an'
dear to this bosom. Is love - ly young Jessie the
Express.
Lentan.
flow'r o' Dumblane, Is lovely young Jessie, is
Tempo.
lovely young Jessie, Is lovely young Jessie the

2.

She modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
An' far be the villian, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom, the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.
Sing on thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calder-wood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

3.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station, o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion, I'd languish in pain,
An' reckon as nathing the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL ABERCROMBIE.

AS SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM.

RECITATIVE.

'T'was on the spot in ancient lore oft' nam'd, where
I - sis and O - - si - ris once held sway O'er
kings who sleep in Pyra - mid - ic pride, But now for British
val - our far more fam'd, Since Nelson's hand at-
chiev'd a glo - rious day, And crown'd with

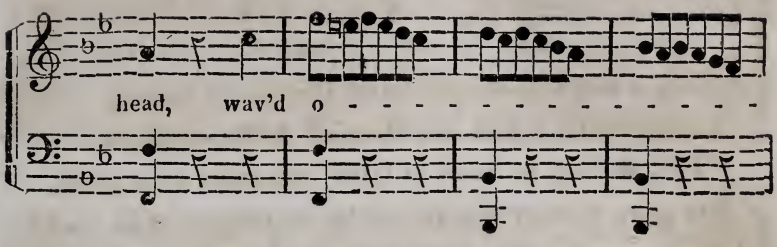
laurel, and crown'd with laurel, Abercrombie dy'd.
AIR.
P. ALLEGRO.
Her roseate
colours the dawn had not shed,

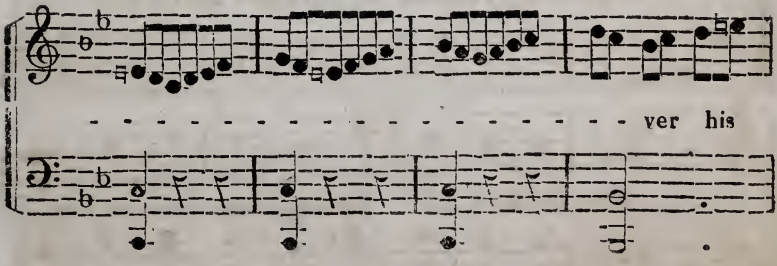
o'er the field which stern slaughter, which stern
slaughter had tinted too red, 'twas dark, save each
flash, at the can - non's hoarse sound, When the
brave Ab - er - crombie re - - ceiv'd his death
wound. His comrades with grief, un - af - fect - ed de-

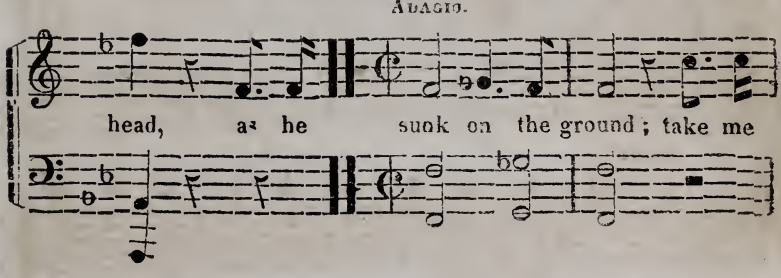
plore, Tho' to Brit - ain's renown, he gave
one lau - rel more, tho' to Brit - ain's re-
nown, he gave one lau - rel more.
With a mind,
Volti Subito.

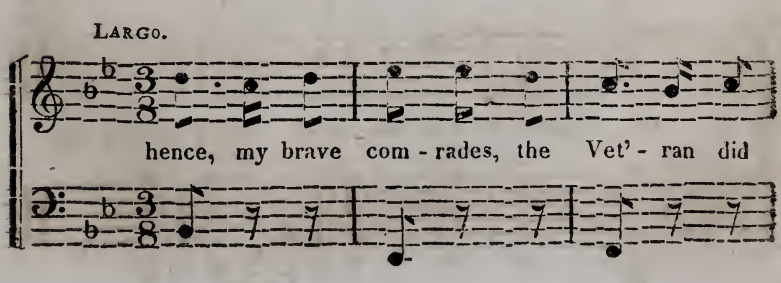
2.

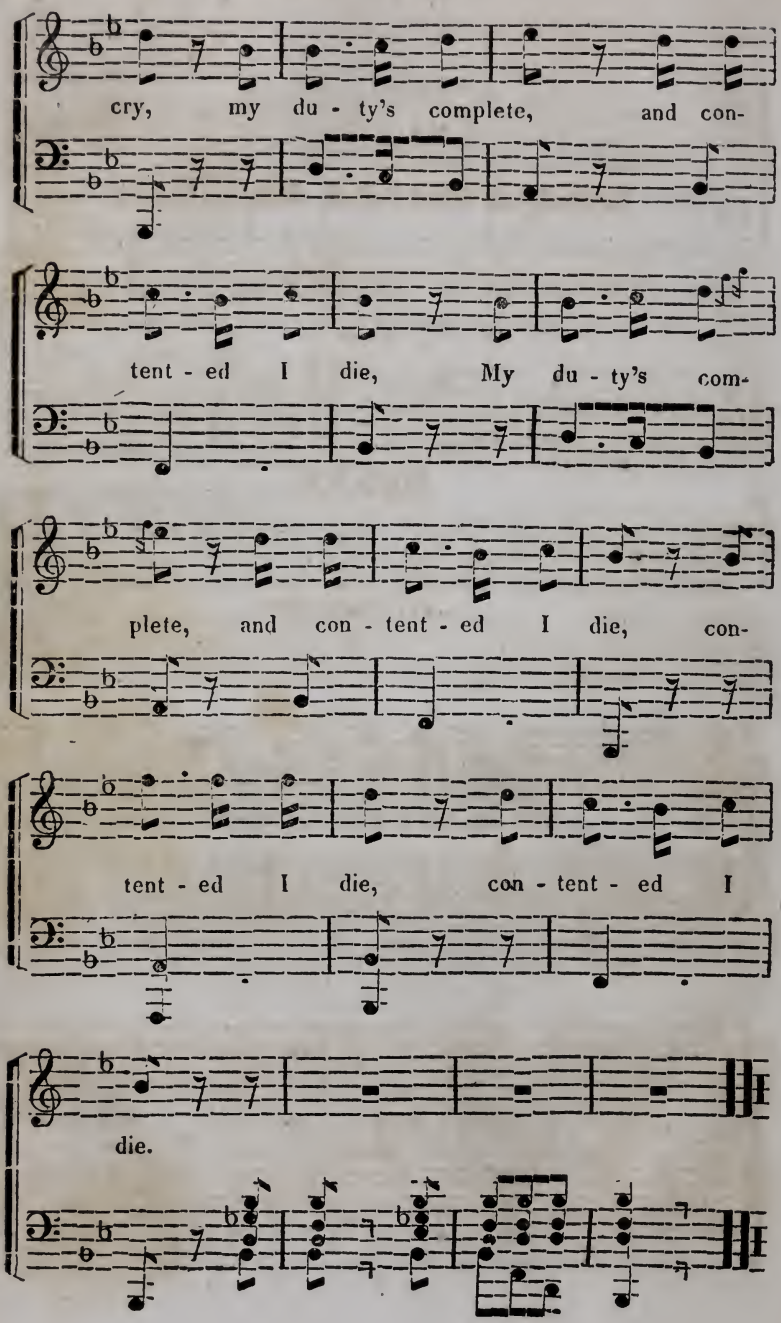
With a mind unsubdued still the foe he defied,
On the steed which the Hero of Acre supplied,
'Till, feeling he soon to fates' summons must yield,
He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield.
His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.


head, wav'd o - - - - - - - - - - - - - -


- ver his


Adagio.
head, as he sunk on the ground; take me

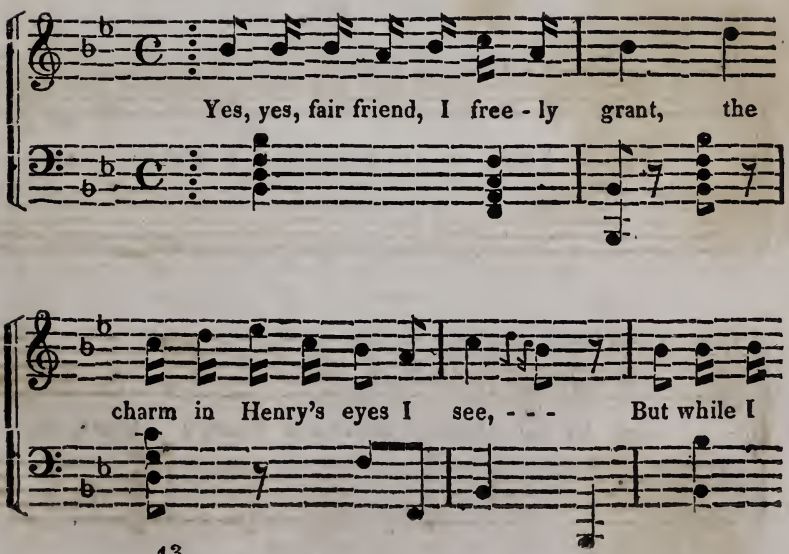

Largo.
hence, my brave com - rades, the Vet' - ran did

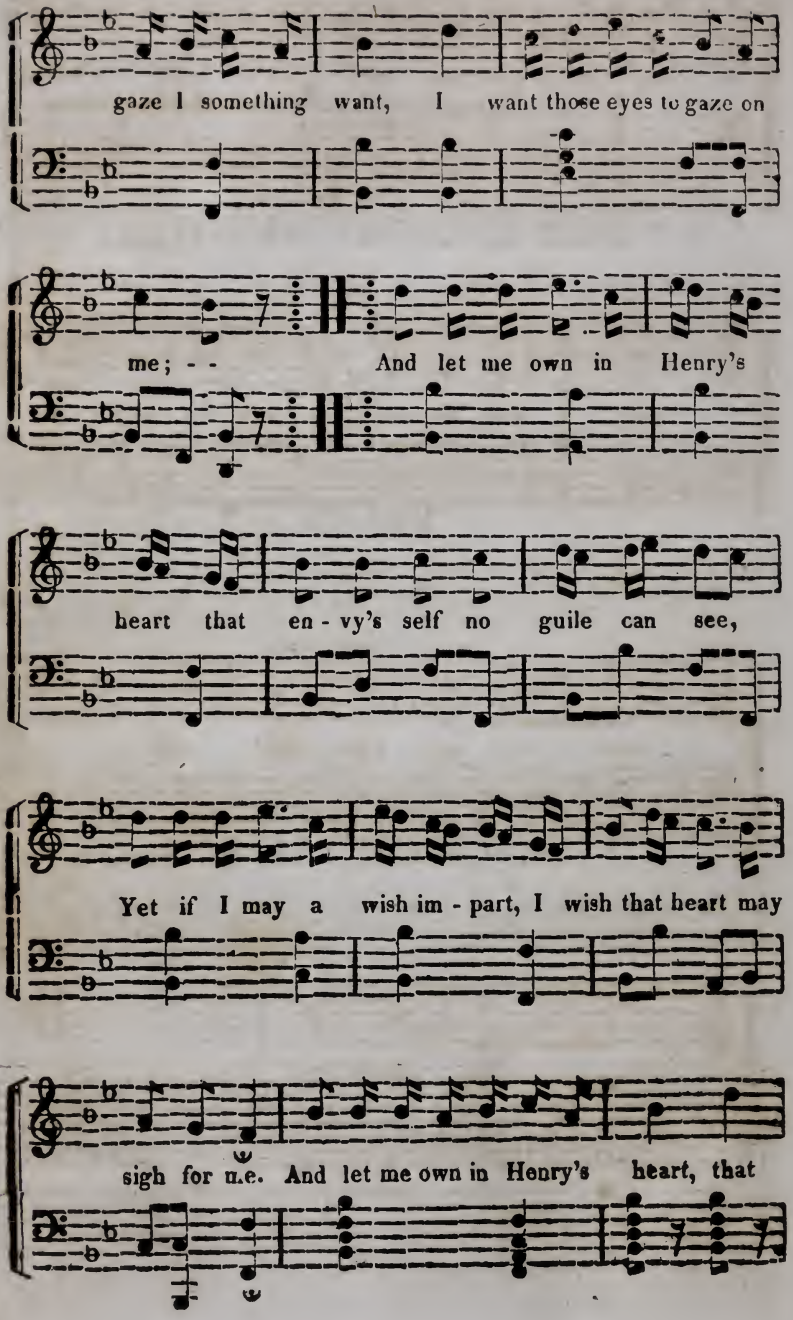

cry, my du - ty's complete, and con-
tent - ed I die, My du - ty's com-
plete, and con - tent - ed I die, con-
tent - ed I die, con - tent - ed I
die.

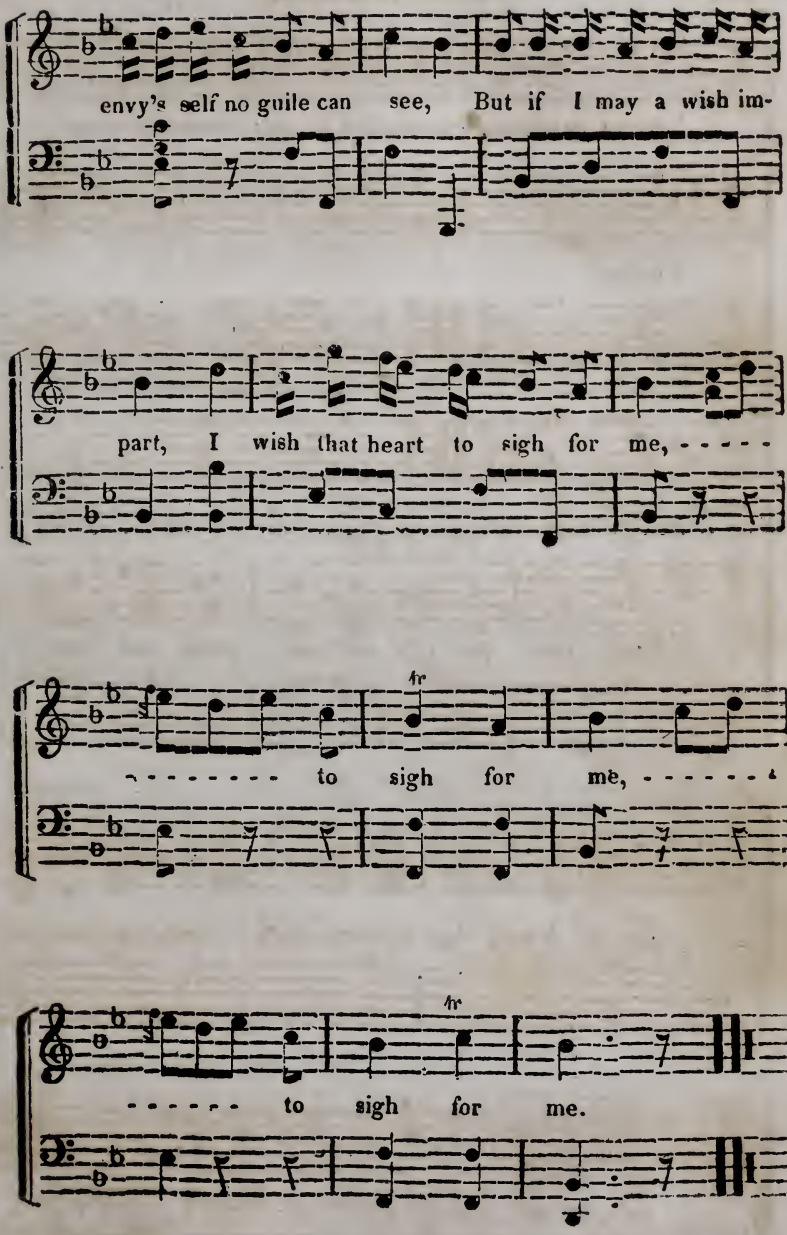
THE MUSICAL CABINET.

HENRY.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

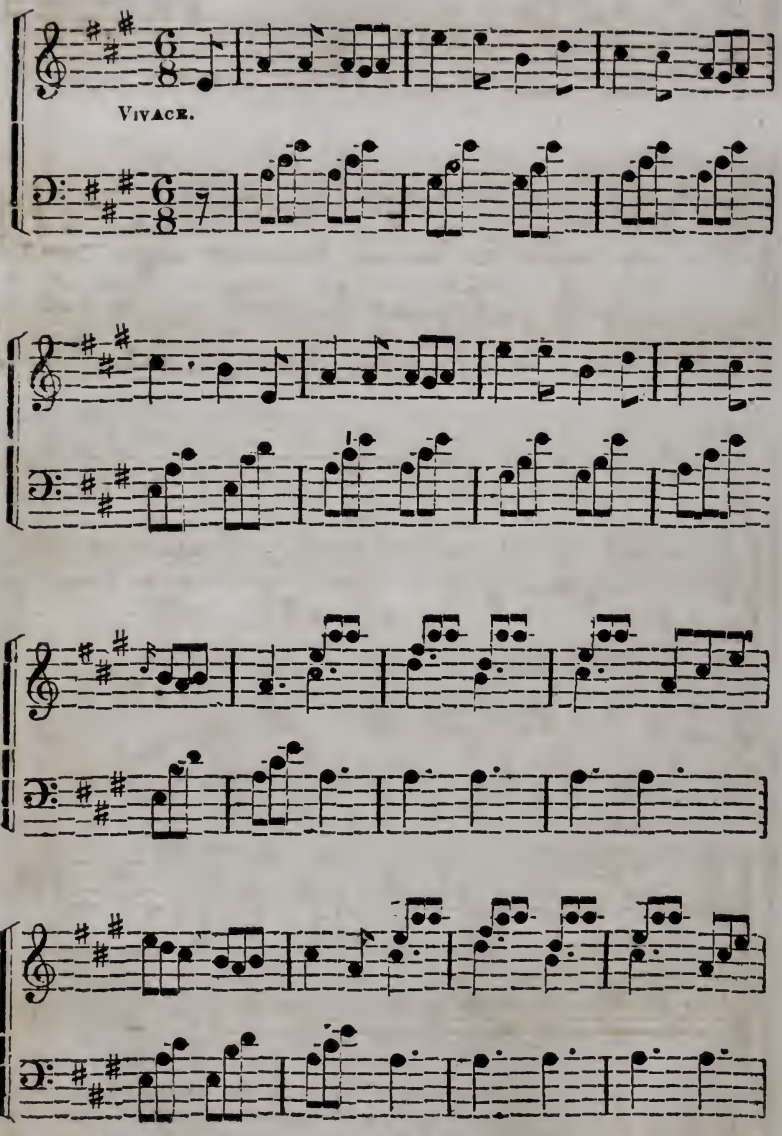


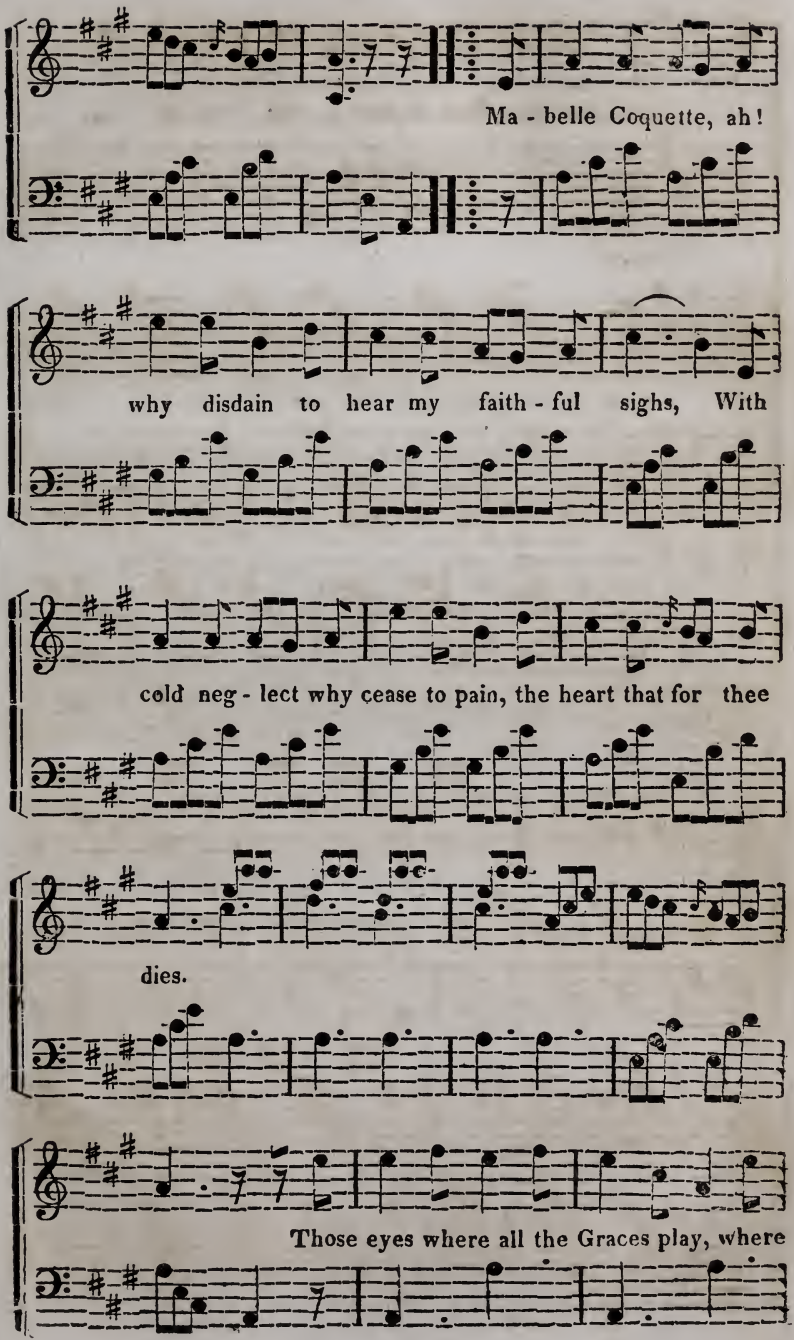

gaze I something want, I want those eyes to gaze on
me; - - And let me own in Henry's
heart that en - vy's self no guile can see,
Yet if I may a wish im - part, I wish that heart may
sigh for me. And let me own in Henry's heart, that


envy's self no guile can see, But if I may a wish im-
part, I wish that heart to sigh for me, - - - - -
fr
- - - - - - - - to sigh for me, - - - - - -
fr
- - - - - - to sigh for me.

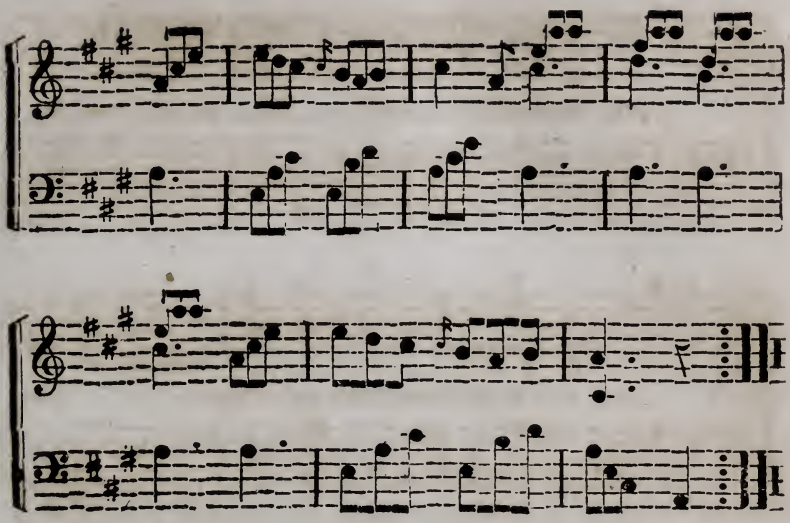
MABELLE COQUETTE.

A FAVORITE SONG AS SUNG BY MRS. POWNALL.




Ma - belle Coquette, ah!
why disdain to hear my faith - ful sighs, With
cold neg - lect why cease to pain, the heart that for thee
dies.
Those eyes where all the Graces play, where

all the loves are met, - - - In pi - ty cease to
turn a - way, from me, Ma - belle Coquet, from
me Mabelle Coquette. In pi - ty cease to
turn away, from me Ma - belle Co - quette, from
me Mabelle Coquette.



2.

Tho' foplings flutter round thee love,
To share thy envied smiles,
Their empty vows be far above,
And spurn their specious wiles.
To virtue train'd, ah let thine heart,
Delusive joys forget,
And real raptures deign t' impart,
To me Mabelle Coquette.

3.

The beauteous form, the expansive mind,
In thee their Influence blend,
And to thy lover's ardour bind,
Th' affection of the friend.

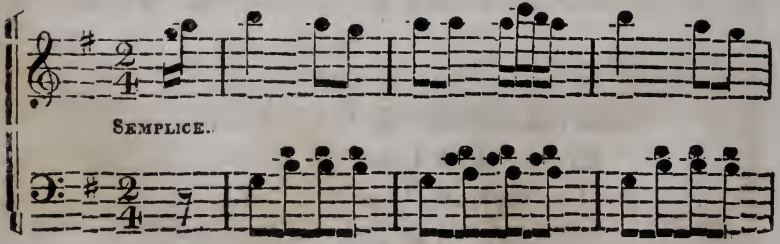
My cause, may love and friendship plead,
And fate propitious let,
The heart bestow it's generous meed,
On me Mabelle Coquette.

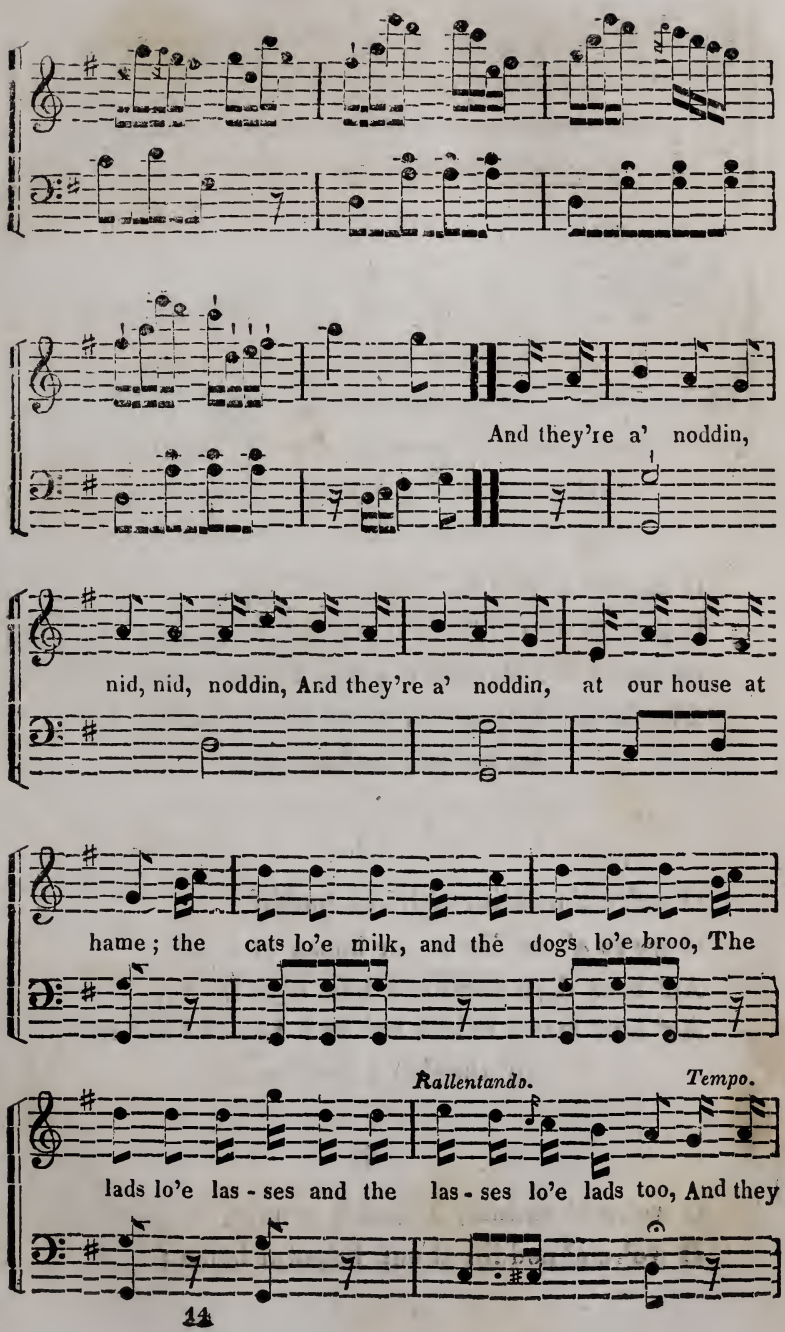
4.

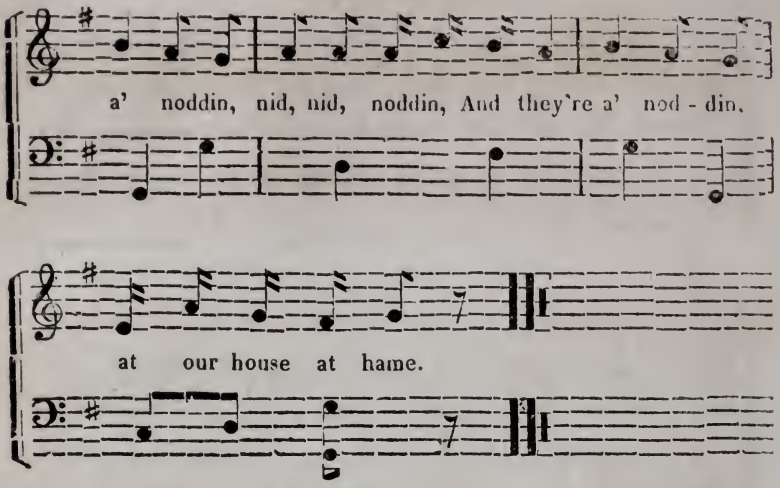
Those pleasures which from folly flow,
With indignation leave,
And teach thy youthful heart to know,
They please but to deceive.
Then bless sweet Maid these faithful arms,
And fashion's lures forget,
T' enjoy retirements mental charms,
With me Mabelle Coquette.

THEY'RE A' NODDIN.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH BALLAD AS SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS.




And they're a' noddin,
nid, nid, noddin, And they're a' noddin, at our house at
hame; the cats lo'e milk, and the dogs lo'e broo, The
Rallentando.
Tempo.
lads lo'e las - ses and the las - ses lo'e lads too, And they



2.

O they're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O they're a' noddin at our house at hame;
In comes old Dame wi' a pan o' good broo,
The de'el tak' ye a' for ye've been a noddin too;
An we're a' noddin, &c.

3.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin at our house at hame;
An' how d'ye dame and how d'ye thrive,
An' how many bairns ha' ye? Lassie I ha' five;
An' they're a noddin, &c.

4.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin at our house at hame;

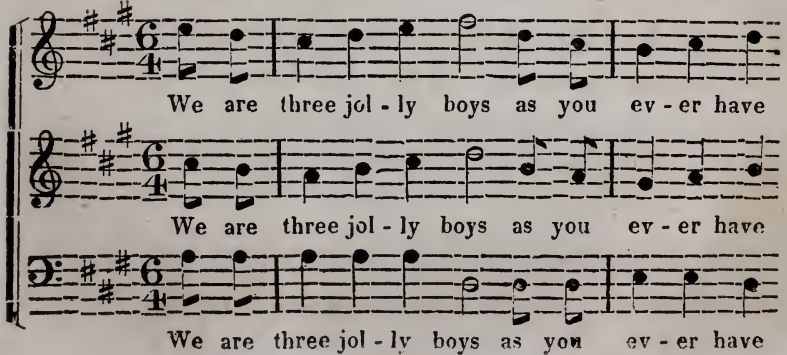
But the drums they beat, and the pipes they play,
And the folk are a' crazy for to march away ;
While we're a' noddin, &c.

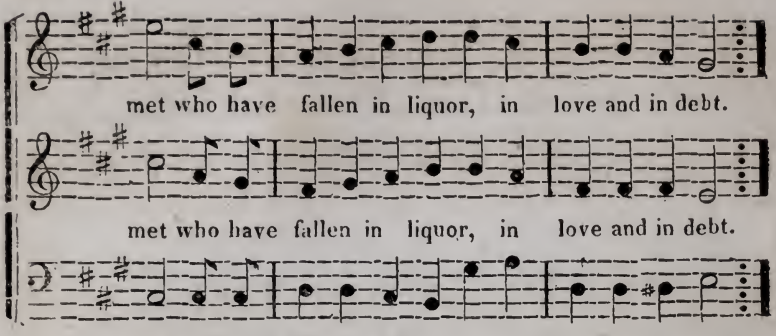
5.

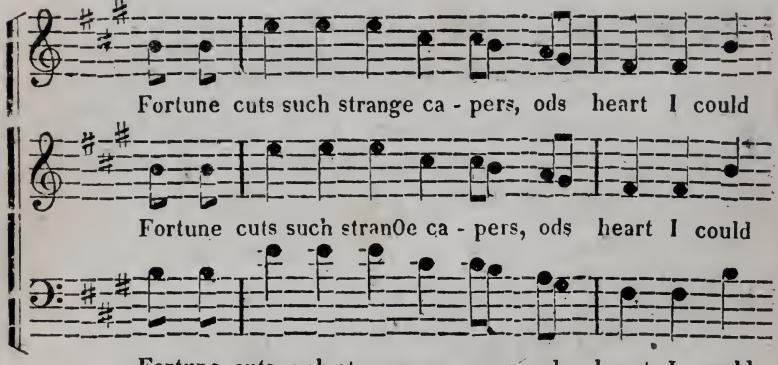
O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin at our house at hame ;
My Jammie tarry not, when your country ca's,
For glory waits on him wha for Scotland fa's ;
While we're a' noddin, &c.

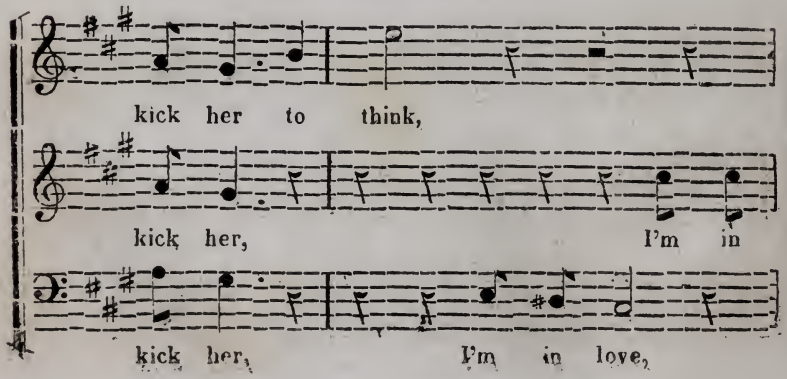
A FAVOURITE GLEE.

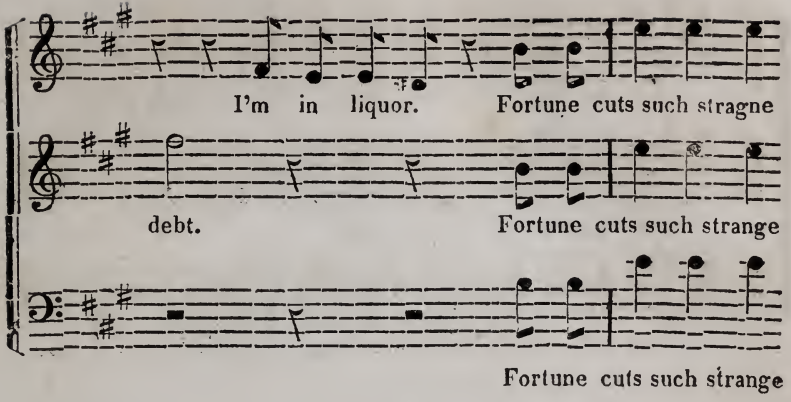
SUNG BY MR. FAWCETT, LISTON, AND MR. KING, IN THE COMIC OPERA OF TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

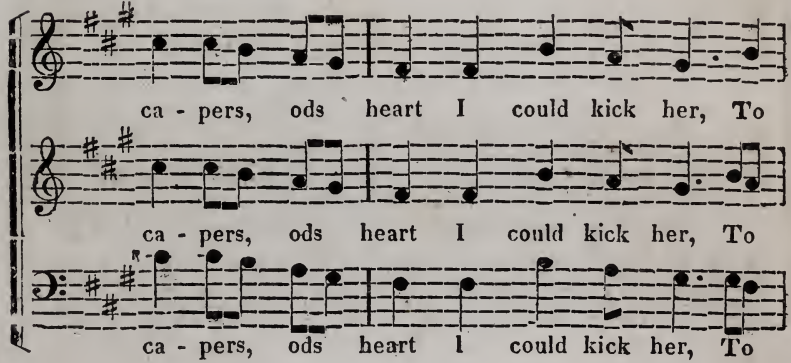


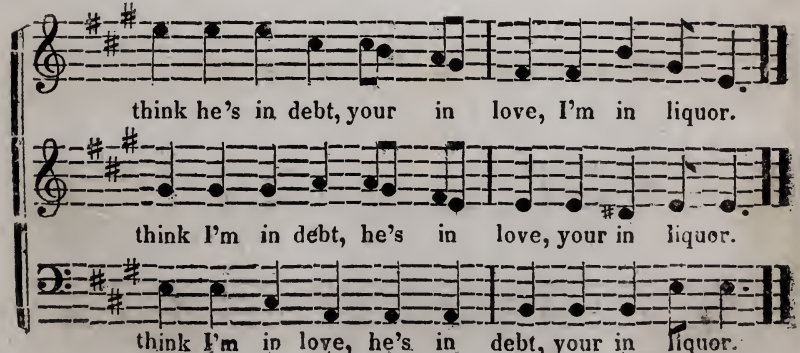

met who have fallen in liquor, in love and in debt.
met who have fallen in liquor, in love and in debt.
met who have fallen in liquor, in love and in debt.

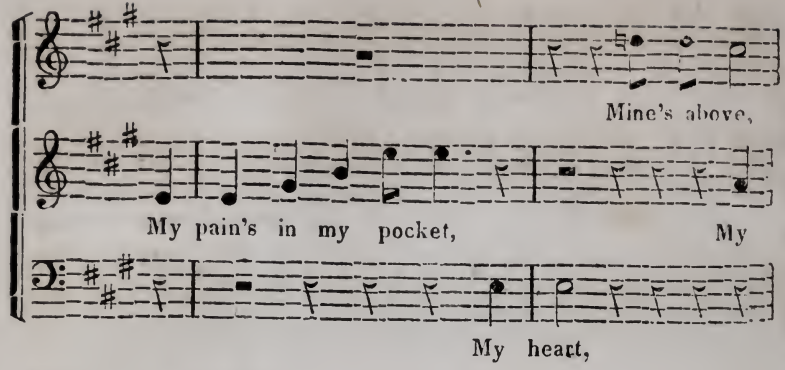

Fortune cuts such strange ca - pers, ods heart I could
Fortune cuts such stranOe ca - pers, ods heart I could
Fortune cuts such strange ca - pers, ods heart I could

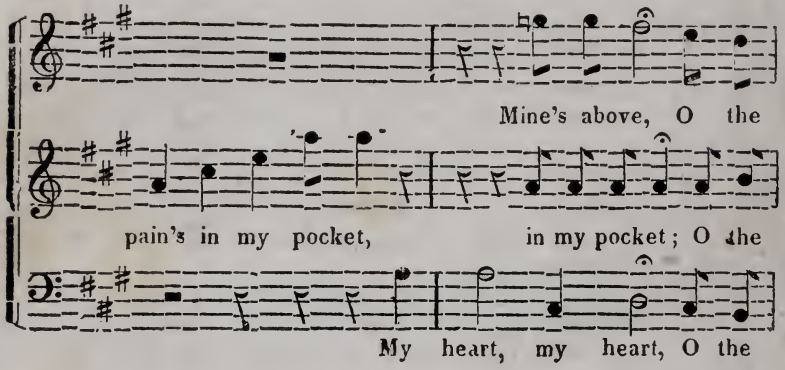

kick her to think,
kick her, I'm in
kick her, I'm in love,

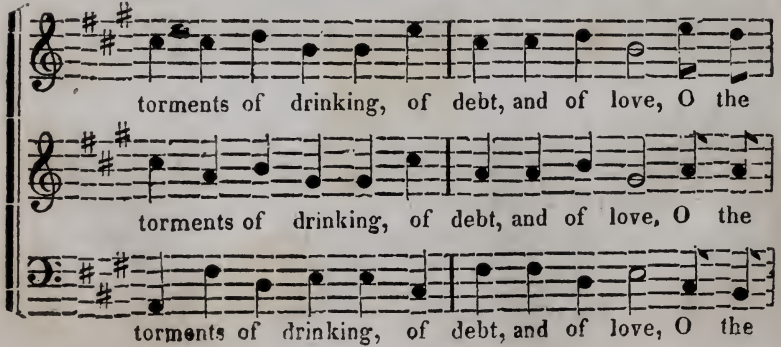

I'm in liquor. Fortune cuts such stragne
debt. Fortune cuts such strange
Fortune cuts such strange

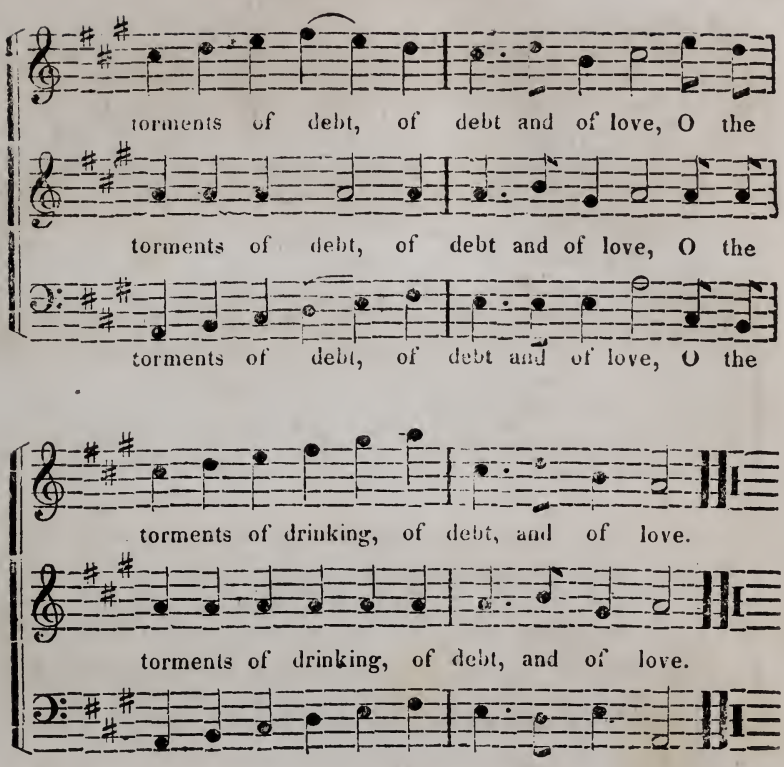

ca - pers, ods heart I could kick her, To
ca - pers, ods heart I could kick her, To
ca - pers, ods heart I could kick her, To


think he's in debt, your in love, I'm in liquor.
think I'm in debt, he's in love, your in liquor.
think I'm in love, he's in debt, your in liquor.


Mine's above,
My pain's in my pocket, My
My heart,

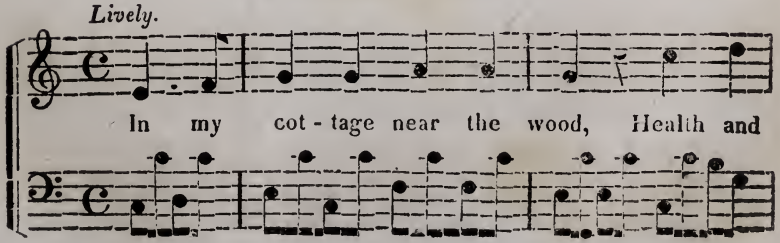

Mine's above, O the
pain's in my pocket, in my pocket; O the
My heart, my heart, O the


torments of drinking, of debt, and of love, O the
torments of drinking, of debt, and of love, O the
torments of drinking, of debt, and of love, O the


torments of debt, of debt and of love, O the
torments of debt, of debt and of love, O the
torments of debt, of debt and of love, O the
torments of drinking, of debt, and of love.
torments of drinking, of debt, and of love.

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR THE WOOD.

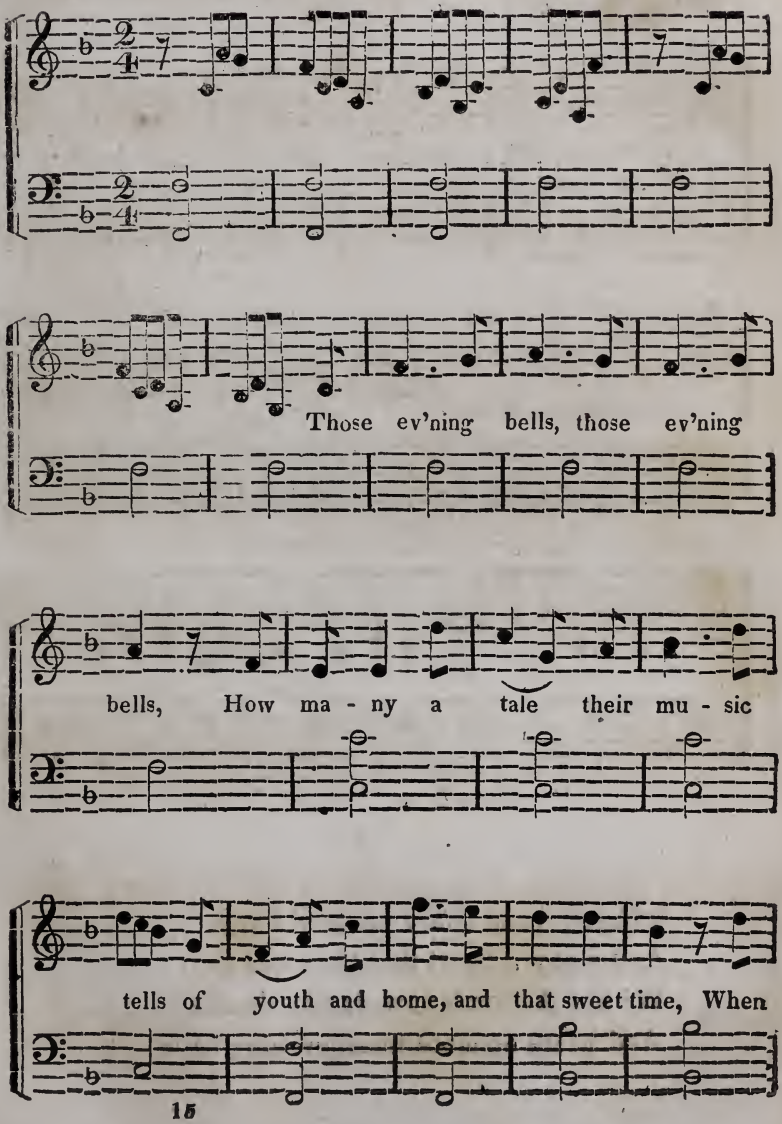
A FAVOURITE FRENCH AIR.

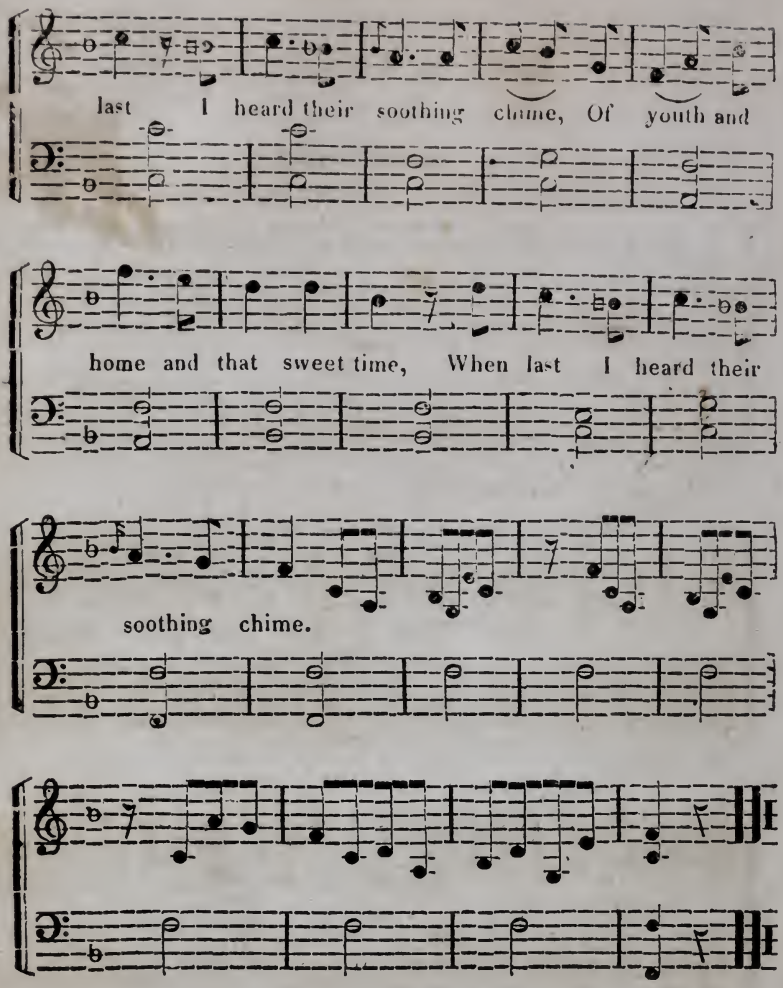


Lau - ra still combine, Me to bless with ev'ry
good, That can ren - der life di - - vine.
Lau - ra, Oh! my charmer fair, Time can ne'er my
love, im - pair; Still the joys of life we'll prove,
Blest with lib - er - ty and love.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

A FAVOURITE AIR.





2.

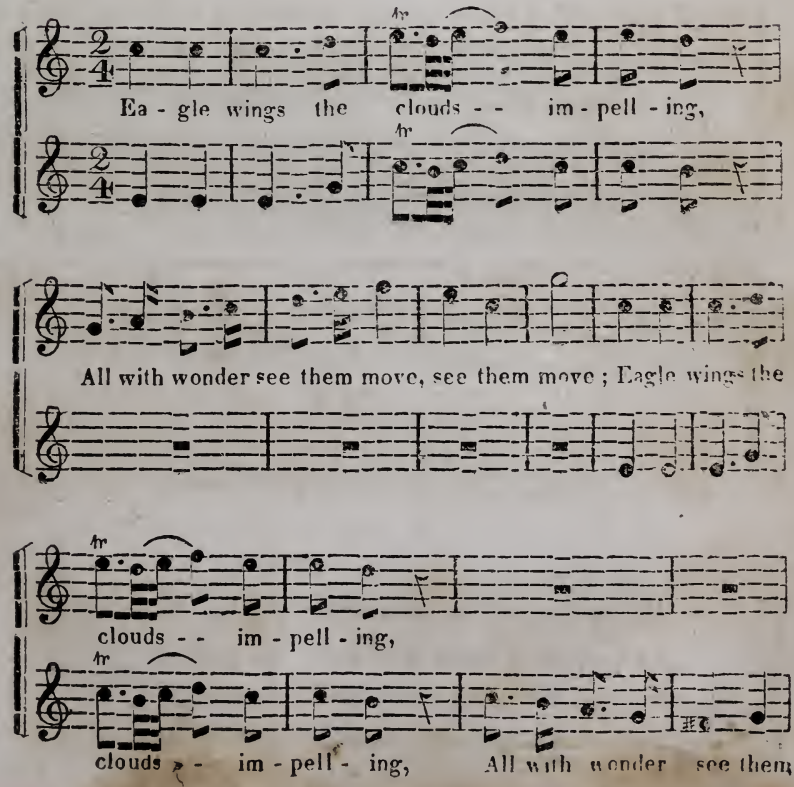
Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells:

3.

And so 'twill be, when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet ev'ning bells.

EAGLE WINGS.

A FAVORITE DUETT IN TIMOUR THE TARTER.


Ea - gle wings the clouds - - im - pell - ing,
All with wonder see them move, see them move ; Eagle wings the
clouds - - im - pell - ing,
clouds - - im - pell - ing, All with wonder see them

see - - - them move, But the bird that shares our
dwelling, 'tis the mild and gen - tle dove;
But the bird that shares our dwell - ing,
'tis - - the - - mild and - - gen - tle dove,
'tis the mild and gen - - tle dove.

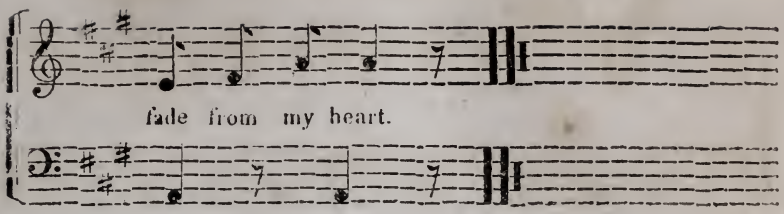
2.

Suns, while pouring floods of splendour,
Blind us with oppressive light;
But the moonshine mild and tender,
Long detains the lovers sight.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

AN ADMIRED SONG.

There is not in the wide world a
valley so sweet, As that vale in whose bosom the
bright waters meet; O the last rays of feeling and
life must depart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall
Lentando.
Cres.
fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall



2.

Yes it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

3.

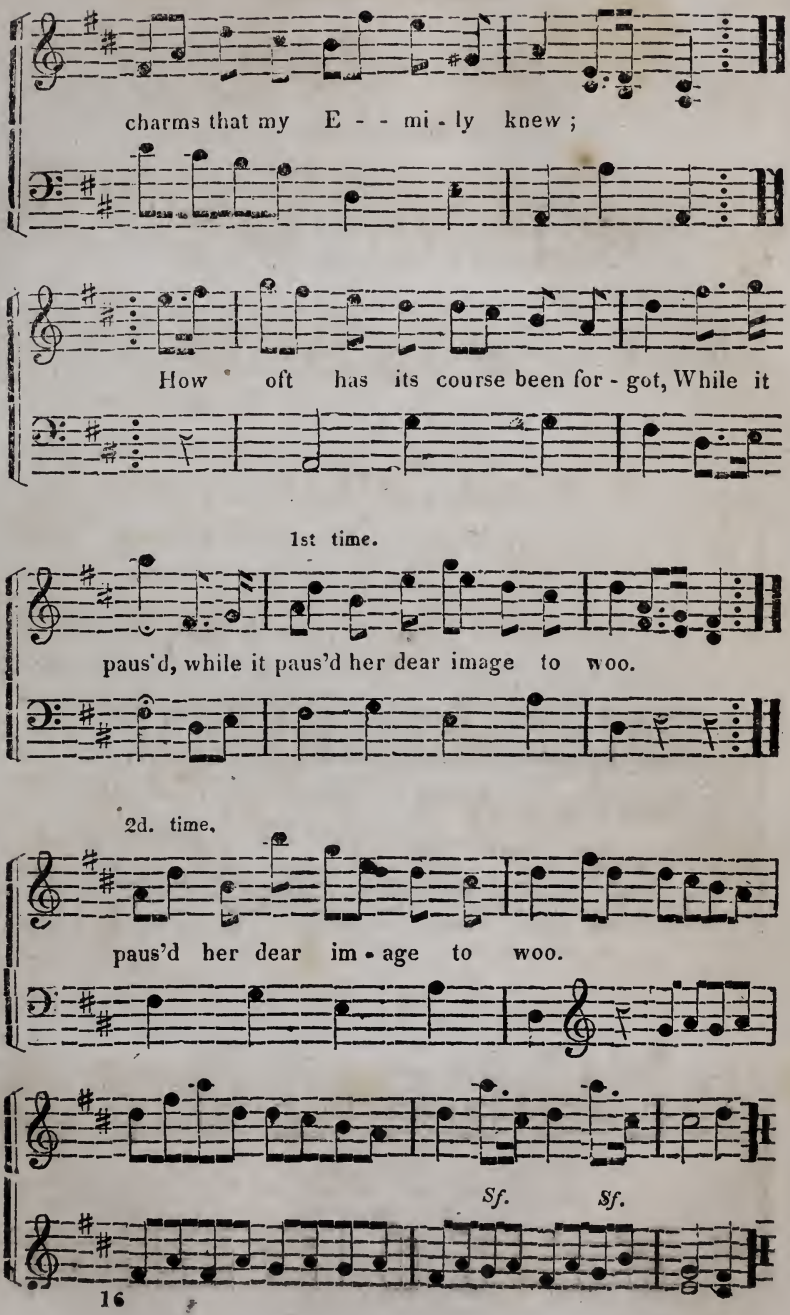
'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

THE STREAMLET.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

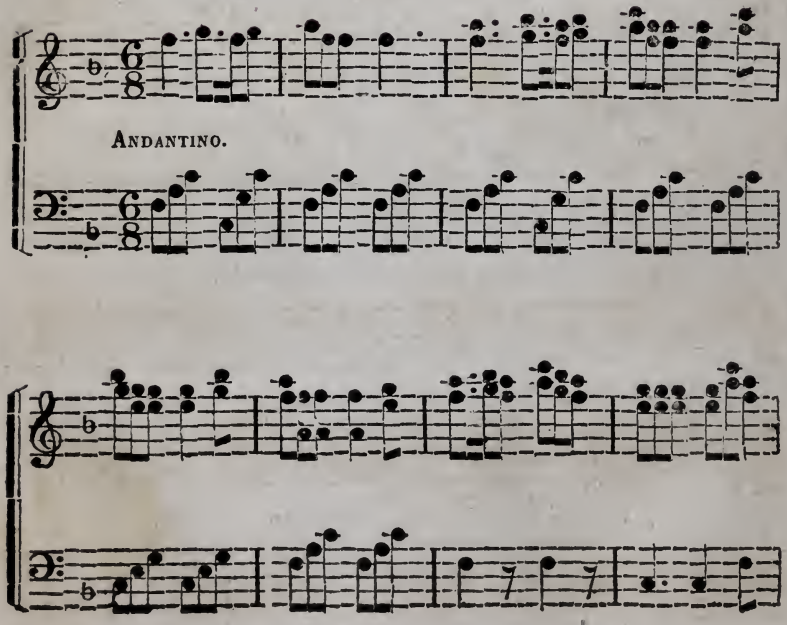

charms that my E - - mi - ly knew ;
How oft has its course been for - got, While it
1st time.
paus'd, while it paus'd her dear image to woo.
2d. time.
paus'd her dear im - age to woo.
Sf. Sf.
16

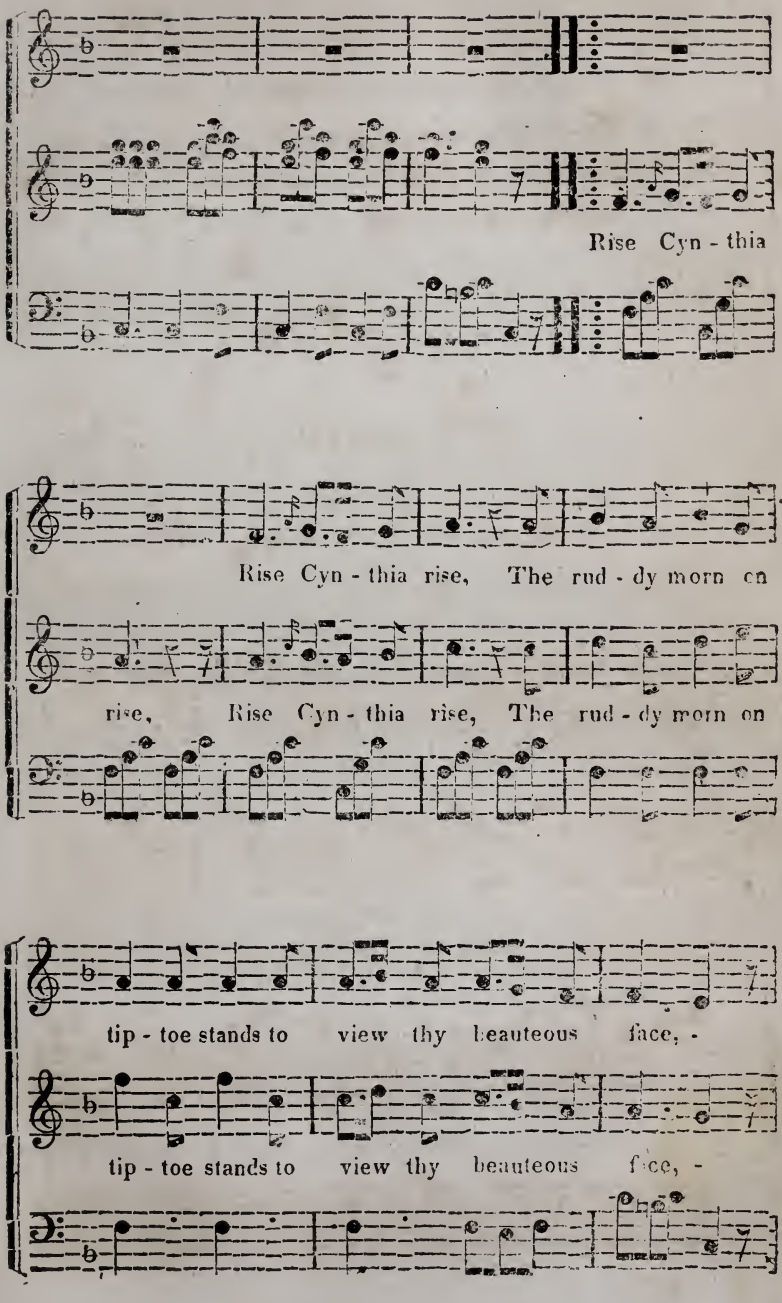
2.

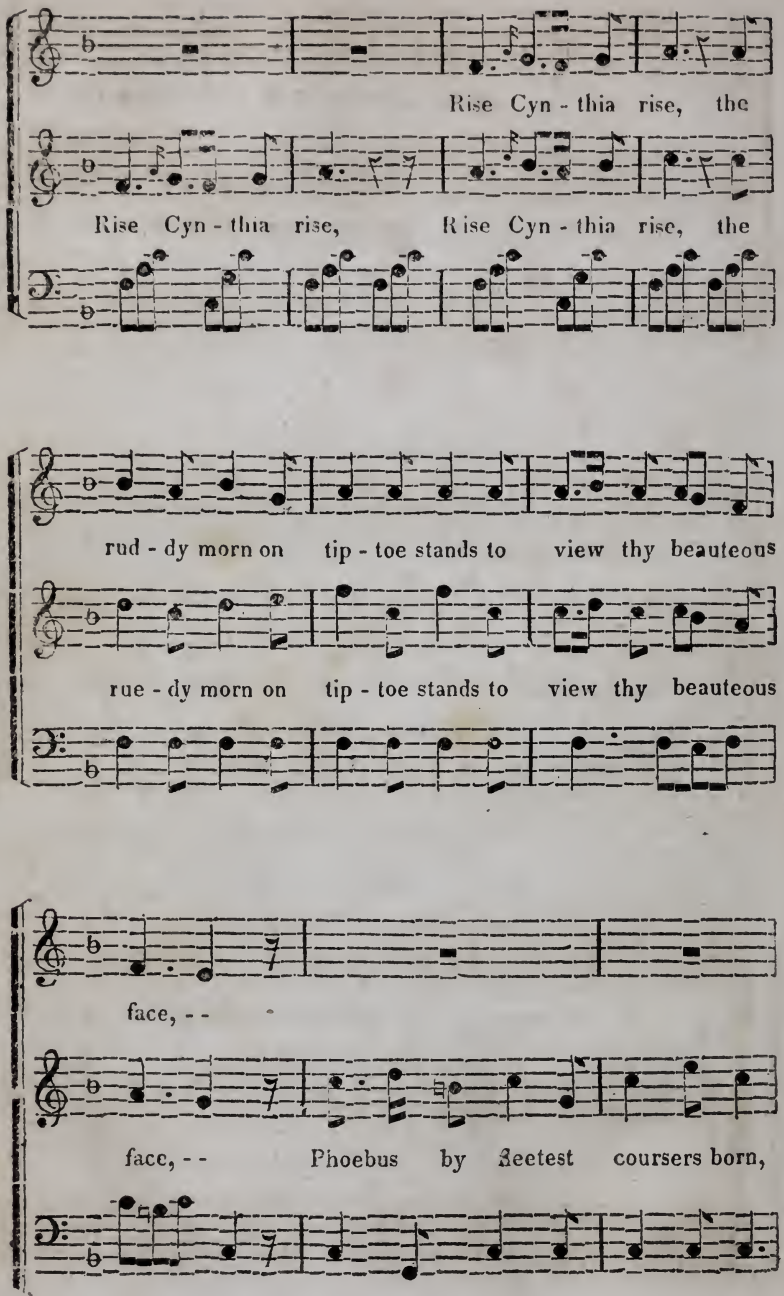
Believe me, the fond silver tide,
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize.
For silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

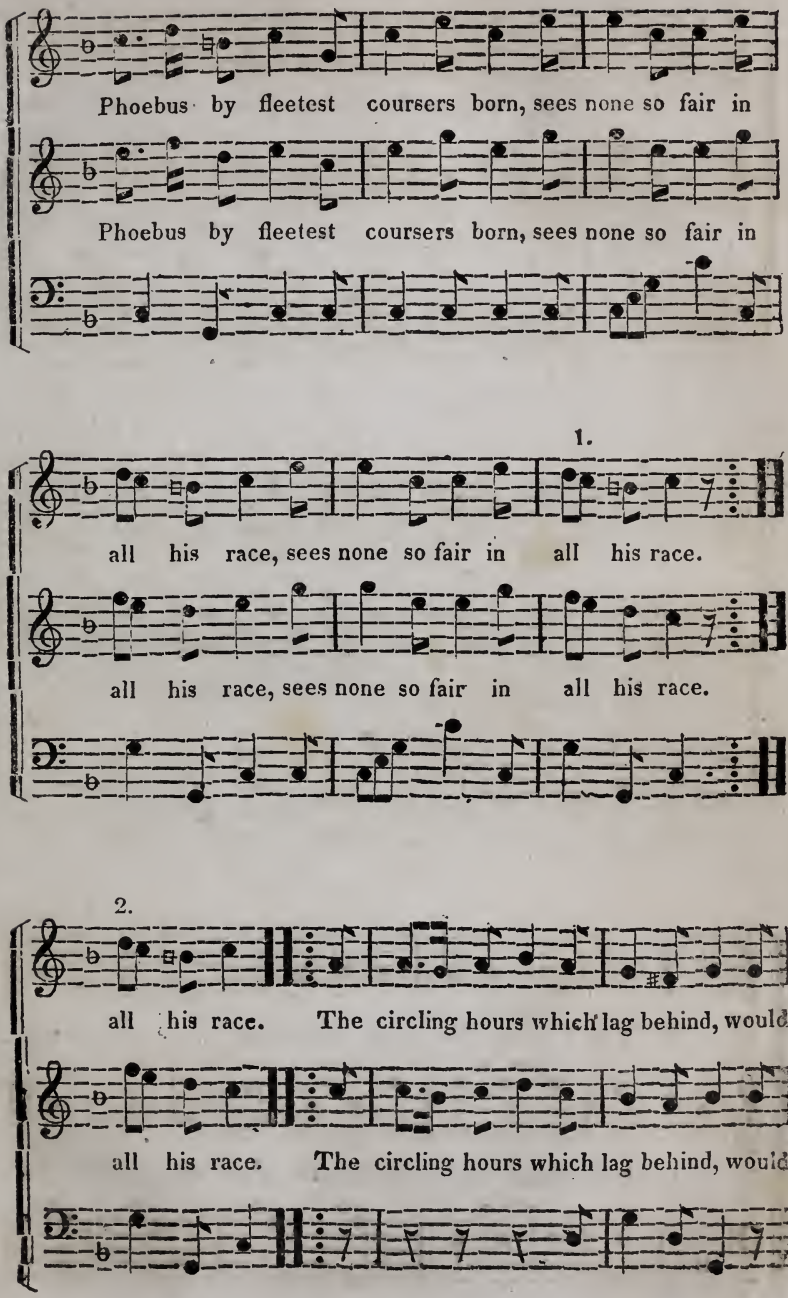
RISE CYNTHIA.

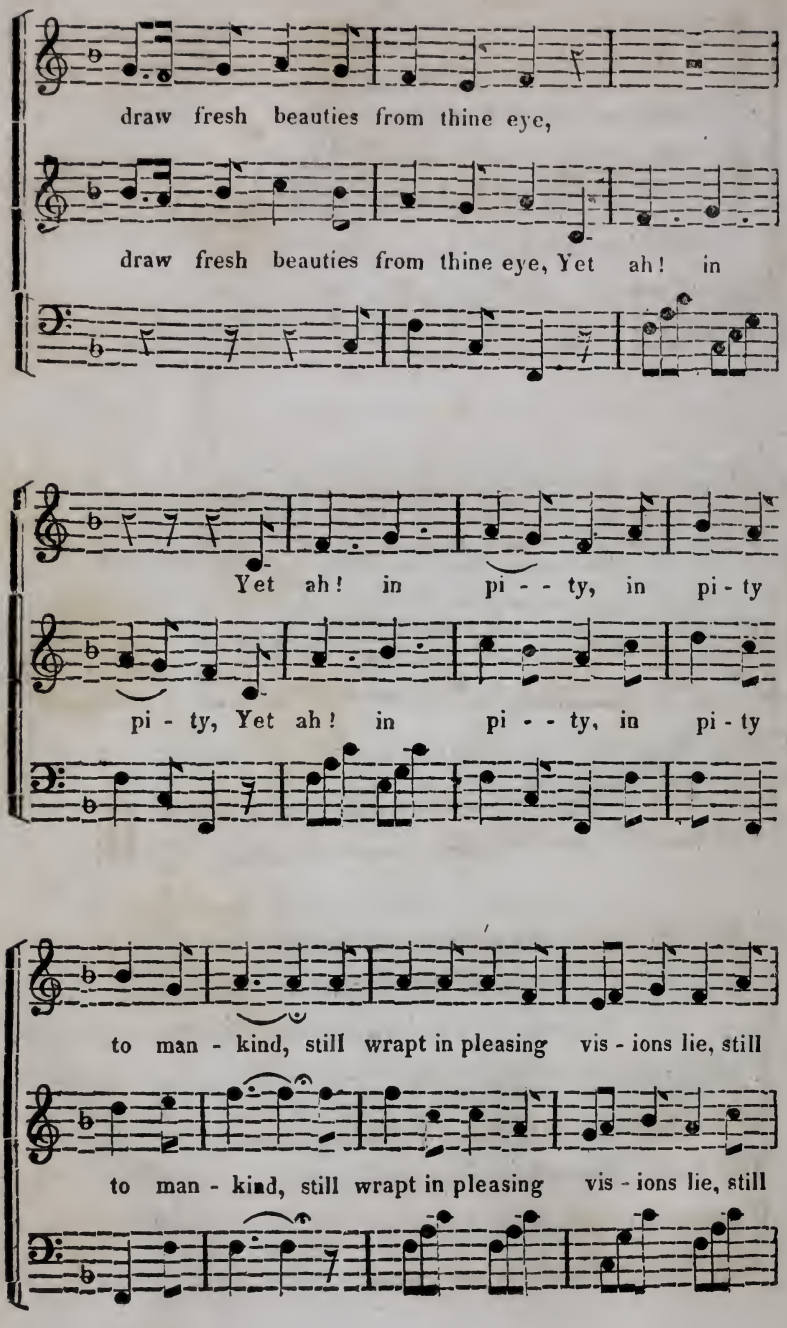
A POPULAR DUETT.

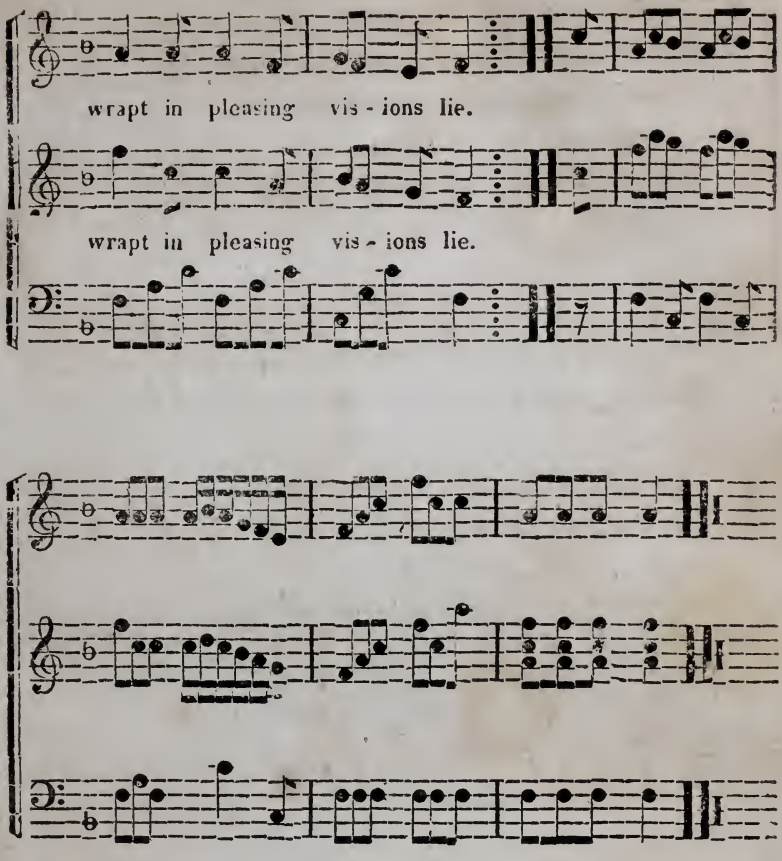



Rise Cyn - thia
Rise Cyn - thia rise, The rud - dy morn on
rise, Rise Cyn - thia rise, The rud - dy morn on
tip - toe stands to view thy beauteous face, -
tip - toe stands to view thy beauteous face, -


Rise Cyn - thia rise, the
Rise Cyn - thia rise, Rise Cyn - thia rise, the
rud - dy morn on tip - toe stands to view thy beauteous
rue - dy morn on tip - toe stands to view thy beauteous
face, - -
face, - - Phoebus by fleetest coursers born,


Phoebus by fleetest coursers born, sees none so fair in
Phoebus by fleetest coursers born, sees none so fair in
1.
all his race, sees none so fair in all his race.
all his race, sees none so fair in all his race.
2.
all his race. The circling hours which lag behind, would
all his race. The circling hours which lag behind, would


draw fresh beauties from thine eye,
draw fresh beauties from thine eye, Yet ah! in
Yet ah! in pi - - ty, in pi - ty
pi - ty, Yet ah! in pi - - ty, in pi - ty
to man - kind, still wrapt in pleasing vis - ions lie, still
to man - kind, still wrapt in pleasing vis - ions lie, still



The following words were sung (to the above tune) *at the celebration of* INDEPENDENCE, *at Charlestown,* (*Mass.*)

1.

Hail, glorious day, blest Freedom smiles,
Her beauteous mein enraptures every tongue;
Tyrants are banish'd down to shame,
And Independence is our song.

Let sires and sons and matrons join,
Fair virgins chant your sweetest lays ;
Sing blood-bought Freedom !
O may it ne'er be lost !
Join all harmonious tongues the praise,

2.

Columbia, hail ! thy fruitful soil,
Blest with mild peace, now blossoms like the rose ;
Tories may rail in thirst for power,
No rights we'll yield the impious foes :
Our Fathers left their native land
For Liberty and equal Laws :
This blood-stain'd birth-right
We'll only yield with life !
Ah ! never quit the sacred cause.

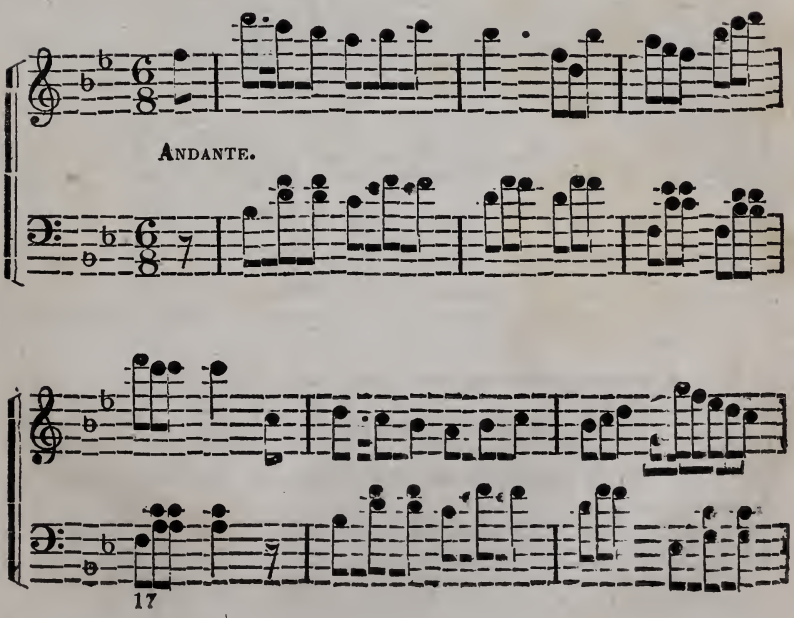
3.

O heav'nly Power, thy rightful hand
Our Nation guide, as glory leads the way ;
Factions shall fall like Lucifer,
While Liberty shall bear the sway :
See cities rise, see arts improve,
Through vast extent what blessings flow ;
Smile, O kind Heaven,
Prolong the prosp'rous day,
Till Freedom's Joys the world shall know.

THE MUSICAL CABINET.

ROSE OF LOVE.

A FAVOURITE SONG AS SUNG BY MRS. FRENCH.



Thou art
mine, Rose of love, thou art mine; In my
heart thou art plant-ed for ev-er, There the
best of af-fections shall round thee entwine, As the
elm is embrac'd in th'embrace of the vine, Which is

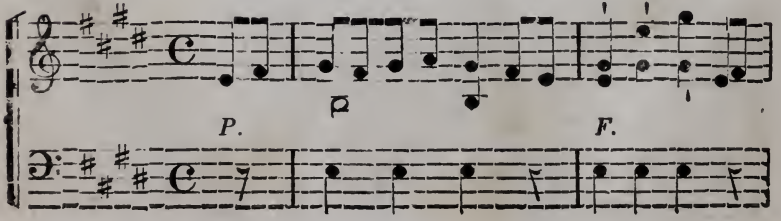
nev - er re - lin - quish'd, no, nev - er, Which is
nev - er re - lin - quish'd, no nev - er. Rose of
love, Rose of love, thou art mine, In my
heart thou art planted for ev - er; Rose of
love, Rose of love thou art mine, Rose of love, - thou art

2.

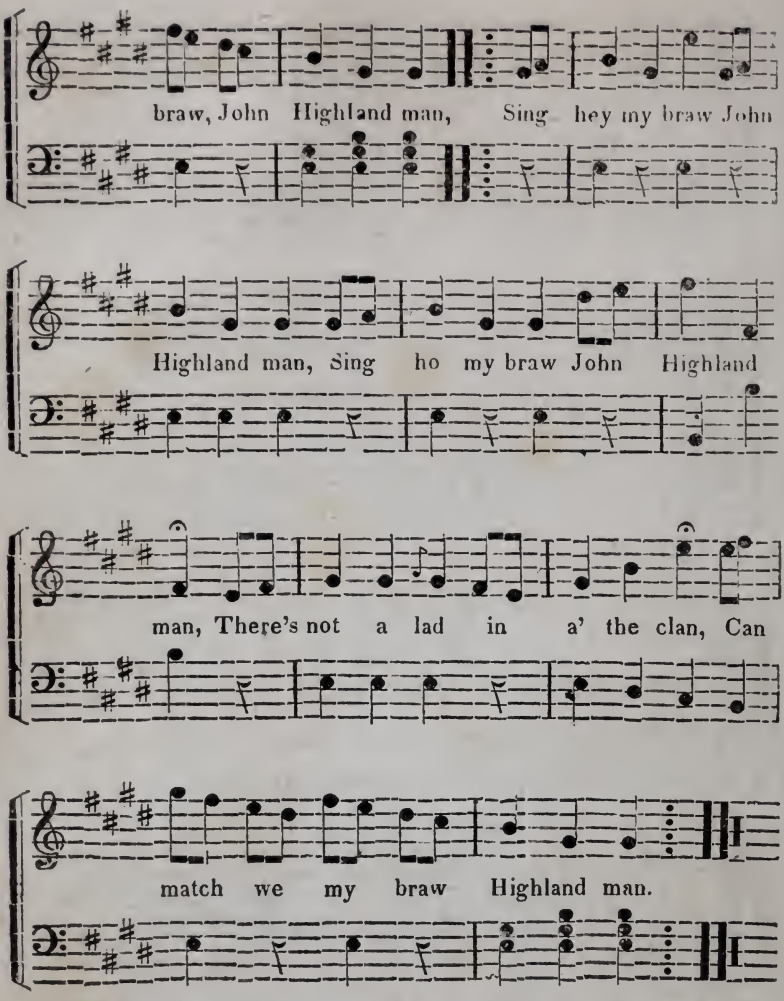
Thou art planted here ne'er to decay,
From my heart n ught thy beauties can sever ;
And should tears, like bright dew drops, at dawn of the day,
Empearl thy sweet bloom, I will kiss them away,
For thou ne'er shalt know sorrow, no, never,
Rose of Love! Rose of Love! thou art mine.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

THE POPULAR AIR AS SUNG BY MRS. HOLMAN.



P. F. P.
F.
A Highland lad my love was
born, The lowland laws he held in scorn, But he
still was faith - ful to his clan, My gal - lant


braw, John Highland man, Sing hey my braw John
Highland man, Sing ho my braw John Highland
man, There's not a lad in a' the clan, Can
match we my braw Highland man.

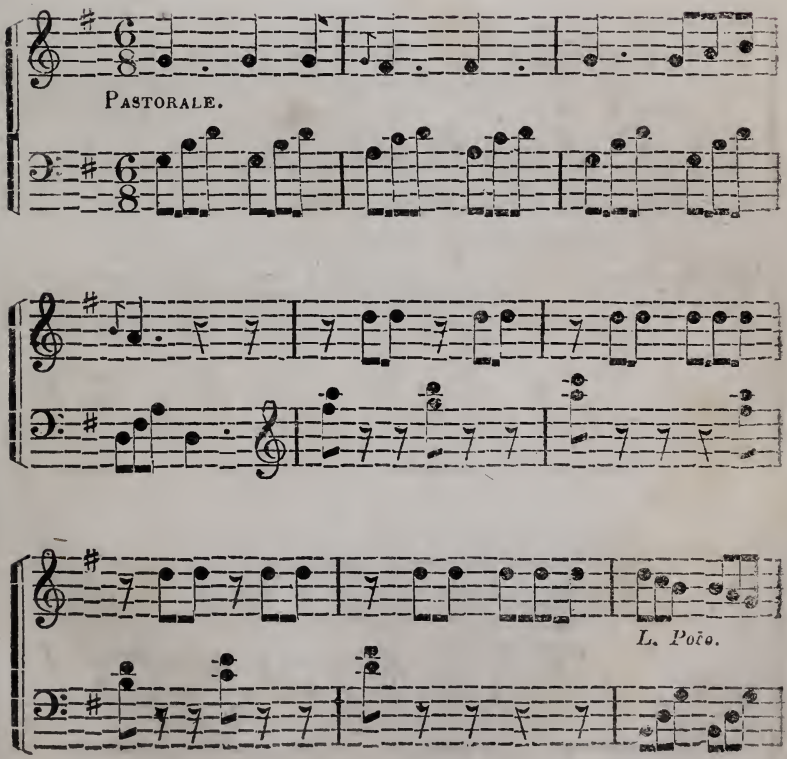
2.

With his bonnet blue and tartan plad,
And good claymore down by his side,
The Ladies hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highland man,

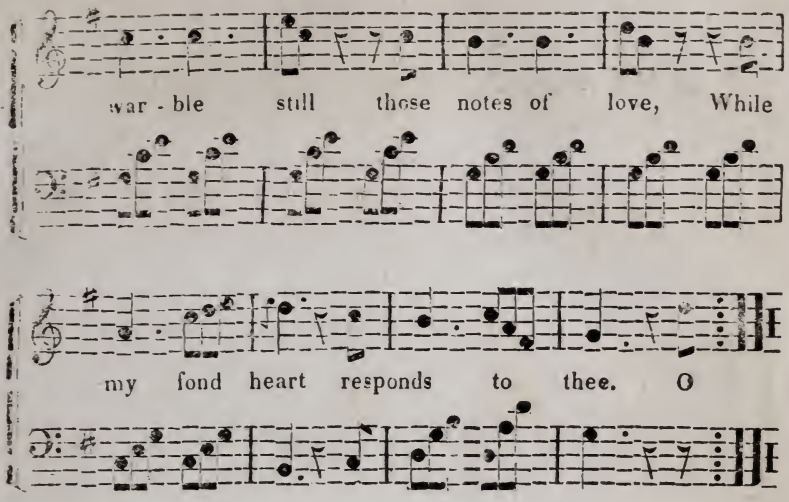
Sing hey my braw John Highland man,
Sing ho my braw John Highland man,
There's not a lad in all the clan,
Can match we my braw Highland man.

THE WOOD ROBIN.

A FAVOURITE SONG.



Cres.
Stay sweet en-
chanter of the grove, Leave not so
1st.
2d.
soon thy na - tive tree, tree; O
war - ble still those notes of love, While
my fond heart re - - sponds to thee, O



2.

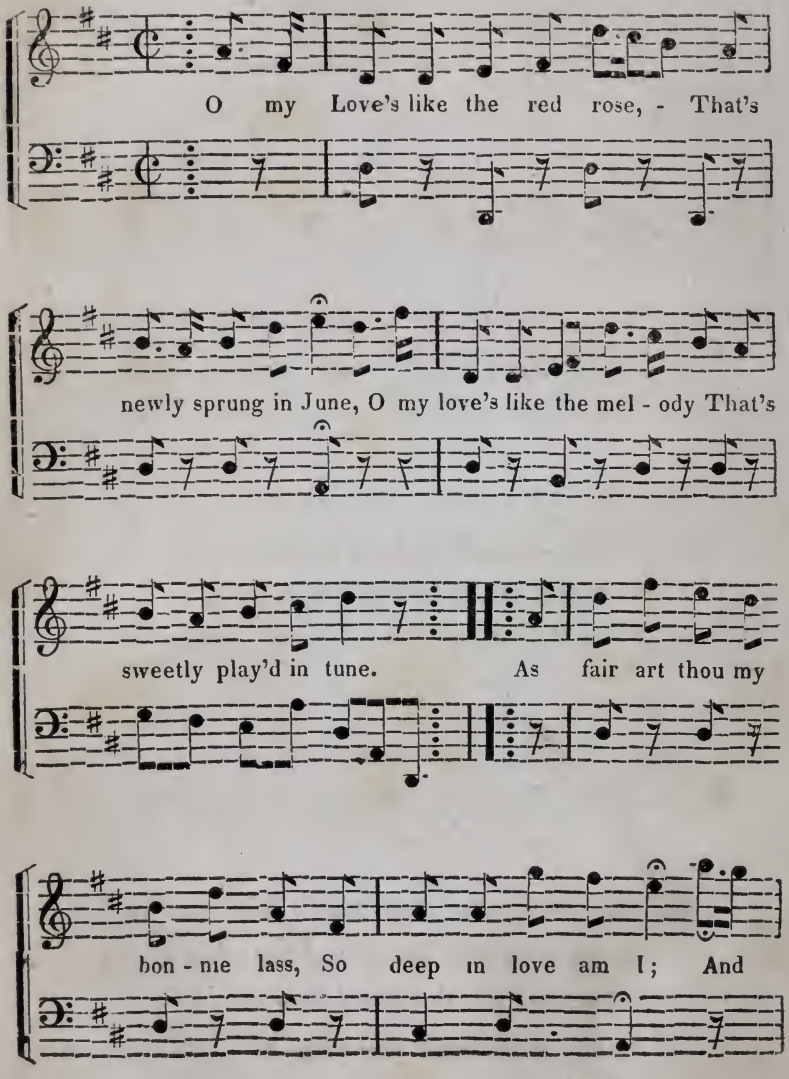
Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly autumn frowns severe;
Then charm me with thy parting lay,
And I will answer with a tear.

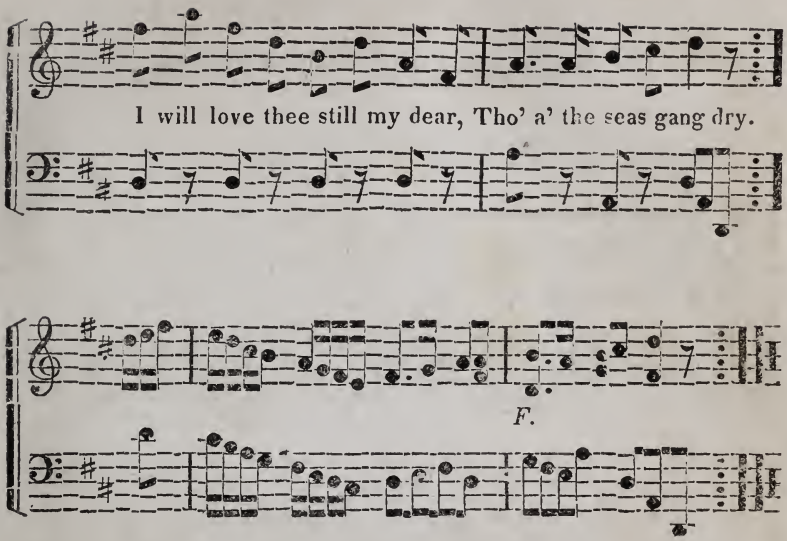
3.

But soon as Spring enwreath'd with flow'rs
Comes dancing o'er the new drest plain;
Return and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
My Robin with those notes again.

O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE.

AN ADMIRED SCOTCH AIR.


O my Love's like the red rose, - That's
newly sprung in June, O my love's like the mel - ody That's
sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou my
bon - nie lass, So deep in love am I; And

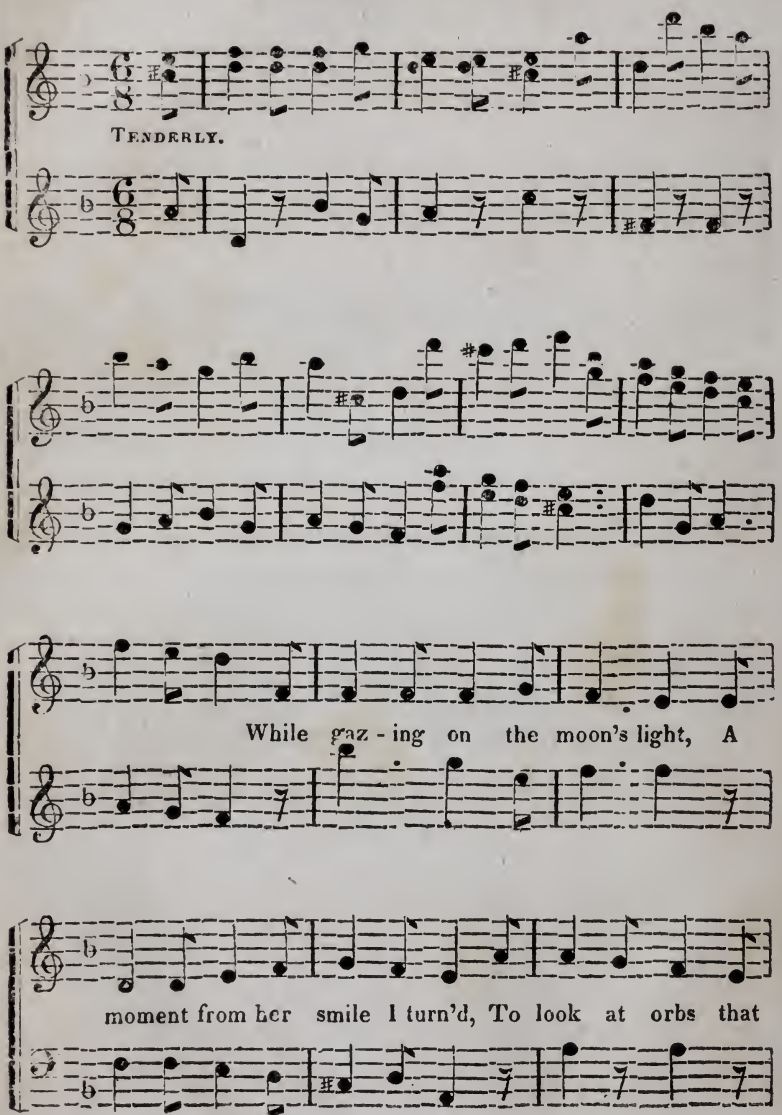


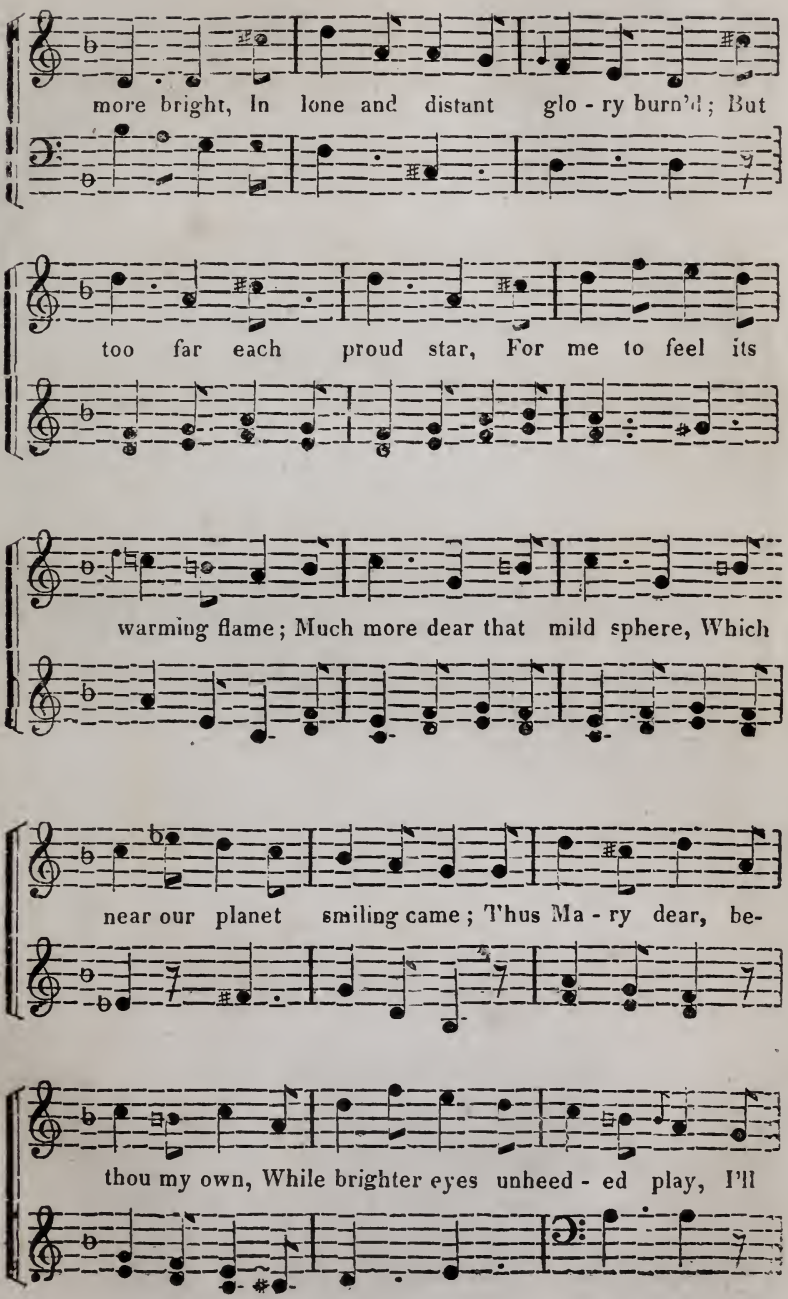
2.

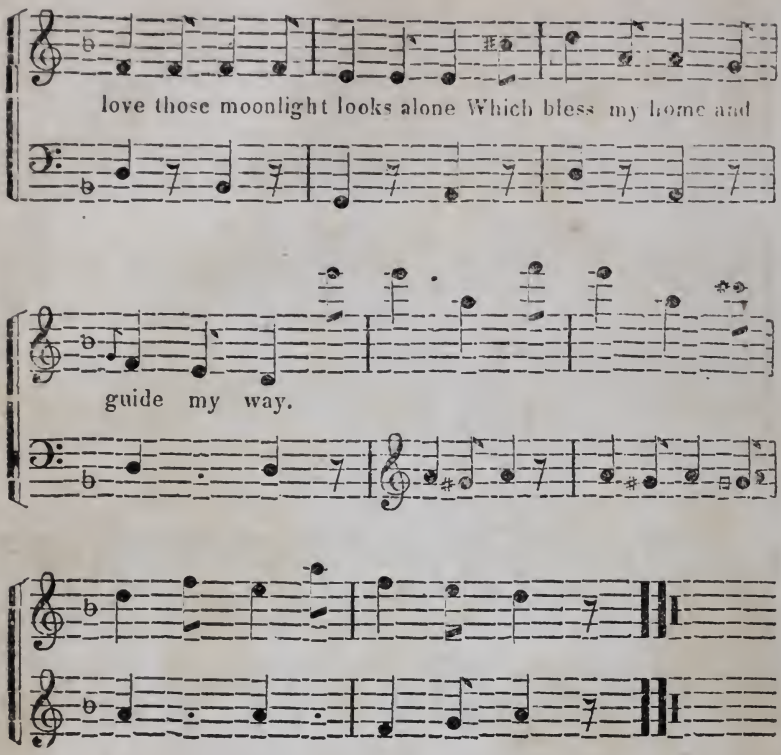
'Till a' the seas gang dry my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
But fare thee weel, my only love
And fare thee weel awhile,
And I will come again my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

FROM MOORE'S MELODIES.

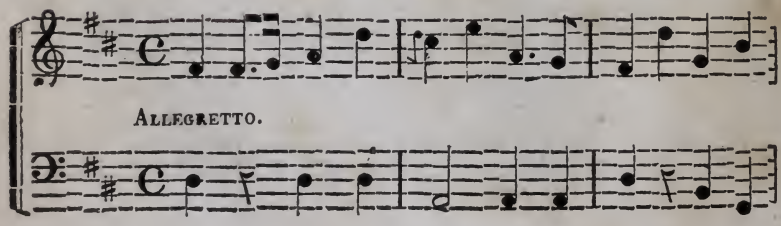



more bright, In lone and distant glo - ry burn'd; But
too far each proud star, For me to feel its
warming flame; Much more dear that mild sphere, Which
near our planet smiling came; Thus Ma - ry dear, be-
thou my own, While brighter eyes unheed - ed play, I'll

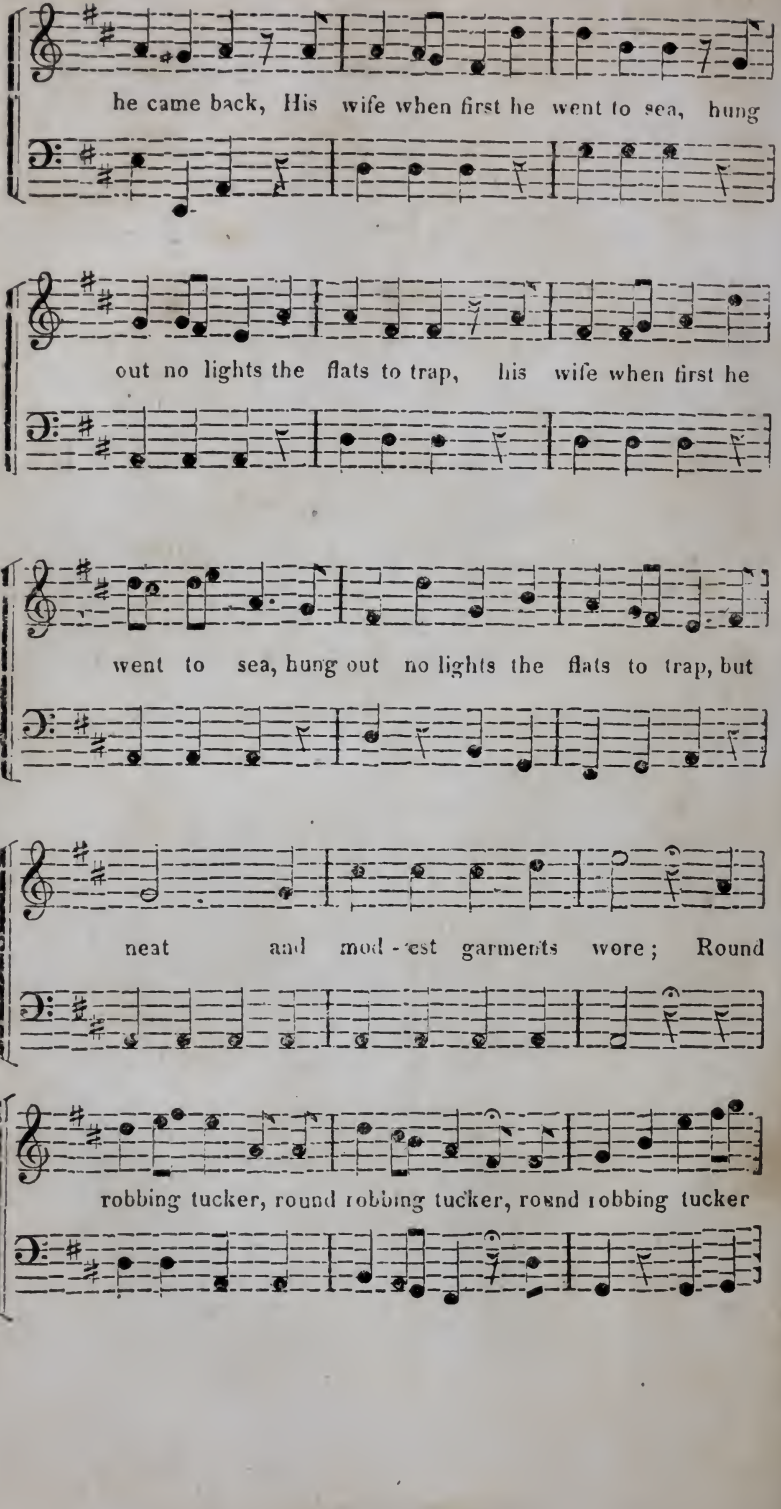


JACK'S DISCOVERIES.

AN ADMIRED SONG.

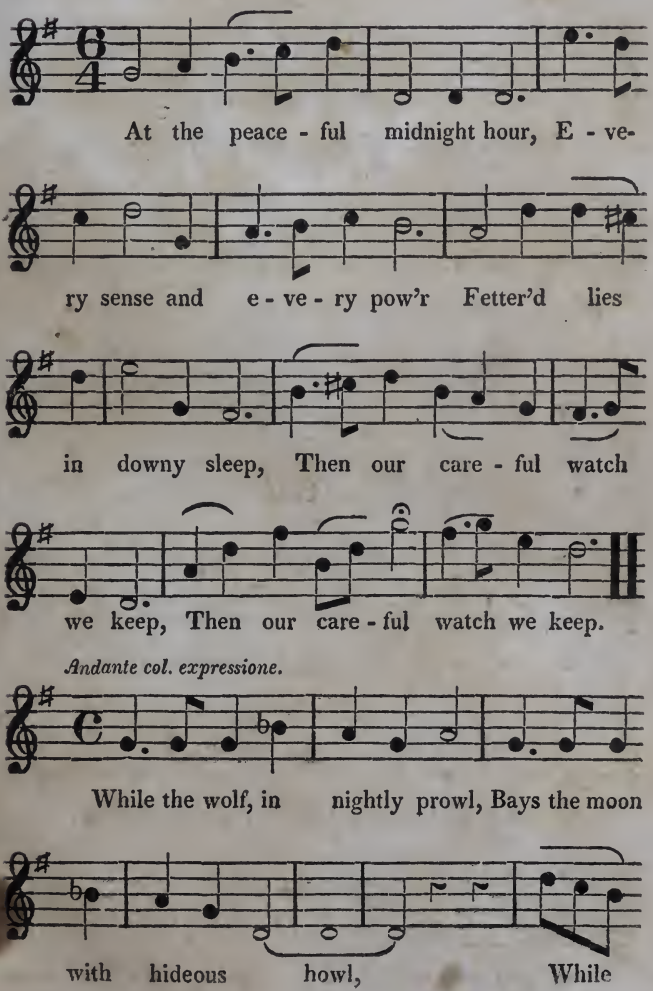


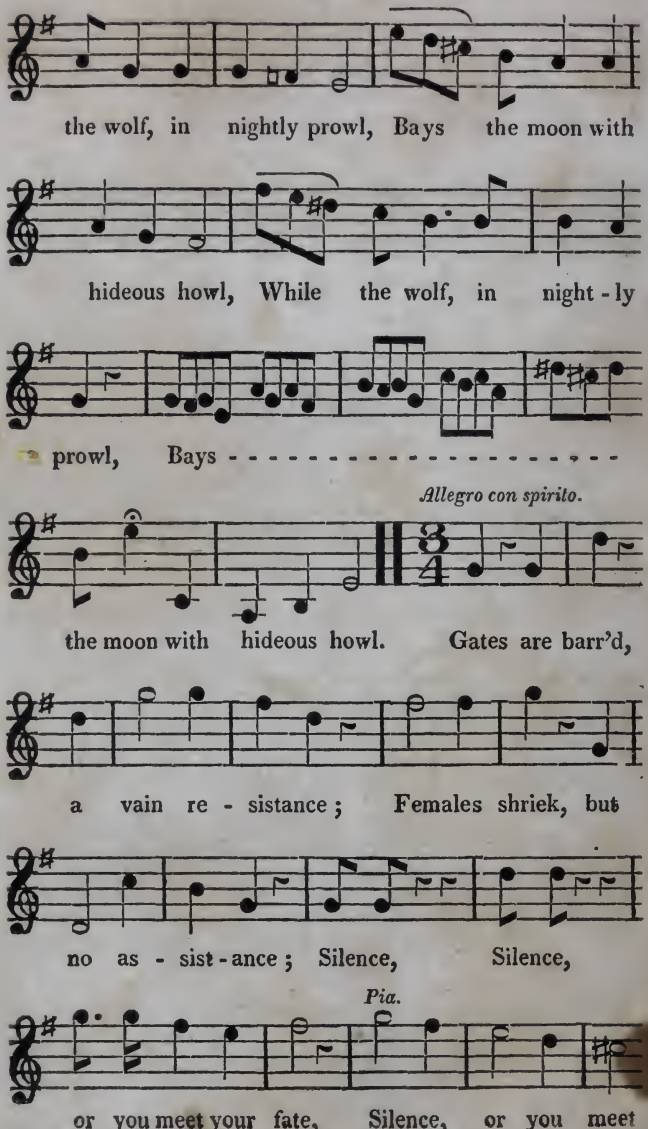
On a dis-
cov'-ry north a-bout, for ma-ny years had
ventur'd Jack, but no dis-cov'ries he found out, but
no dis-cov'ries he found out, like those he made when

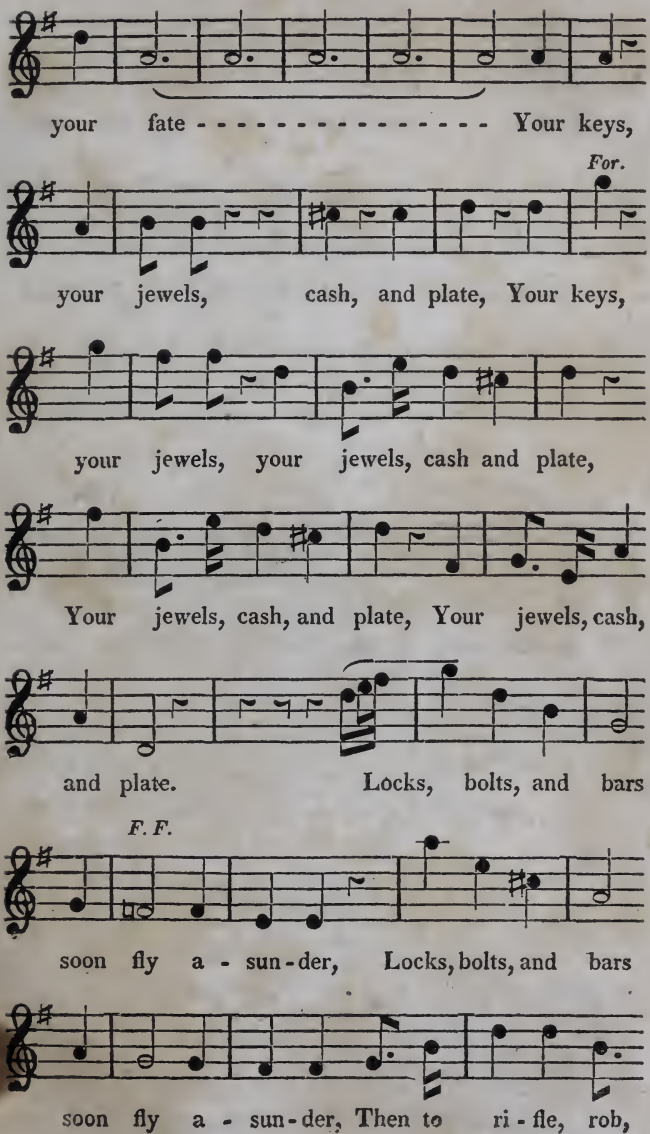

he came back, His wife when first he went to sea, hung
out no lights the flats to trap, his wife when first he
went to sea, hung out no lights the flats to trap, but
neat and mod - est garments wore; Round
robbing tucker, round robbing tucker, round robbing tucker

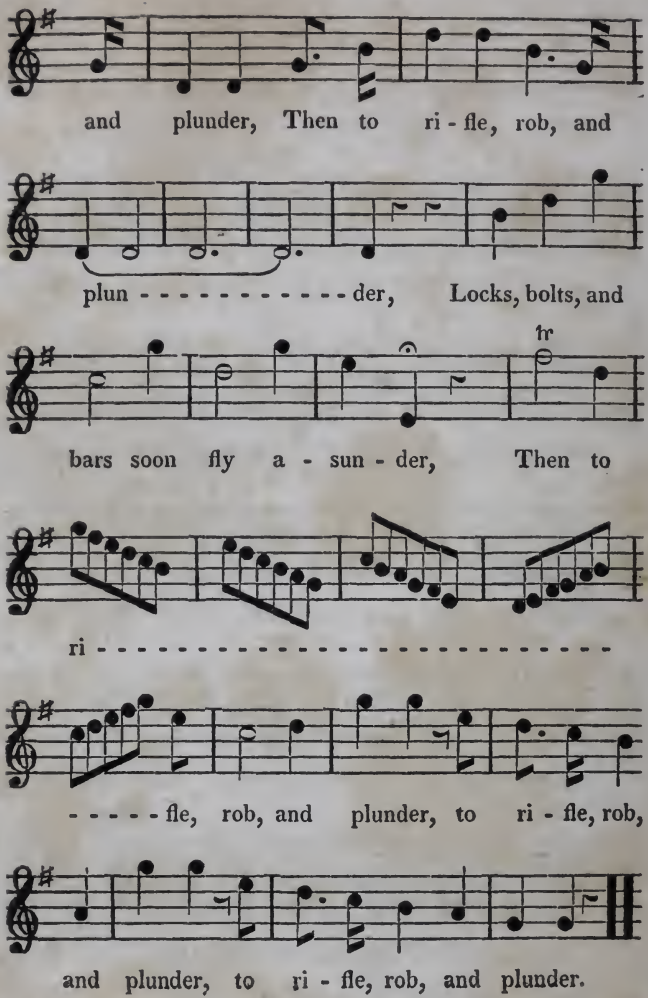
The Wolf.

Composed by Mr. Shield.

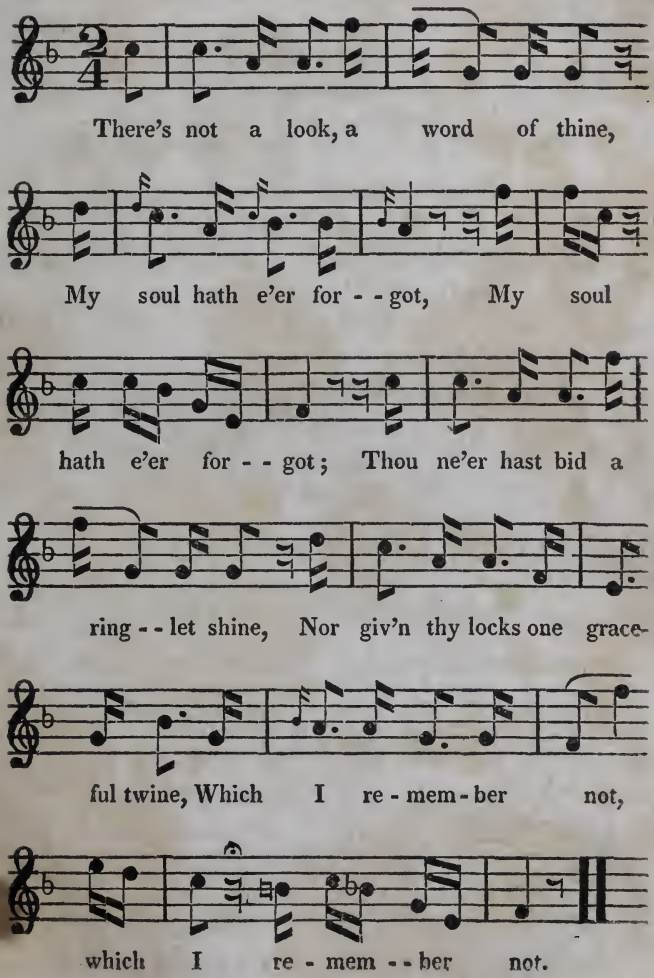

At the peace - ful midnight hour, E - ve-
ry sense and e - ve - ry pow'r Fetter'd lies
in downy sleep, Then our care - ful watch
we keep, Then our care - ful watch we keep.
Andante col. expressione.
While the wolf, in nightly prowl, Bays the moon
with hideous howl, While


the wolf, in nightly prowl, Bays the moon with
hideous howl, While the wolf, in night - ly
prowl, Bays
Allegro con spirito.
the moon with hideous howl. Gates are barr'd,
a vain re - sistance; Females shriek, but
no as - sist - ance; Silence, Silence,
Pia.
or you meet your fate, Silence, or you meet


your fate - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Your keys,
For.
your jewels, cash, and plate, Your keys,
your jewels, your jewels, cash and plate,
Your jewels, cash, and plate, Your jewels, cash,
and plate. Locks, bolts, and bars
F. F.
soon fly a - sun - der, Locks, bolts, and bars
soon fly a - sun - der, Then to ri - fle, rob,


and plunder, Then to ri - fle, rob, and
plun - - - - - - - - - - - - der, Locks, bolts, and
tr
bars soon fly a - sun - der, Then to
ri -
- - - - - fle, rob, and plunder, to ri - fle, rob,
and plunder, to ri - fle, rob, and plunder.

There's not a Look, a Word of Thine.


There's not a look, a word of thine,
My soul hath e'er for - - got, My soul
hath e'er for - - got; Thou ne'er hast bid a
ring - - let shine, Nor giv'n thy locks one grace-
ful twine, Which I re - mem - ber not,
which I re - mem - - ber not.

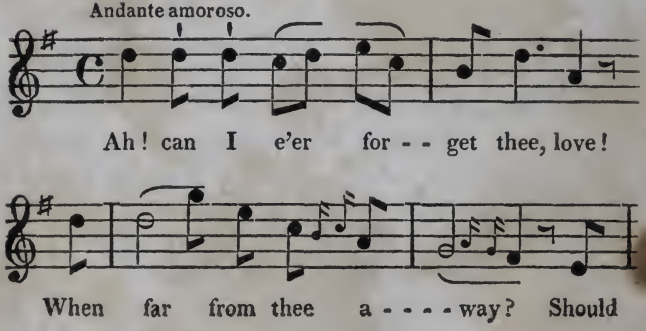
There never yet a murmur fell,
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a ling'ring spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
Like something heav'n had sung.

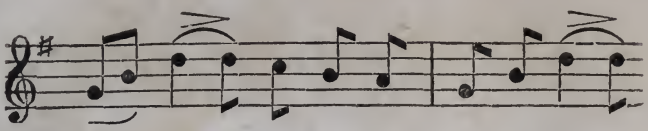
Ah! that I could at once forget
All, all that haunts me so;
And yet, thou 'witching girl, and yet
To die were sweeter than to let
The lov'd remembrance go.

No, if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh! let it die rememb'ring thee,
And, like the burnt Aroma, be
Consum'd in sweets away.

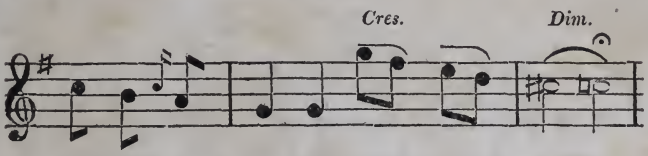
Ah! can I e'er forget thee, Love.

Sung by Mr. Nichols.—Composed by Bishop.

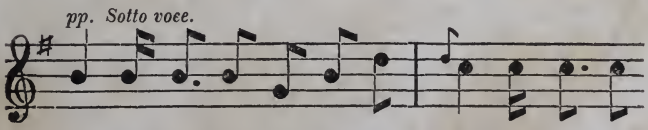




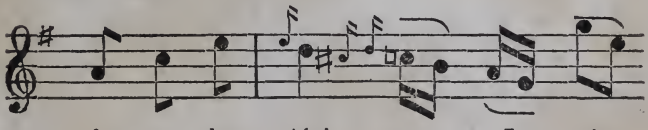
grief - - - - - a pang sup - ply, I'll pay



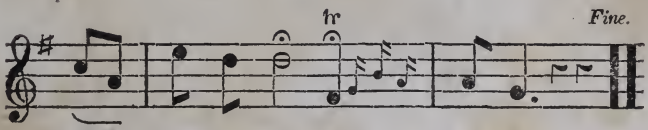
thee sigh for sigh, pay sigh for sigh.



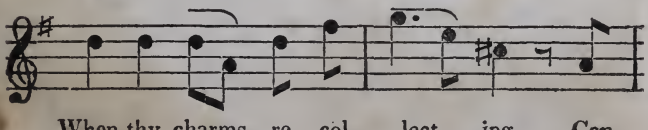
Ah! can I e'er for - get thee, Ah! can I e'er



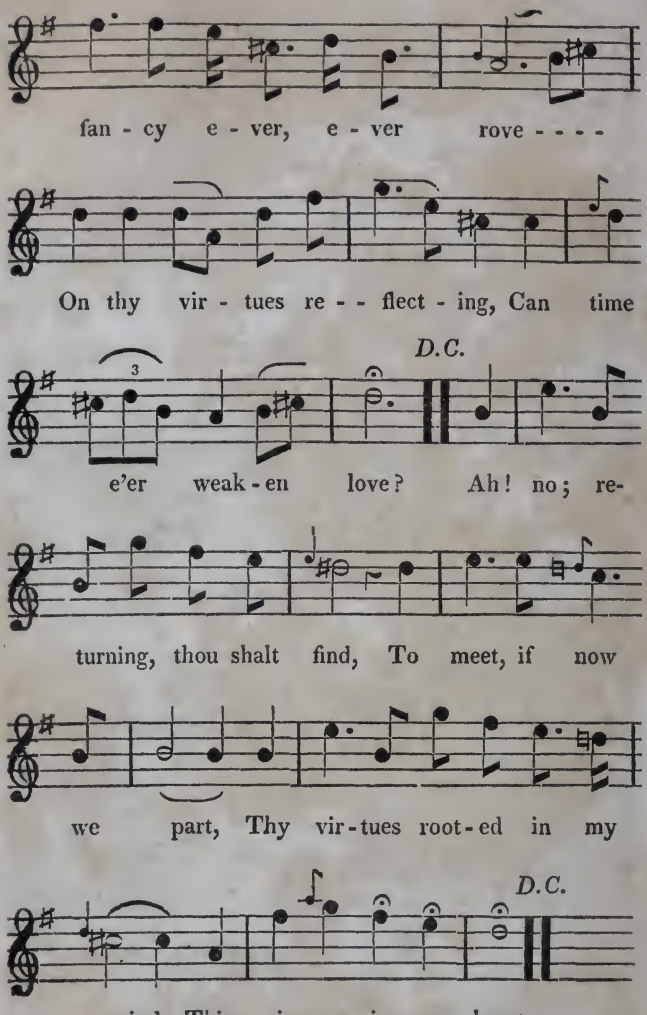
for - get thee, Ah! can I e'er



for - - get thee, love? No, ne - ver.

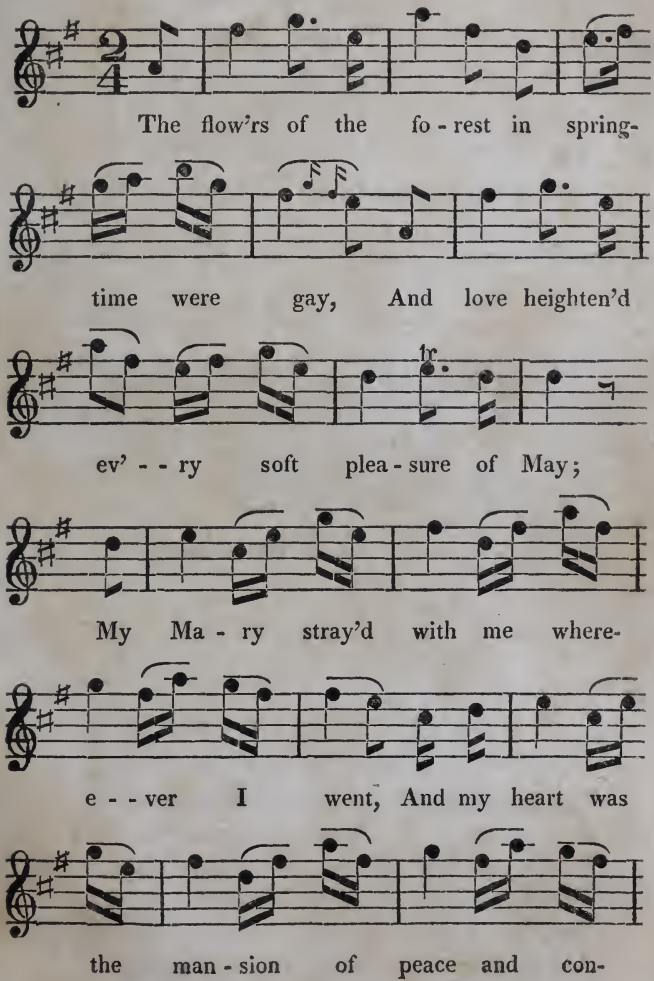


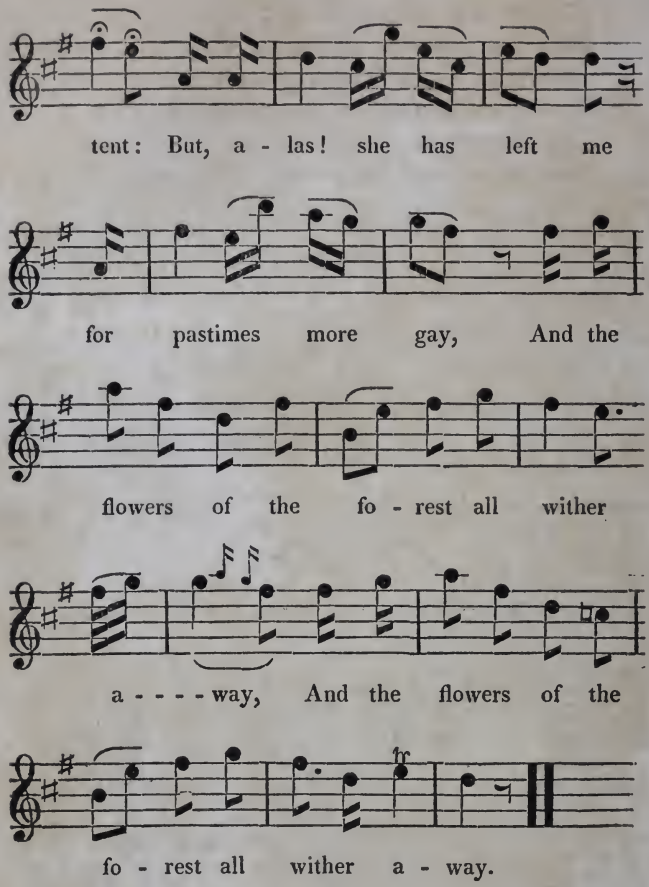
When thy charms re - col - - lect - ing, Can


fan - cy e - ver, e - ver rove - - - -
On thy vir - tues re - - flect - ing, Can time
D.C.
e'er weak - en love? Ah! no; re-
turning, thou shalt find, To meet, if now
we part, Thy vir - tues root - ed in my
D.C.
mind, Thine image in my heart.

The Flowers of the Forest.

Composed by Mr. Hook.


The flow'rs of the fo - rest in spring-
time were gay, And love heighten'd
tr
ev' - - ry soft plea - sure of May;
My Ma - ry stray'd with me where-
e - - ver I went, And my heart was
the man - sion of peace and con-


tent: But, a - las! she has left me
for pastimes more gay, And the
flowers of the fo - rest all wither
a - - - - way, And the flowers of the
fo - rest all wither a - way.

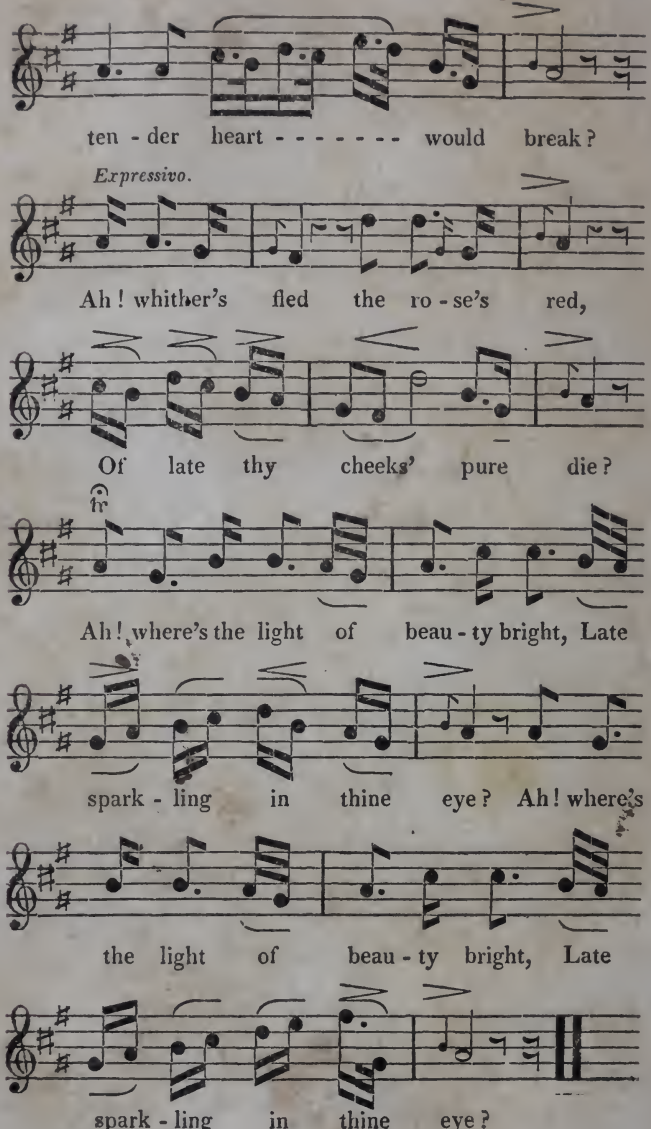
The flow'rs of the forest in spring-time were gay,
And the smile of my Mary gave wings to the day;
But past are those pleasures, no more to return;
Her charms I adore, and her falsehood I mourn;
For, alas! she has left me for pastime more gay,
And the flowers of the forest all wither away.

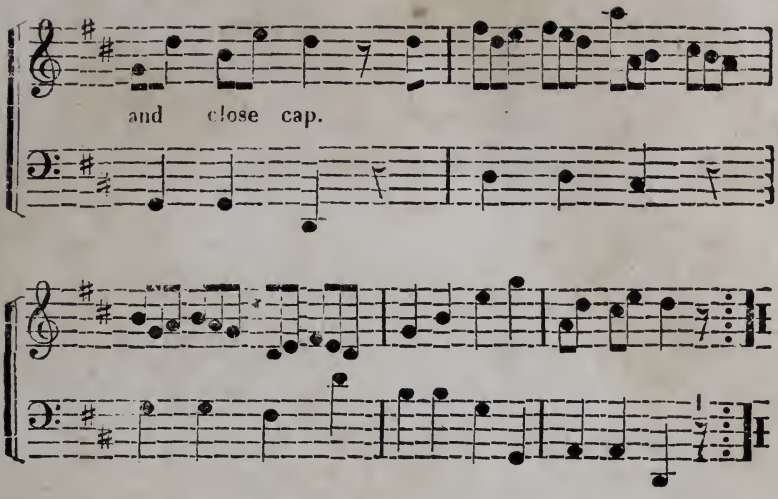
The flow'rs of the forest in spring-time were gay ;
Like their fragrance, my bliss and fond hopes pass away ;
Fond hopes which I caught from the glance of her eye,
Now, blighted by sorrow, fade, wither, and die ;
For, alas ! she has left me for pastime more gay,
And the flowers of the forest all wither away.

Why, Ella, dear.

Sung by Mr. Vaughan.—Words by Mr. George Fisher.

Andante.
Why, El - la, dear, that pearly
tear, Soft steal - ing down thy beau-
teous cheek? Oh! why, my love,
dost sigh, my love, As though thy


ten - der heart - - - - - - - would break?
Expressive.
Ah! whither's fled the ro - se's red,
Of late thy cheeks' pure die?
fr
Ah! where's the light of beau - ty bright, Late
spark - ling in thine eye? Ah! where's
the light of beau - ty bright, Late
spark - ling in thine eye?



2.

Exposed no beauty but her face,
So closely all her togs were furled;
When he came home, she'd not a grace,
But was exposed to all the world;
But what 'bove every thing beside,
Did Jack most furiously displease;
No pockets did she wear, to hide
Her pincase, wipe, and bunch of keys.

3.

Thus harum skarum would she fling
Her geer, at random without rule;
Her handkerchief crammed in a thing,
The women call a Ridicule;

As to the Ridicule, Jack said,
He wished each girl such things who chose,
Might have the snuffles in her head,
No muckinger to blow her nose.

4.

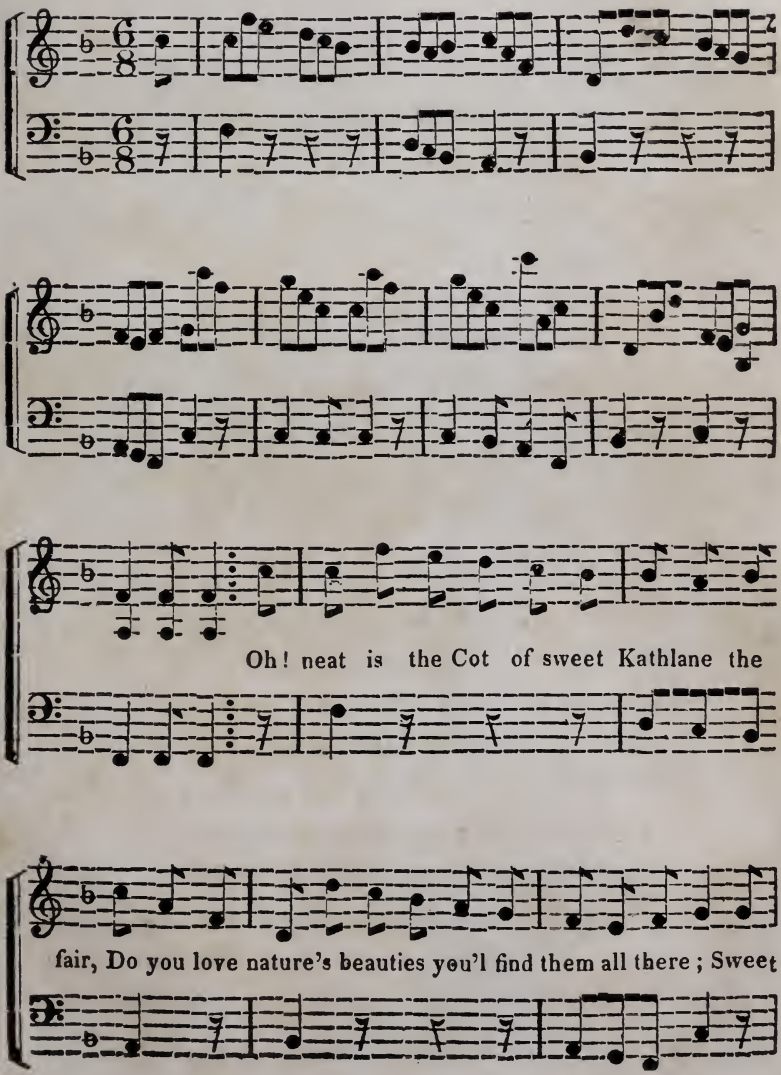
I tell you what Poll, I'll be kind,
If you'll but change your course, cried Jack,
When vessels wont go fore the wind,
We make 'em try upon a tack;
Dowse your fallals, take up and mend,
With all this stuff and nonsense part;
So every one will be your friend,
And you'll secure a constant heart.

5.

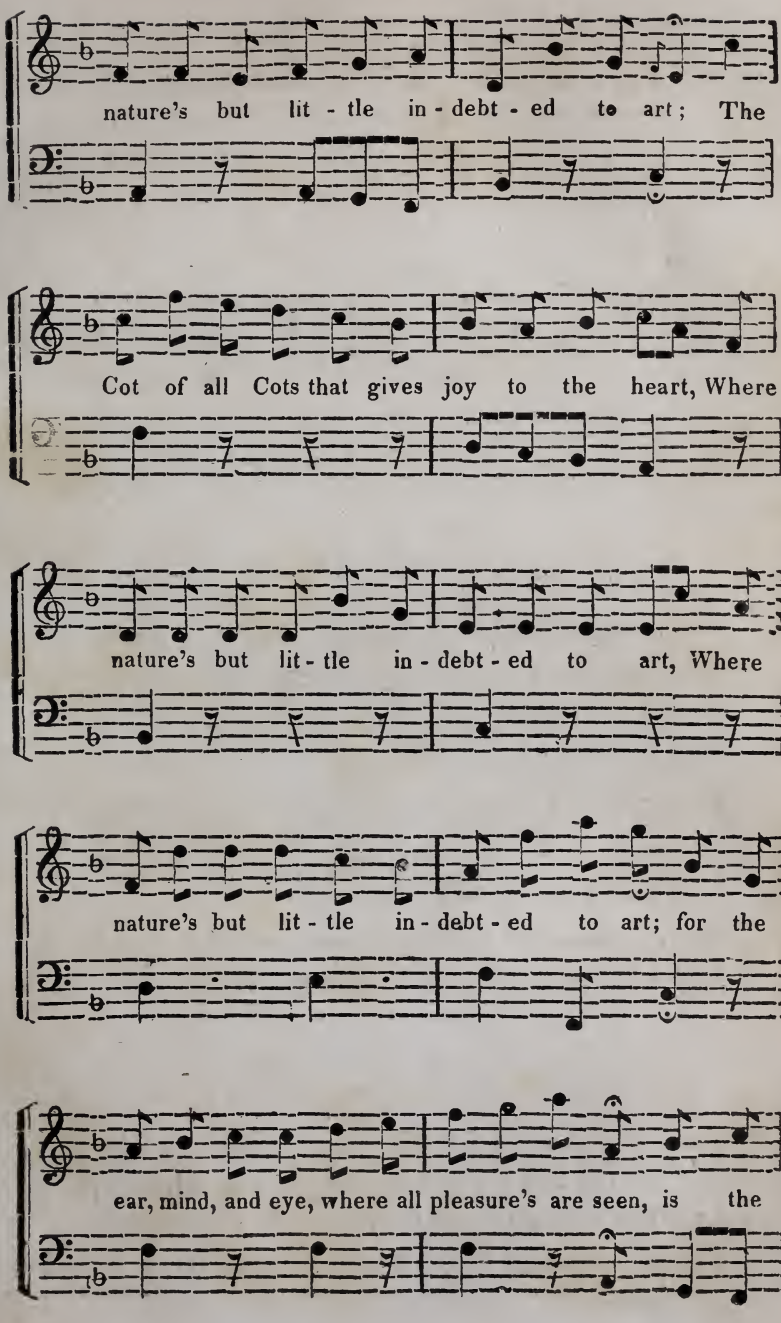
Poll took the hint, reefed in her sails,
No modest quaker half so prim,
And with her Jack weathered life's gales,
He true to her, she true to him,
For faithful love gave up her pranks;
Soon set a fashion not quite common;
Gained of each worthy wife the thanks;
And Jack discovered—a good woman.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

AN IRISH SONG FOR THE LADIES.



flow'rs, warbling birds, and clear riv - u - lets try to re-
gale ev' - ry heart and de - light ev' - ry eye, to re-
gale ev' - ry heart, and de - light ev' - ry eye;
But the
Cot of all Cots that gives joy to the heart, where


nature's but lit - tle in - debt - ed to art; The
Cot of all Cots that gives joy to the heart, Where
nature's but lit - tle in - debt - ed to art, Where
nature's but lit - tle in - debt - ed to art; for the
ear, mind, and eye, where all pleasure's are seen, is the

2.

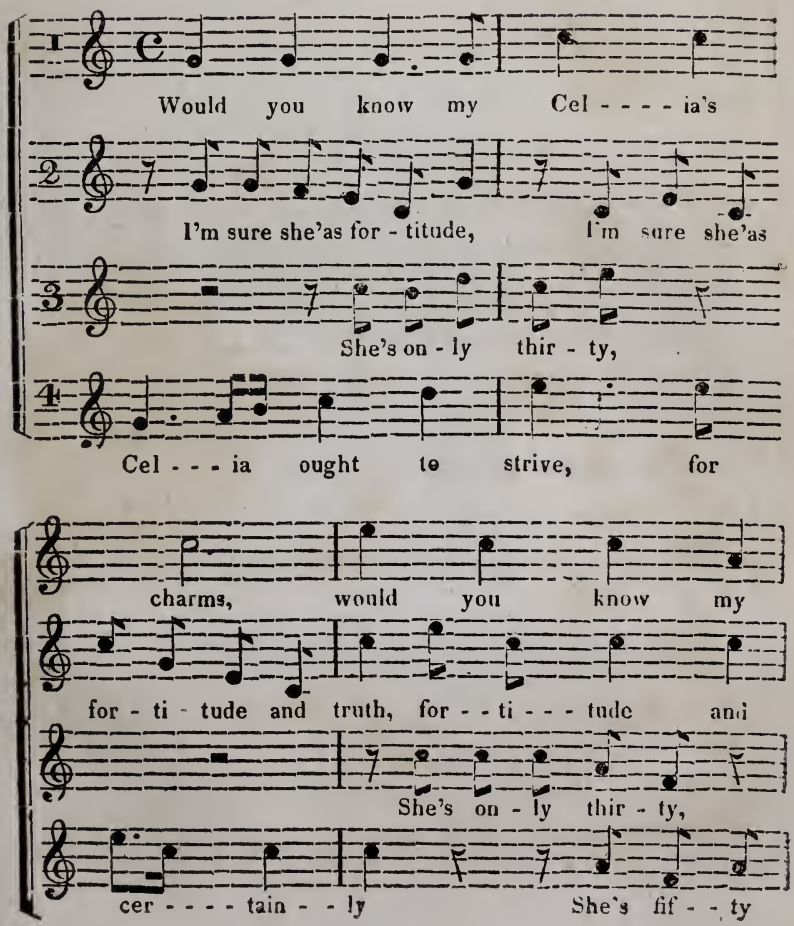
The dwelling of Unah, where each rustic clod,
With his lilts and his chanters enlivens the sod ;
Where the rivulet gurgles the pebbles among,
And the sweet feather'd warblers all join in the song,
Where Pat, Teague, and Dermot, their partners take out,
And neatly and handily foot it about,
Has its pleasures and pastimes ; but better are seen,
At the beautiful Cottage of lovely Nanine.

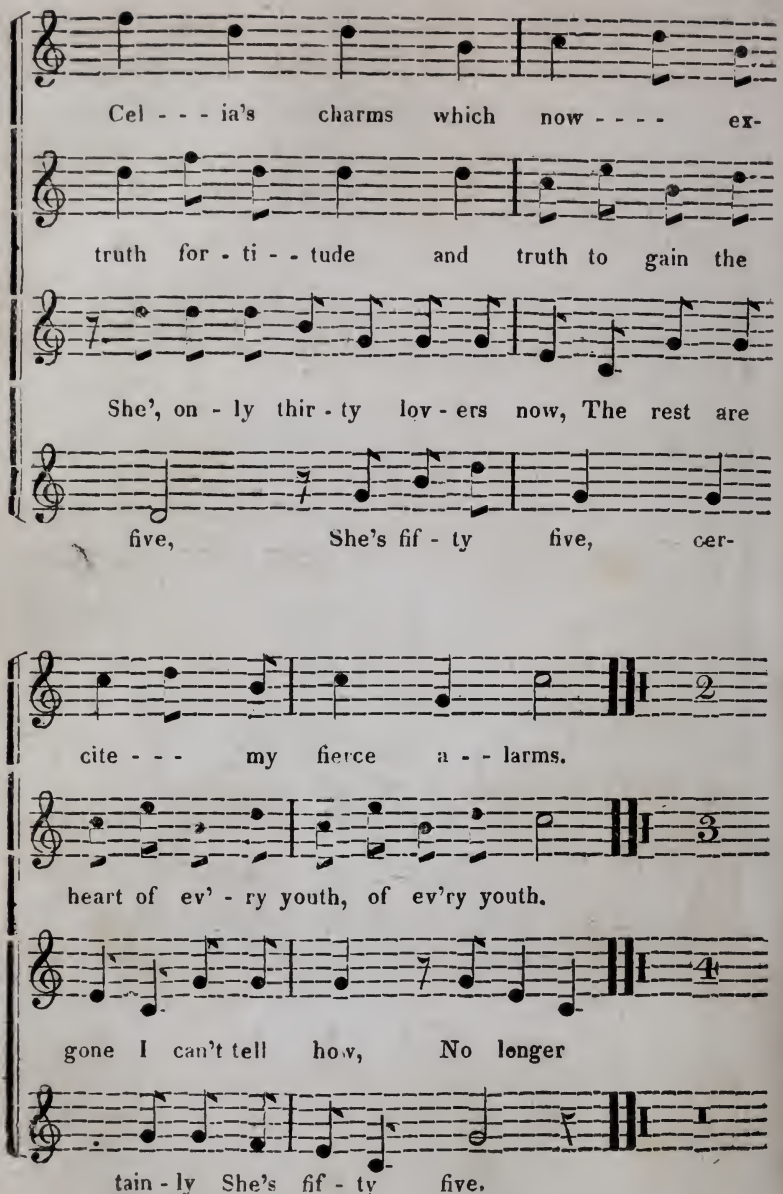
3.

Thus of pleasures fair Kathlane and Unah take part ;
But Nanine has a Patrick, and Pat has a heart,
And the villagers say that they all understand,
The next coming May morning, she gives him her hand ;

Then hey, for the wedding Teague, Dermot, and Pat;
There'l be pleasure in plenty, fait you may say dat,
For the hostess all gaily will then be hailed Queen,
At the beautiful Cottage of lovely Nanine.

CATCH.

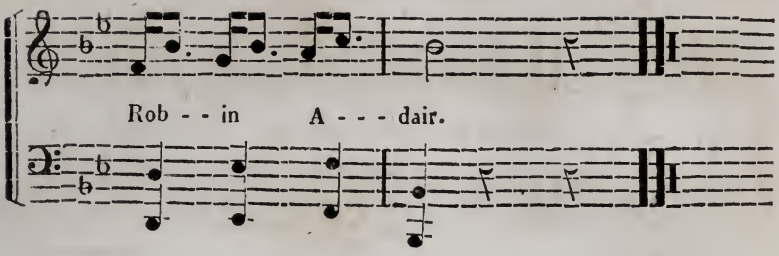

1
Would you know my Cel - - - - ia's
2
I'm sure she'as for - titude, I'm sure she'as
3
She's on - ly thir - ty,
4
Cel - - - ia ought to strive, for
charms, would you know my
for - ti - tude and truth, for - - ti - - - tude and
She's on - ly thir - ty,
cer - - - - tain - - ly She's fif - - ty


Cel - - - ia's charms which now - - - - ex-
truth for - ti - - tude and truth to gain the
She', on - ly thir - ty lov - ers now, The rest are
five, She's fif - ty five, cer-
cite - - - my fierce a - - larms.
heart of ev' - ry youth, of ev'ry youth.
gone I can't tell how, No longer
tain - ly She's fif - ty five.

ROLLA ADAIR.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's
not near, What was't I wish'd to see,
What wish'd to hear? Where's all the
joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth,
Oh! they're all fled with thee, - - - - - -



2.

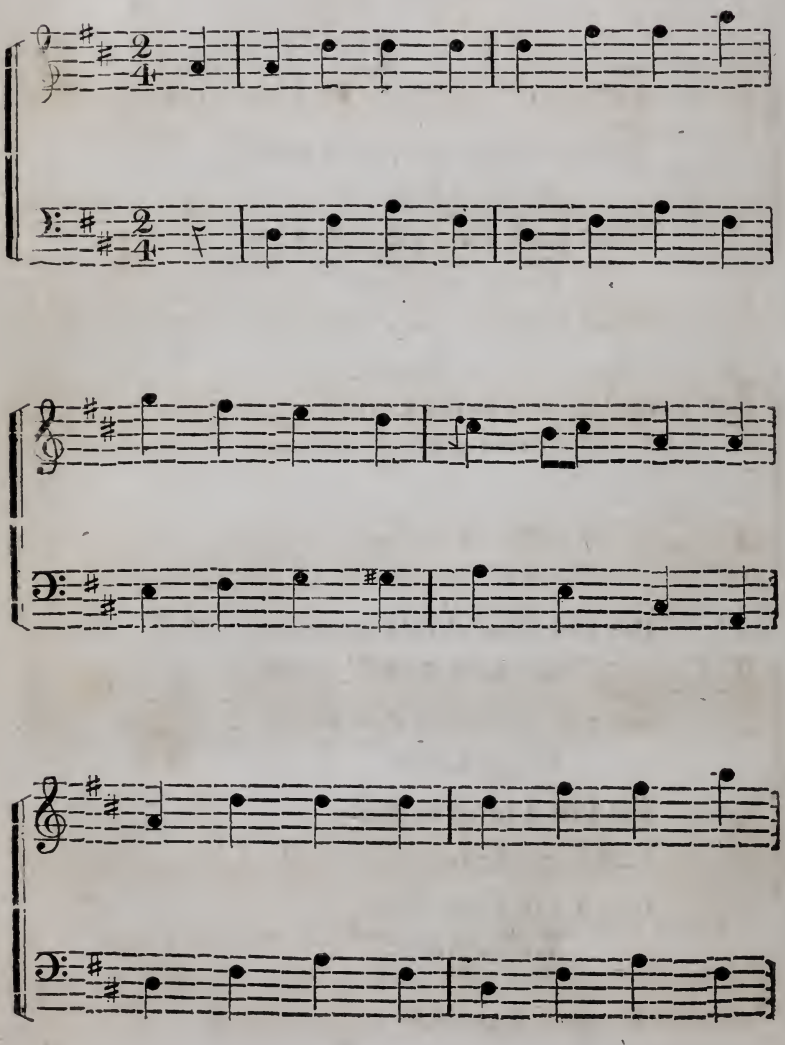
What made th' Assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the Ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3.

But now thou'rt cold to me
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me
Robin Adair.
Yet him I lov'd so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

The following Dances were inserted at the request of many of our Subscribers.

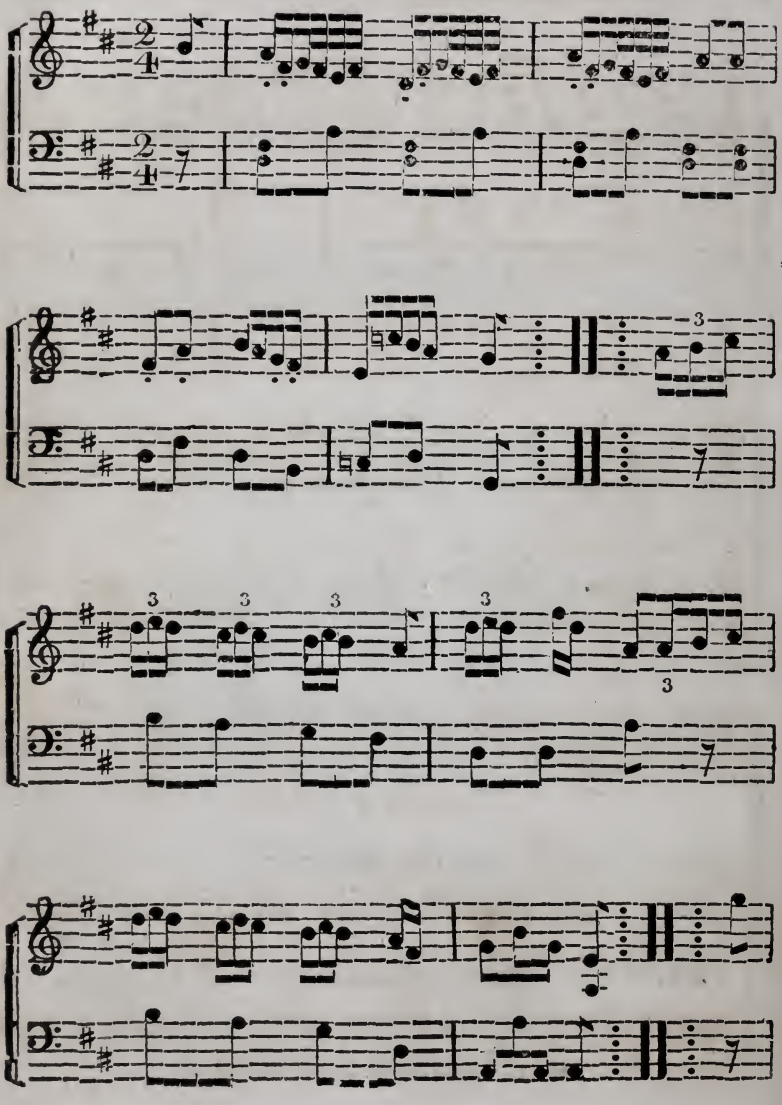
TRIP TO NAHANT.

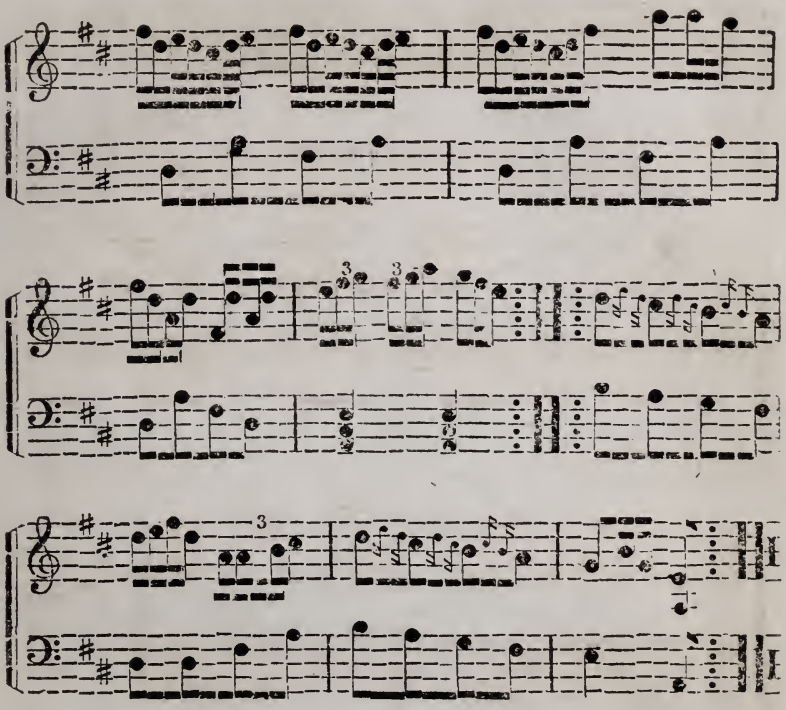


Three first couples contretems forward and back, balance, change sides, and back again; first couple down the middle, up and cast off, right and left.

CHORUS JIGG.

A MUCH ADMIRED CONTRA DANCE.

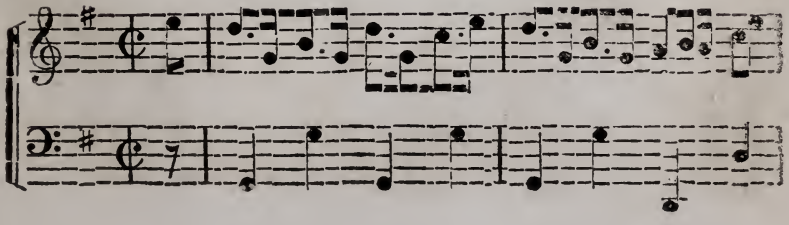




First couple lead outside; up again; down the middle; up again; cast off; swing contra corners; balance and change sides.

MONEY MUSK.

A FAVOURITE DANCE.

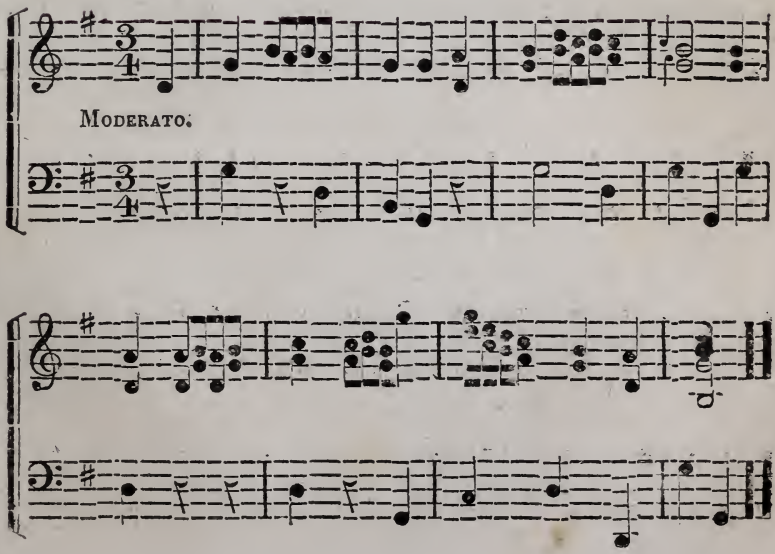


Cross over and down outside below third couple; join hands and turn, the gentleman coming in at the top and his partner at the bottom; six ballance cross wise; first couple turn to their plces, six han ds round and back again; right and left at top.

THE MUSICAL CABINET.

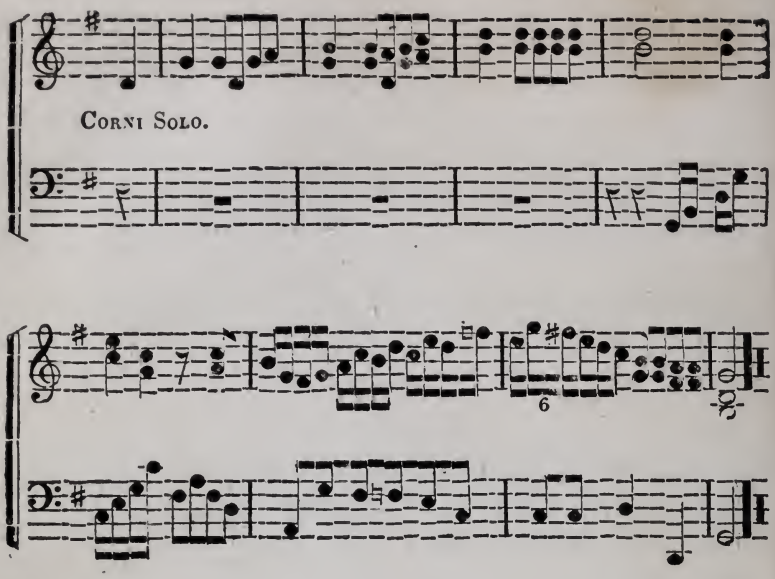
THE WOODLANDS.

A FAVOURITE DUET.



How sweet in the woodlands with fleet hound and
with fleet hound and
horn, To wa - ken shrill ech - o, and
horn, To wa - ken shrill ech - o, and
taste the fresh morn; But hard is the
taste the fresh morn; But hard is the

chase my fond heart must pur - sue, For Daph - ne, fair
chase my fond heart must pur - sue, For Daph - ne, fair
Daph - - ne is lost to my - - view, she's
Daph - - ne is lost to my view, she's
lost, fair Daph-ne is lost - to my view.
lost, fair Daph-ne is lost - to my view.



1.

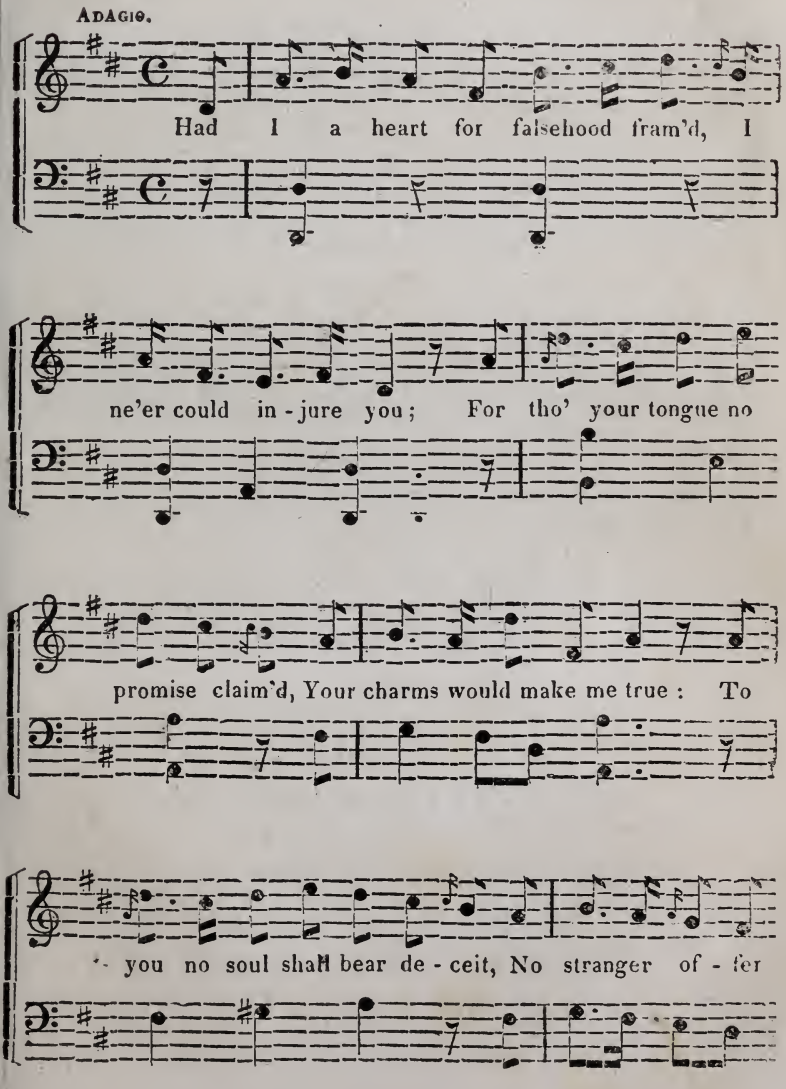
How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn,
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

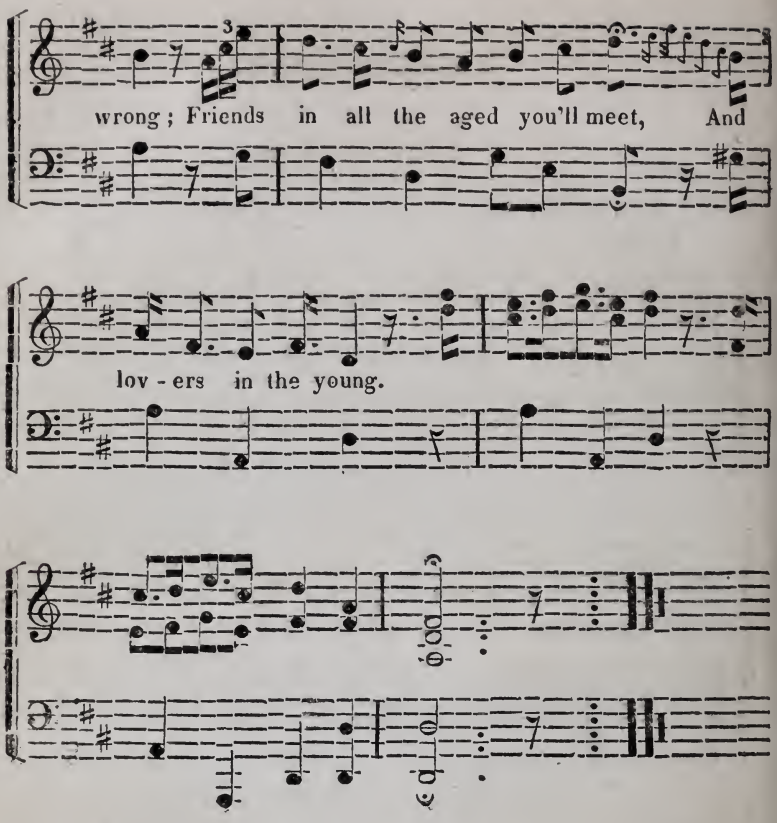
2.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain,
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies;
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

HAD I A HEART.

A FAVOURITE AIR.


ADAGIO.
Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I
ne'er could in - jure you; For tho' your tongue no
promise claim'd, Your charms would make me true: To
you no soul shall bear de - ceit, No stranger of - fer

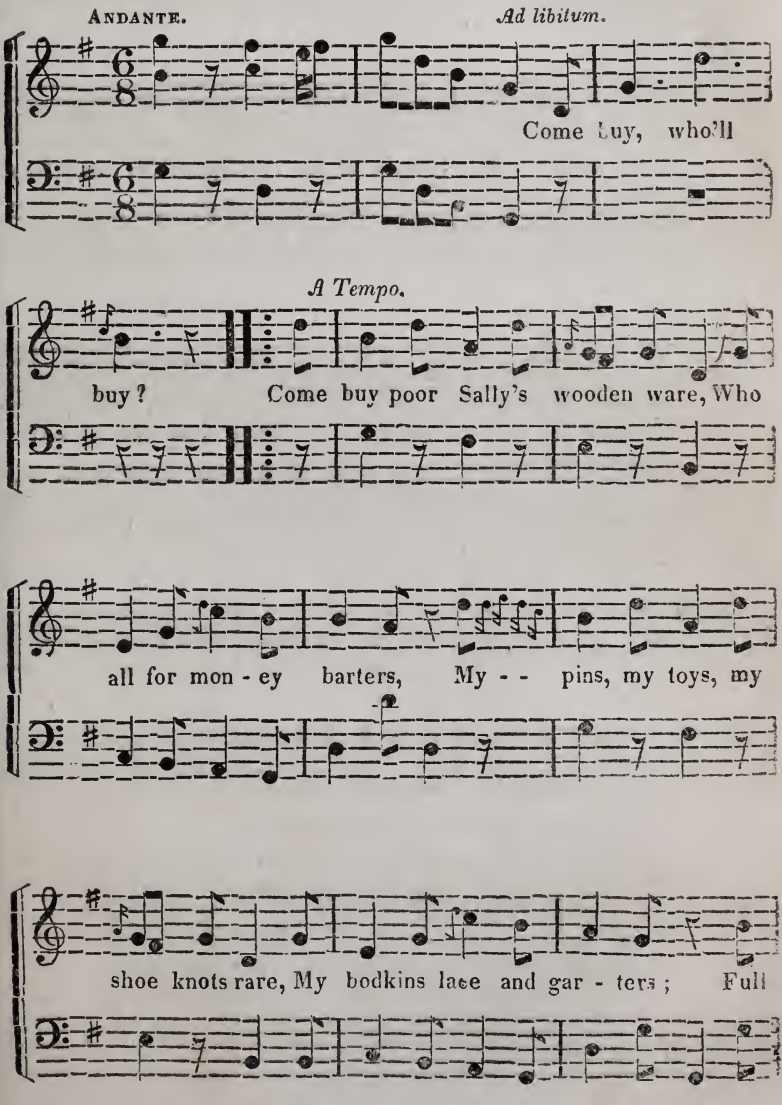


2.

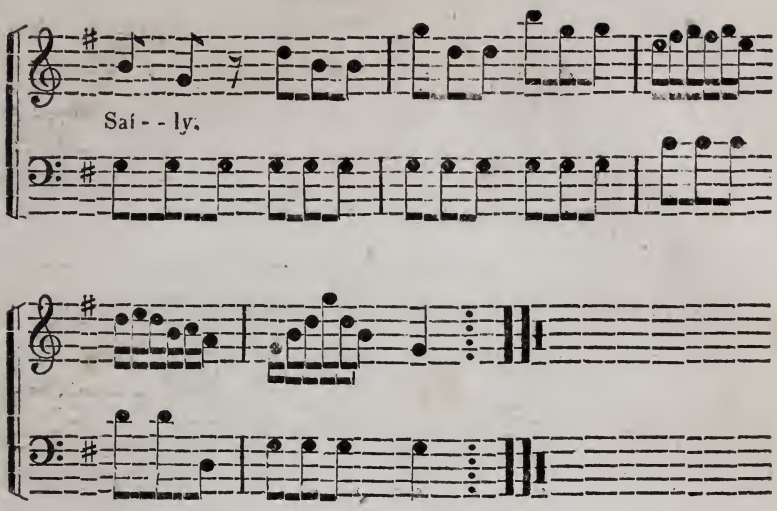
But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

LITTLE SALLY.

AN ENGLISH AIR.


ANDANTE.
Ad libitum.
Come buy, who'll
A Tempo.
buy? Come buy poor Sally's wooden ware, Who
all for mon - ey barters, My - - pins, my toys, my
shoe knots rare, My bodkins lace and gar - ters; Full

cheap my various goods I sell, Thro' village, street and
al - - ley ; In London where I'm known full well, They
call me lit - tle Sal - ly, They call me lit - tle
Sal - ly, They call me lit - tle Sal - - - ly, In
London, where I'm known full well, They call me lit - tle



1.

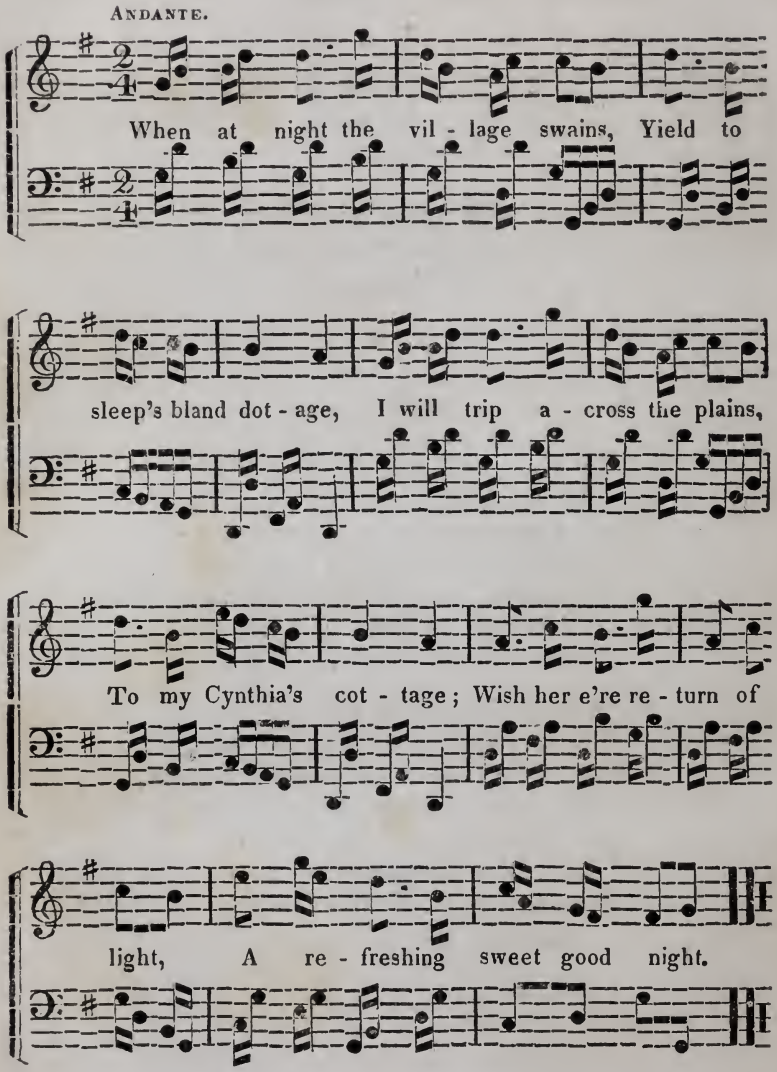
Come buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
Who all for money barters;
My pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare,
My bodkins, lace, and garters:
Full cheap my various goods I sell,
Thro' village, street, and alley;
In London, where I'm known full well,
They call me little Sally.

3.

Now thus from town to town I stray,
Light hearted, free from sorrow;
And when I eat my meal to day,
I care not for to morrow:
So ne'er again I'll London see,
But range each hill and valley;
Come, spend a trifle, sir, with me,
And think on little Sally.

CYNTHIA'S COTTAGE.

AN AMERICAN SERANADE.


ANDANTE.
When at night the vil - lage swains, Yield to
sleep's bland dot - age, I will trip a - cross the plains,
To my Cynthia's cot - tage; Wish her e're re - turn of
light, A re - freshing sweet good night.

1.

When at night the village swains
Yield to sleep's bland dotage,
I will trip across the plains
To my Cynthia's cottage;
Wish her, ere return of light,
A refreshing sweet good night.

2.

Sleeping angel! may no fear
Your repose encumber,
For my passion is sincere,
E'en when wrapt in slumber,
And in dreams I oft times swear,
Constancy to thee, my fair.

3.

When stars twinkle in the skies,
With a keener brightness,
I oft meet her radiant eyes,
Thro' the moss clad lattice;
And then steal a parting kiss,
That my senses whelms in bliss.

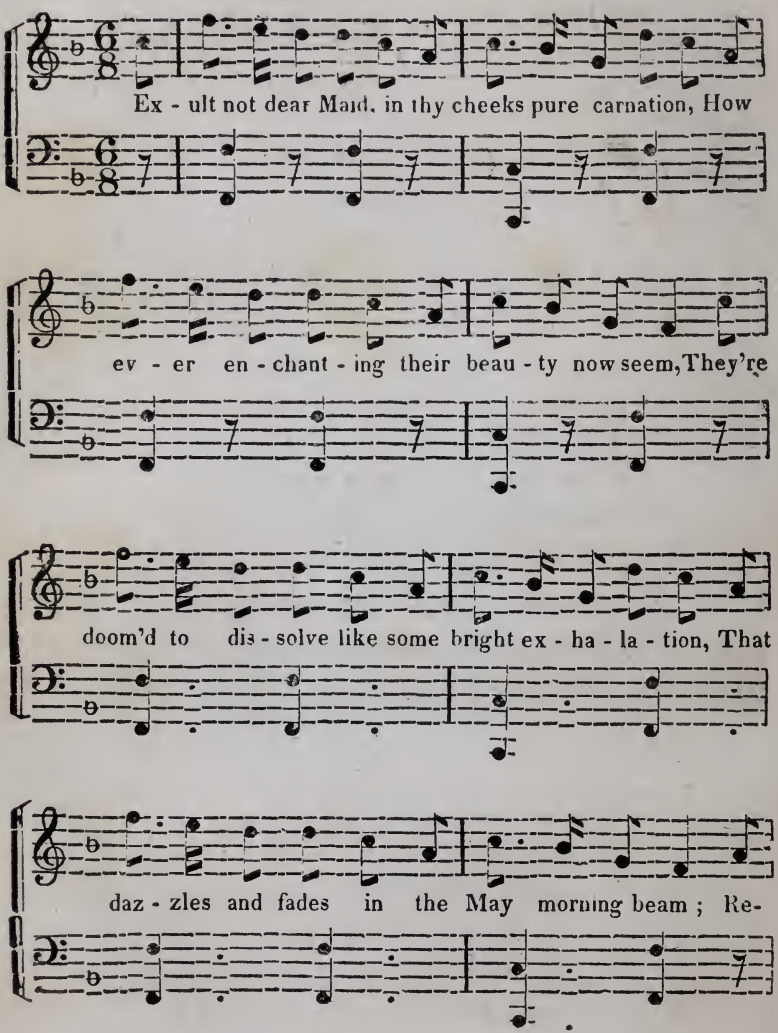
4.

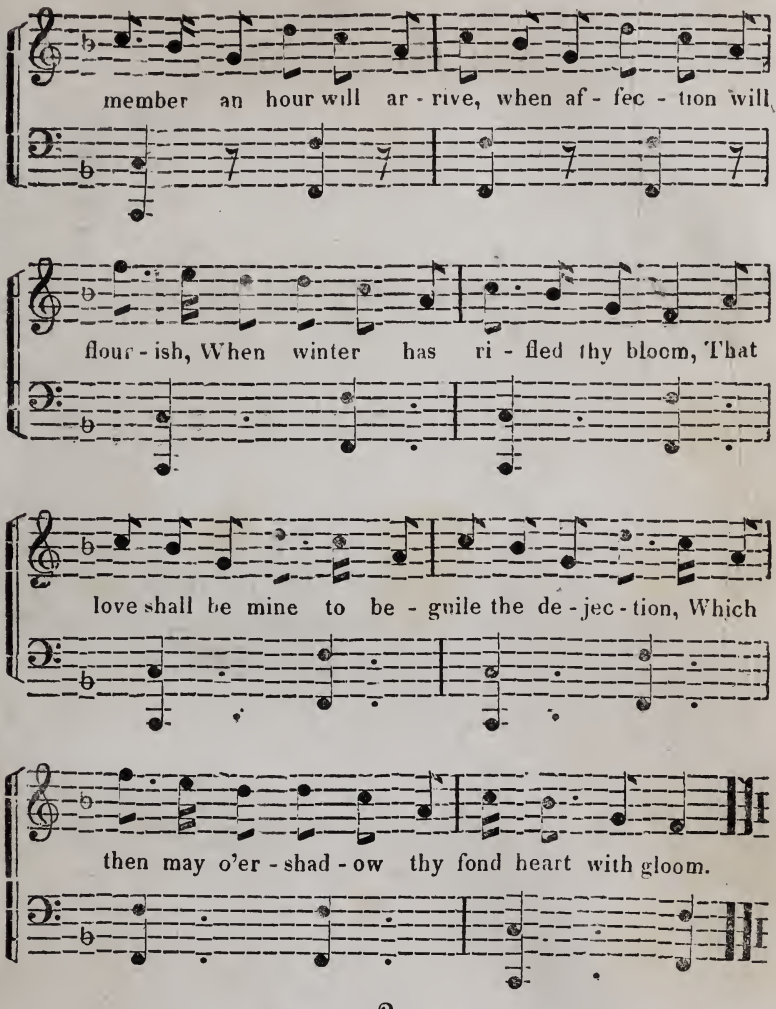
O! then I can sink to rest!
Round me joys are hov'ring;
Feel more tranquil, feel more blest,
Than the greatest sov'reign;
All his treasures, all his might,
I'd not take for such a night.

EXULT NOT DEAR MAID.

A BALLAD.

ALLEGRETTO.


Ex - ult not dear Maid. in thy cheeks pure carnation, How
ev - er en - chant - ing their beau - ty now seem, They're
doom'd to dis - solve like some bright ex - ha - la - tion, That
daz - zles and fades in the May morning beam ; Re-

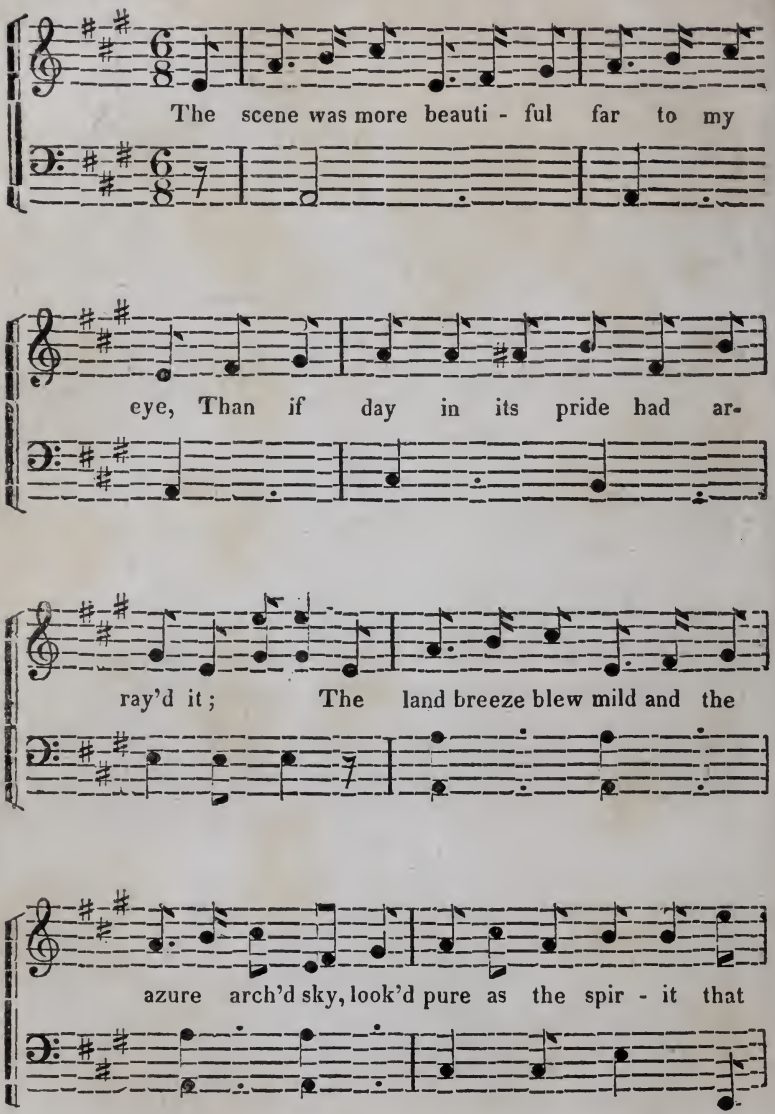

member an hour will ar - rive, when af - fec - tion will
flour - ish, When winter has ri - fled thy bloom, That
love shall be mine to be - guile the de - jec - tion, Which
then may o'er - shad - ow thy fond heart with gloom.

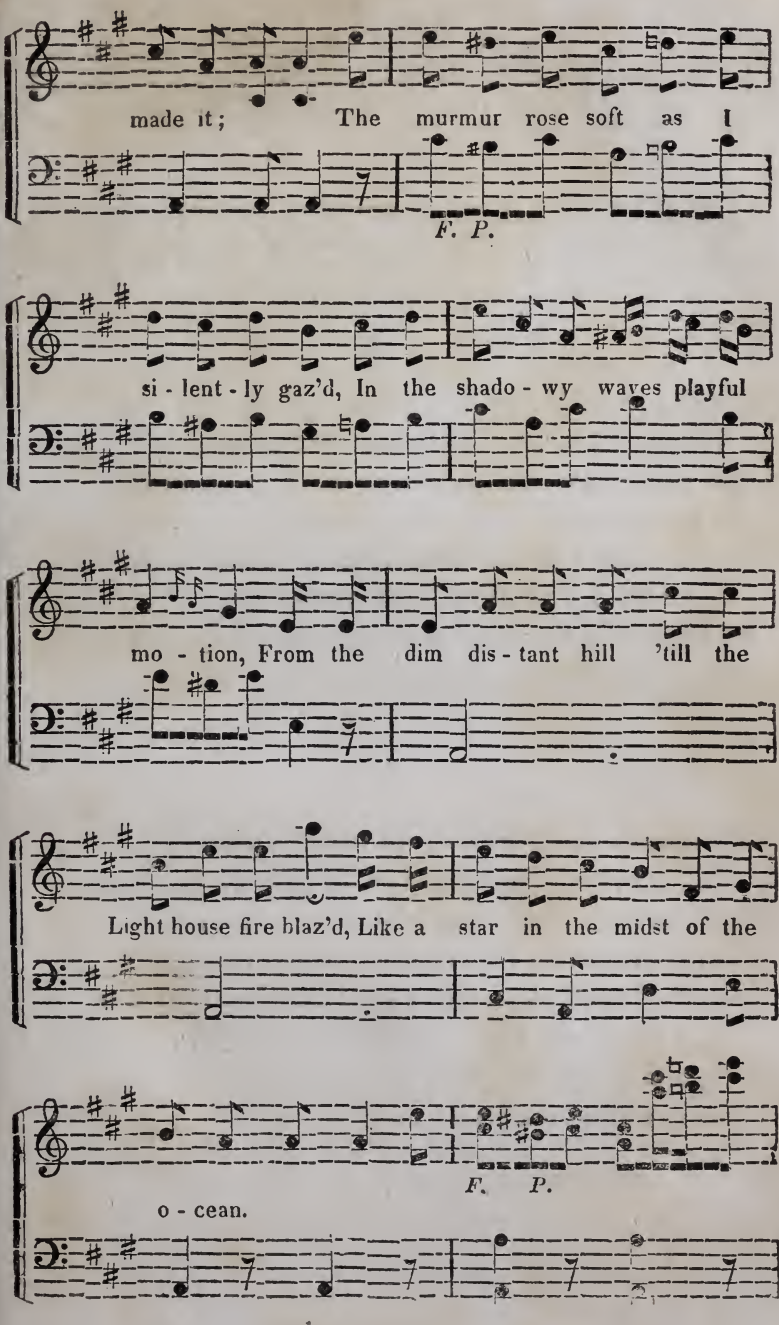
2.

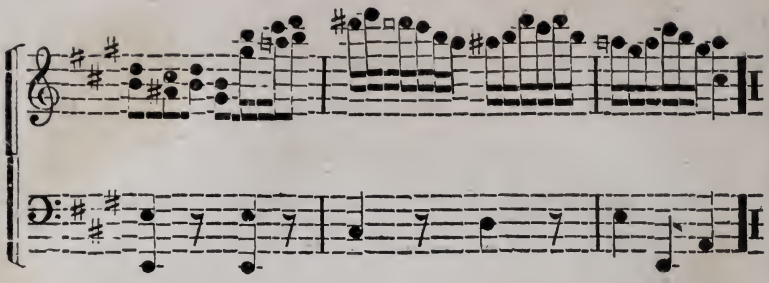
Acknowledge the truth that awakens this feeling,
Which springs from a bosom devoted to thee;
The virtues thy mind every hour is revealing,
Have far greater charms than thy beauty for me:
Believe me the love which so calmly reposes
On purity's bosom, will ne'er wish to roam;
Thy smile, like the sun that illumines the roses,
Will keep him forever in fondness at home.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

ANDANTE.


The scene was more beauti - ful far to my
eye, Than if day in its pride had ar-
ray'd it; The land breeze blew mild and the
azure arch'd sky, look'd pure as the spir - it that


made it; The murmur rose soft as I
F. P.
si - lent - ly gaz'd, In the shado - wy waves playful
mo - tion, From the dim dis - tant hill 'till the
Light house fire blaz'd, Like a star in the midst of the
F. P.
o - cean.



2.

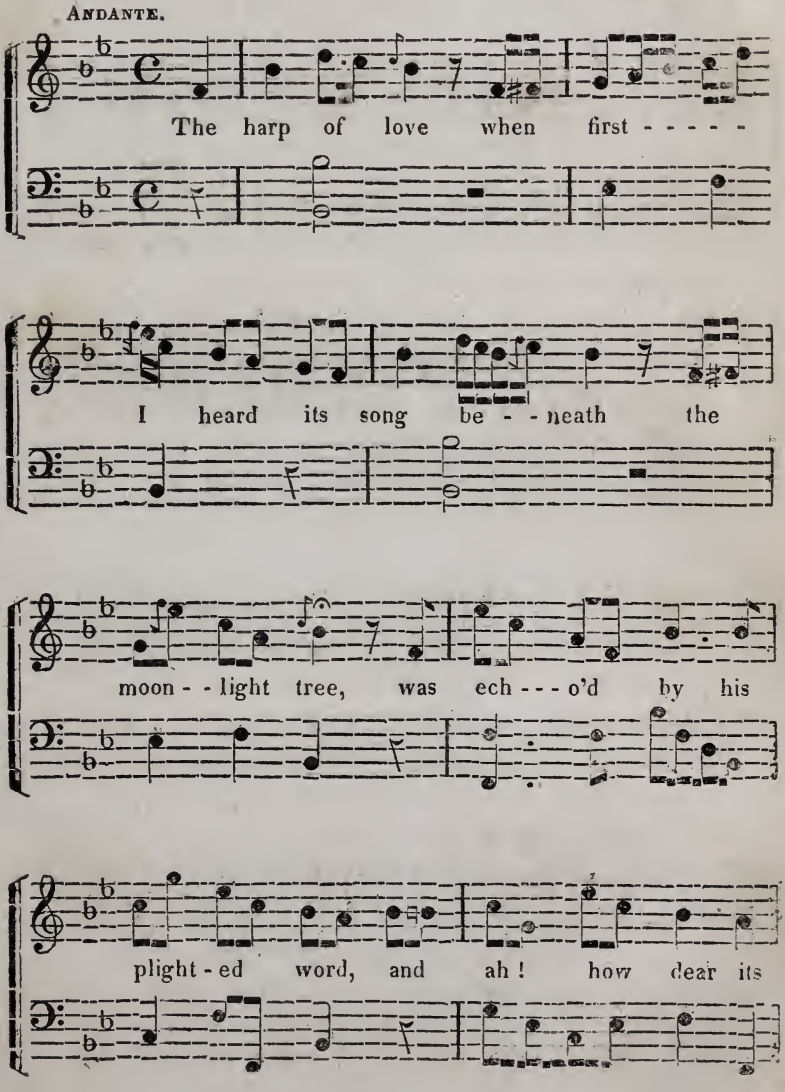
No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers,
The sea-bird had flown to her wave girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
All hush'd was the billow's commotion,
And tho't that the light-house look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

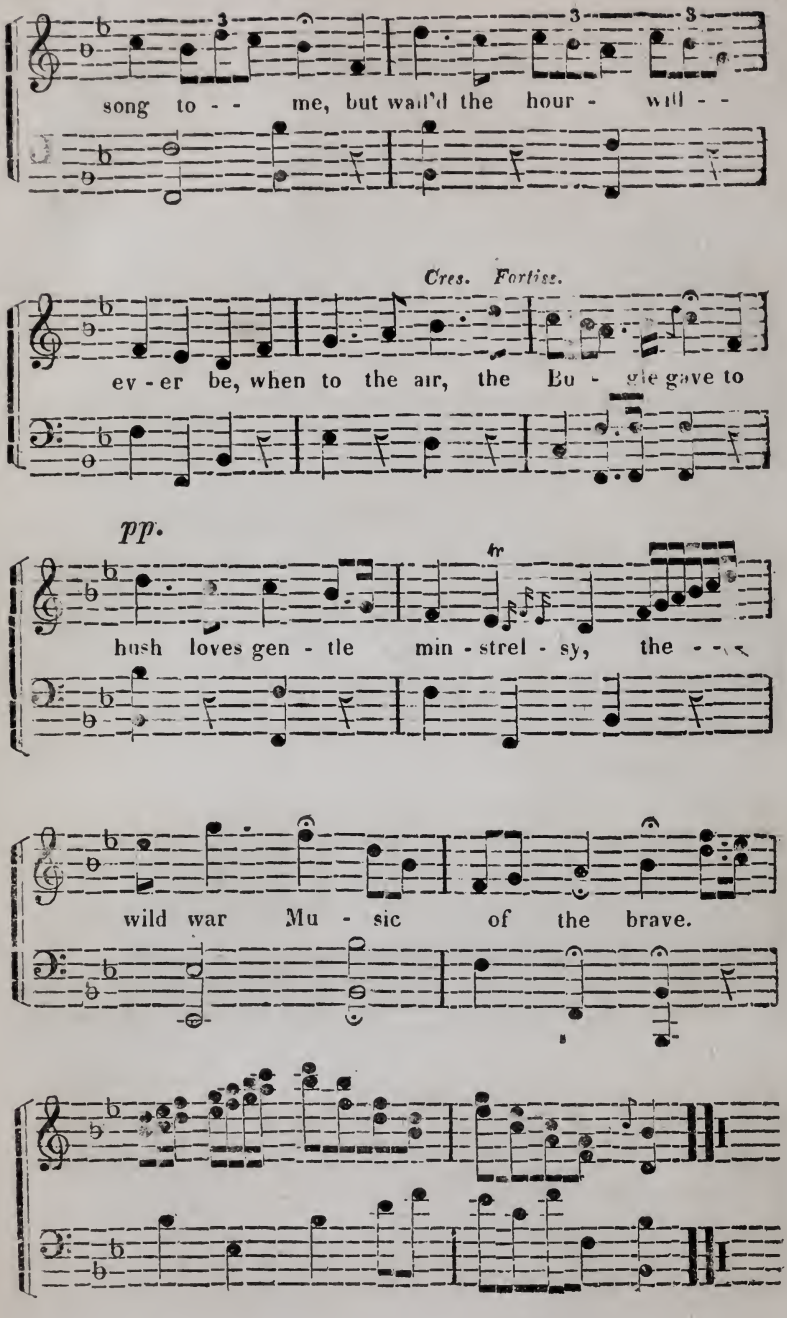
3.

The time is long past and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

THE HARP OF LOVE.

A FAVOURITE AIR.


ANDANTE.
The harp of love when first - - - - -
I heard its song be - - neath the
moon - - light tree, was ech - - - o'd by his
plight - ed word, and ah! how dear its

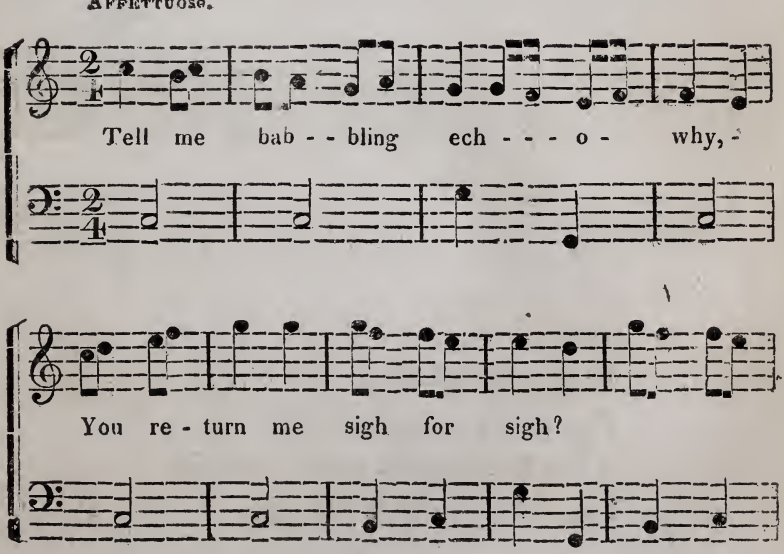

song to - - me, but wail'd the hour - will - -
Cres. Fortiss.
ev - er be, when to the air, the Bu - gle gave to
pp.
hush loves gen - tle min - strel - sy, the - -
wild war Mu - sic of the brave.

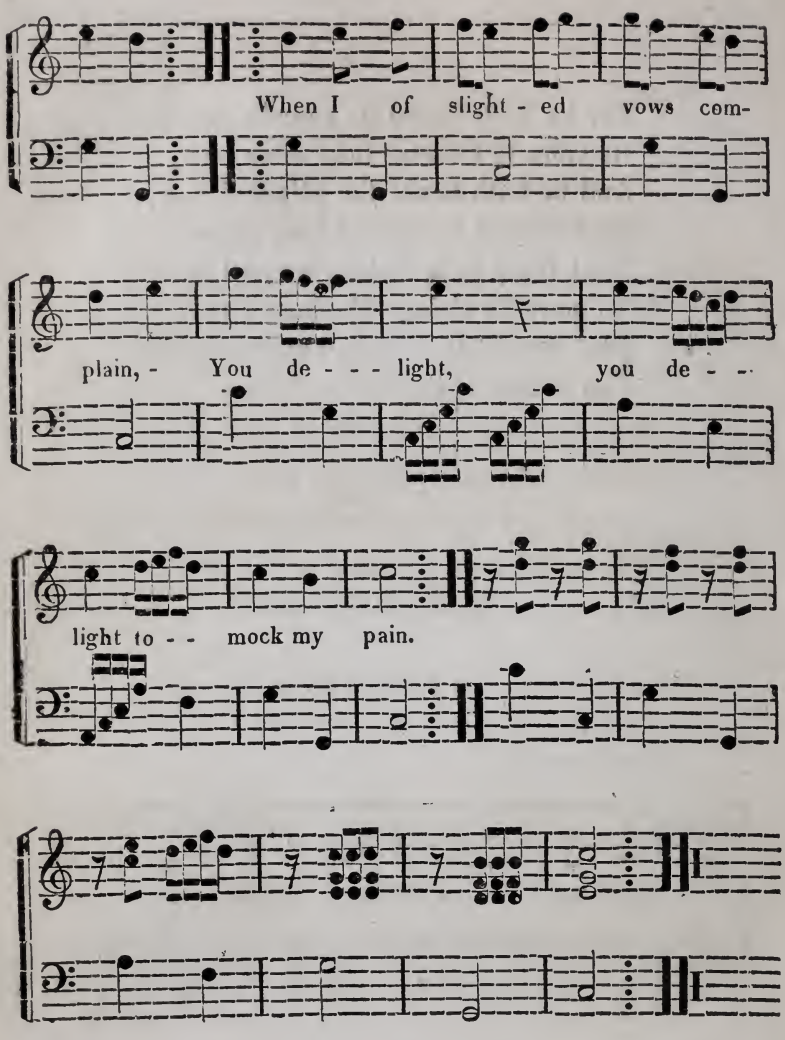
3.

For he hath heard its sounds, and now
Its voice is sweeter than mine own,
And he hath broke the plighted vow,
He breathed to me and love alone,
That Harp hath lost its wanted tone,
No more its strings his fingers move,
Ah! would that he had only known
The Music of the Harp of love.

THE REQUEST.

A FAVOURITE AIR.





1.

TELL me babbling echo why;
You return me sigh for sigh?
When I of slighted vows complain,
You delight to mock my pain.

2.

Bold intruder night and day,
Busy tell-tale, hence away;
Me, and my cares, in silence leave;
Come not near me whilst I grieve.

3.

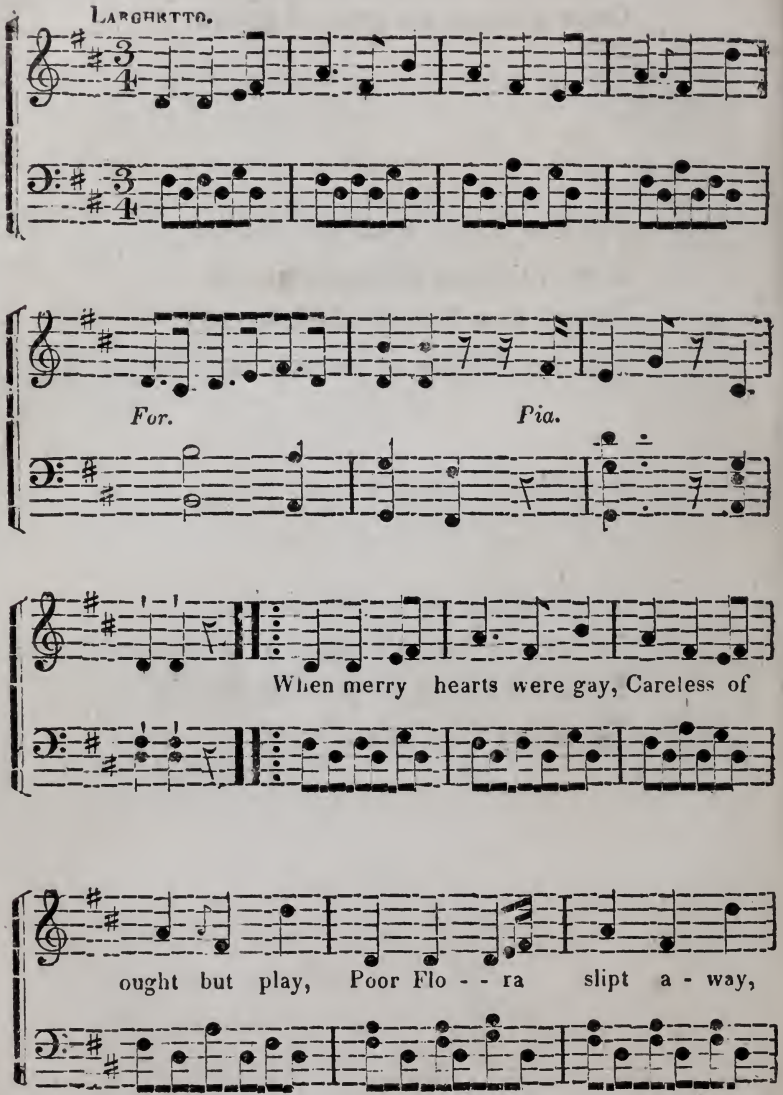
But if my swain in all his charms,
Return to bless my longing arms,
I'll call thee from thy dark retreat,
The joyful tidings to repeat.

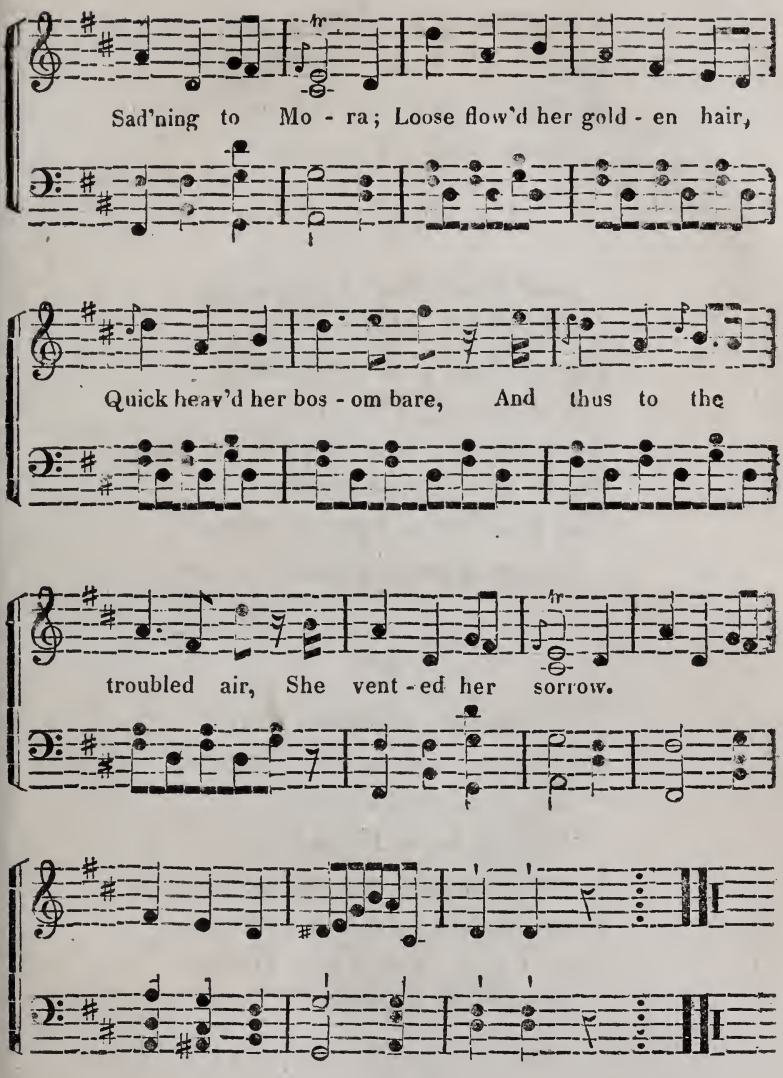
4.

Then repeat, repeat thy strain,
Tell it o'er, and o'er again;
From morn to night prolong the tale,
Let it ring from vale to vale.

DONALD AND FLORA.

A SCOTCH AIR.





1.

When merry hearts were gay,
Careless of ought but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
Sad'ning to Mora;

Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
As thus, to the troubled air,
She vented her sorrow.

2.

"Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold, is winter's blast;
Haste, then, O Donald, haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since, on a foreign shore,
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

3.

"Where now is Donald dear?"
(Maids cry with taunting sneer;)
"Say, is he still sincere
"To his lov'd Flora?"
Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turn'd to stone;
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

4.

"Come, then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay!
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora;

Ah, sure he ne'er can be
False to his vows and me:
Oh heav'n!—is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora?"

5.

"Never, ah wretched fair!
(Sigh'd the sad messenger)
Never shall Donald mair
Meet his lov'd Flora!
Cold as yon mountain's snow,
Donald, thy love, lies low;—
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

6.

"Well sought our gallant slain
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory,
But, ah! tho' our foes flee,
Sad was each victory;
Youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell far from Mora.

7.

"Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
(Donald, expiring, said)
Give it to yon dear maid
Drooping in Mora:

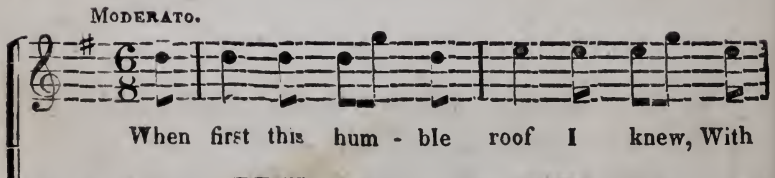
Tell her, Oh Allan! tell
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora."

8.

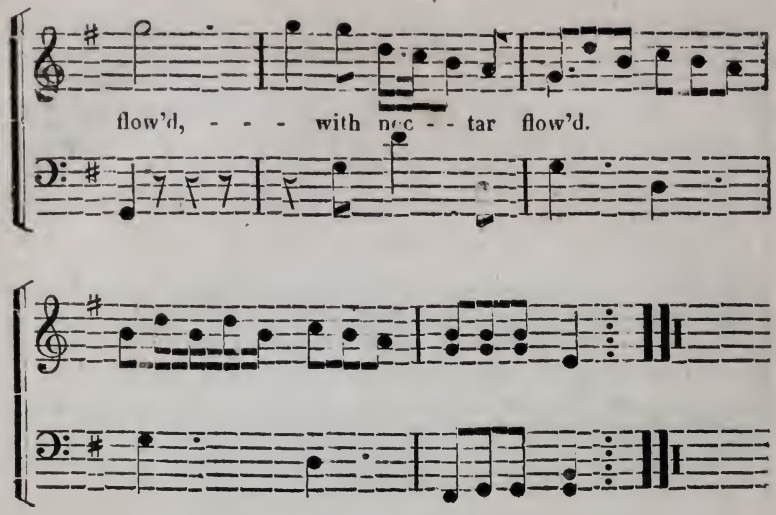
Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair;
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out—"Poor Flora!
Ah! Donald! ah, well-a-day!"
Was all the fond heart could say:
At length the sound died away
Feebly in Mora.

HUMBLE ROOF.

A FAVOURITE AIR.



va - rious cares I strove; My grain was scarce, my
sheep were few, My all of life was love.
By mu - tual toil our
board was dress'd, The spring our drink be - stow'd; But
when her lips the brim had press'd, The cup with nectar



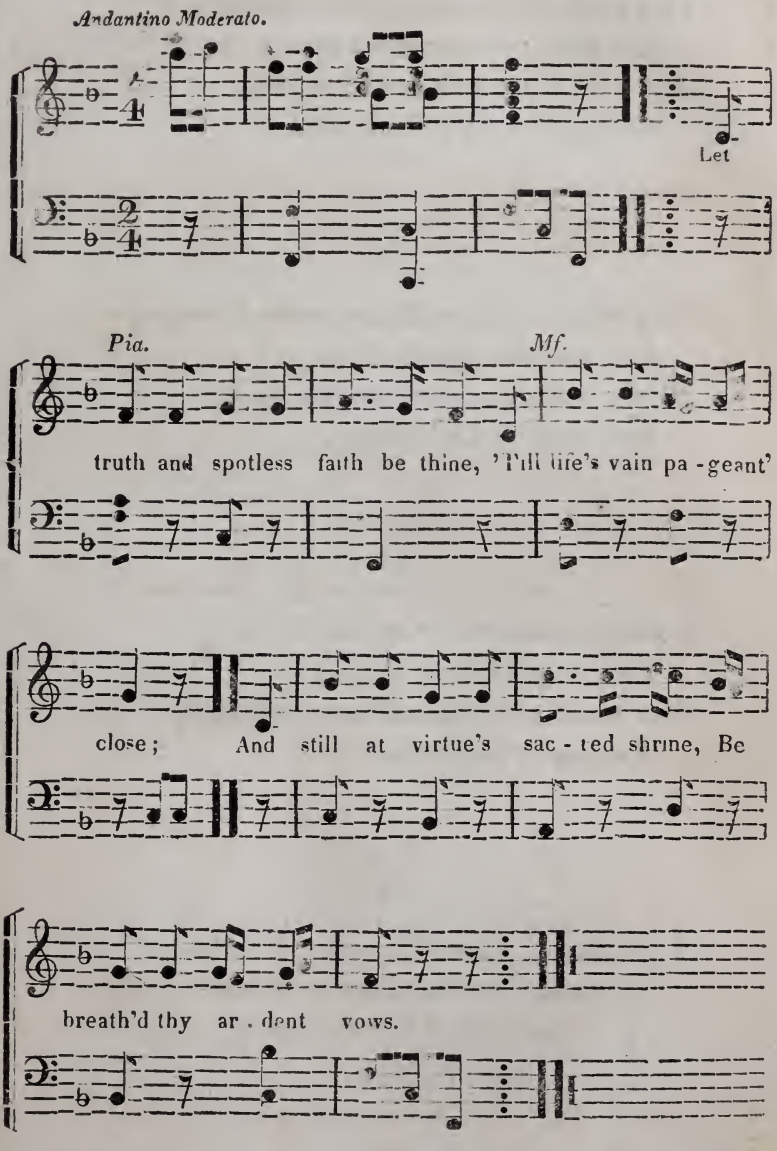
1.

When first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove;
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of life was love:
By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
The spring our drink bestow'd;
But when her lip the brim had press'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd.

2.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh;
In them was giv'n, though gold was spar'd,
What gold can never buy:
No value has a splendid lot,
But as a mean to prove,
That from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

FREE-MASON SONG.



1.

Let truth and spotless faith be thine,
Till life's vain pageants close;
And still at virtue's sacred shrine,
Be breath'd thy ardent vows.

2.

Thy pilgrim path with flow'rs shall bloom,
And sun-shine glad the day;
While undismay'd we eye the tomb,
And smile at life's decay.

3.

Content serene thy steps shall 'bide;
Fair maid of mien divine!
And sweet shall taste the crystal tide,
As cups of rosy wine.

4.

The slave to guilt still quakes with fear,
Tho' syren charms invite;—
No joy, his languid day shall cheer,
No soft repose the night.

5.

In vain shall spring revive the plain,
And glad the vocal grove;
The breast, where baser passions reign,
No vernal raptures move.

6.

He shudders at the whisp'ring breeze,
Appall'd with guilt and fear,
In vain the dream of life shall cease;—
Nor end his terrors there!

7.

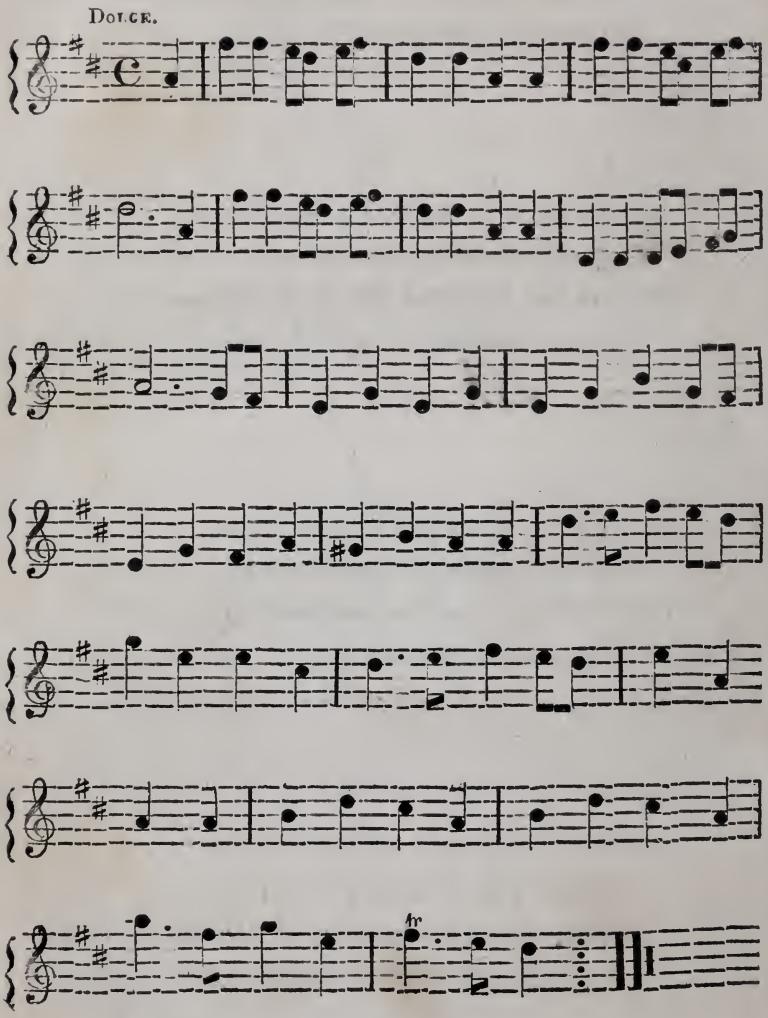
O then, let truth and faith be thine,
Till life's vain prospects fade;
And still at virtue's sacred shrine
Thy ardent vows be paid.

8.

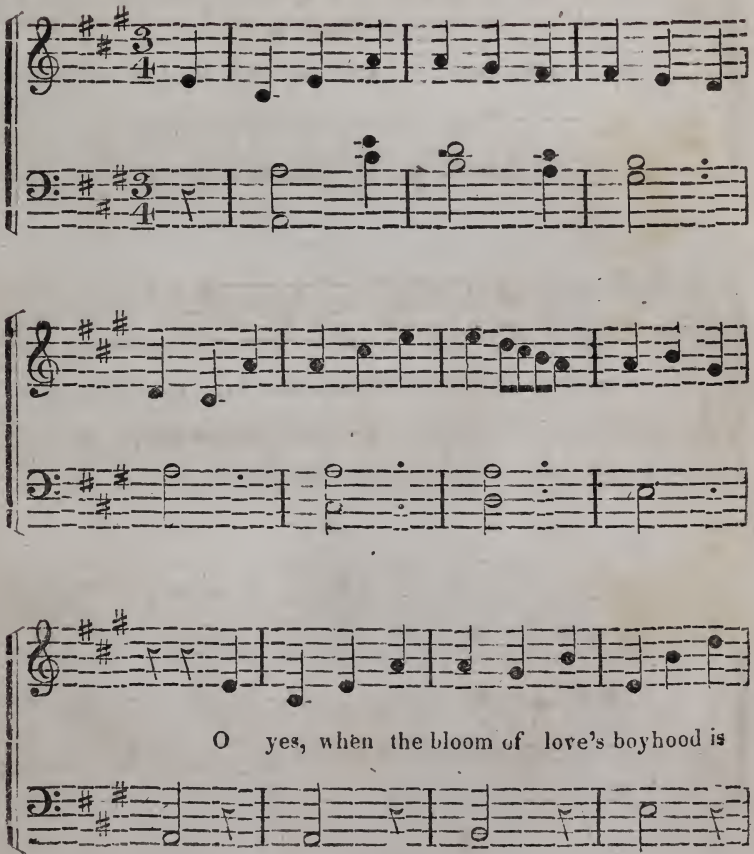
So shall the friends we leave below,
Bedew with tears our tomb;
And round the freshest sod shall grow,
And choicest flow'rs shall bloom!

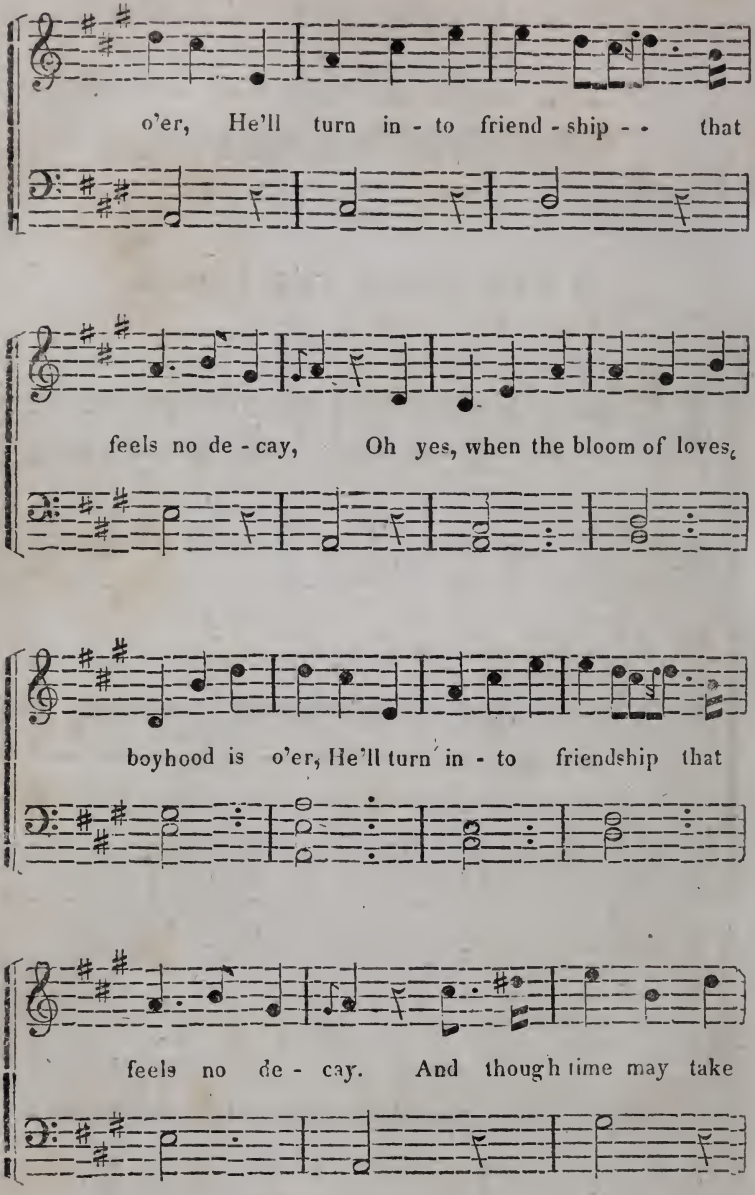
THE ROSARY.

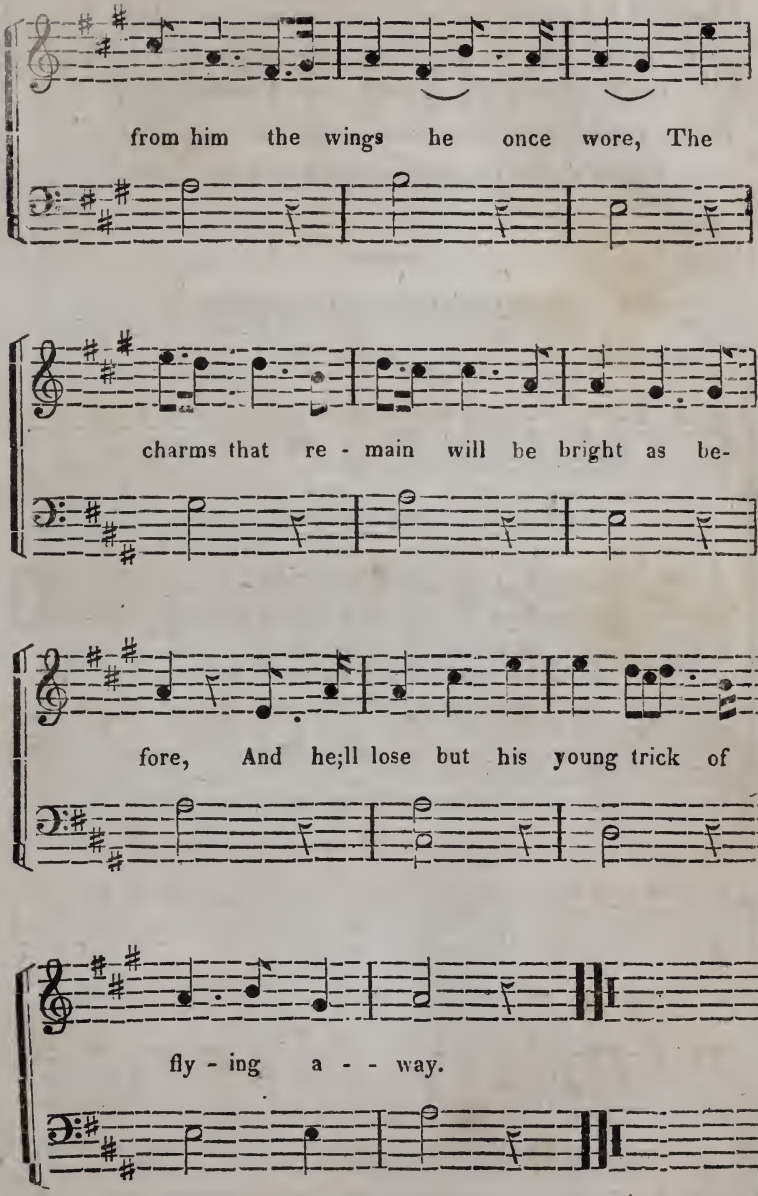
FOR THE FLUTE.



O YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.



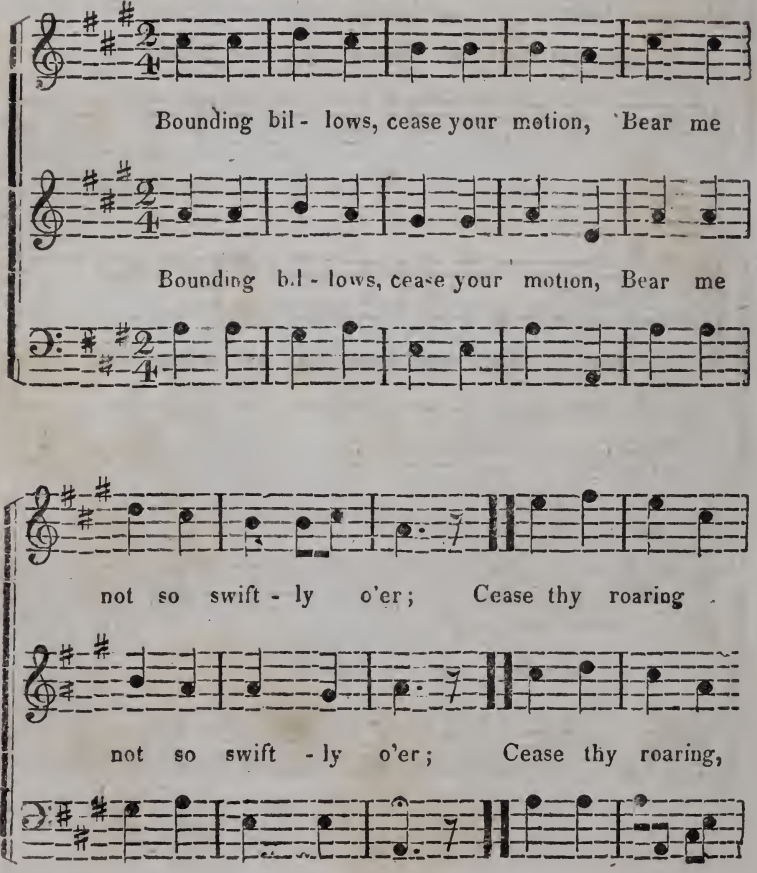

o'er, He'll turn in - to friend - ship - - that
feels no de - cay, Oh yes, when the bloom of loves
boyhood is o'er, He'll turn in - to friendship that
feels no de - cay. And though time may take

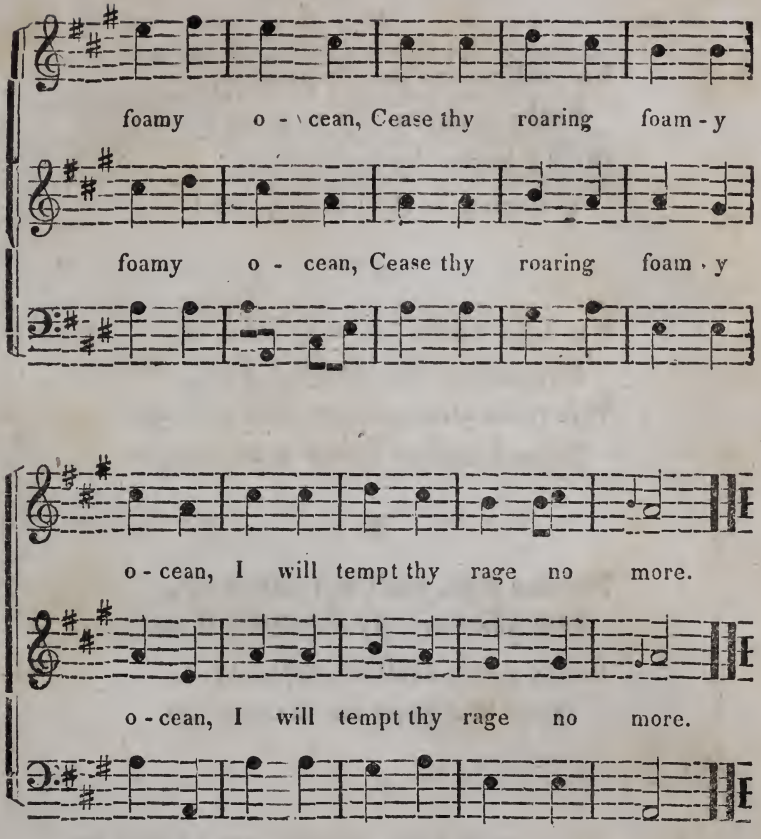

from him the wings he once wore, The
charms that re - main will be bright as be-
fore, And he;ll lose but his young trick of
fly - ing a - - way.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That friendship our last happy moments will crown,
Like the shadows of morning Love lessens away,
While friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

BOUNDING BILLOWS.

ANDANTE. GLEE.


Bounding bil - lows, cease your motion, Bear me
Bounding bil - lows, cease your motion, Bear me
not so swift - ly o'er; Cease thy roaring
not so swift - ly o'er; Cease thy roaring,


foamy o - cean, Cease thy roaring foam - y
foamy o - cean, Cease thy roaring foam - y
o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.
o - cean, I will tempt thy rage no more.

2.

Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign;
Love with proud resentment meeting,
Throbs by turns with joy and pain.

3.

Proud has been my fatal passion,
Proud my injur'd heart shall be;
While each thought and inclination,
Still shall prove me worthy thee.

4.

Yet, believe no servile passion,
Seeks to charm thy vagrant mind;
Well I know thy inclination,
Wav'ring as the passing wind.

5.

Far I go where fate may lead me,
Far across the troubled deep,
Where no strangers ear can heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

6.

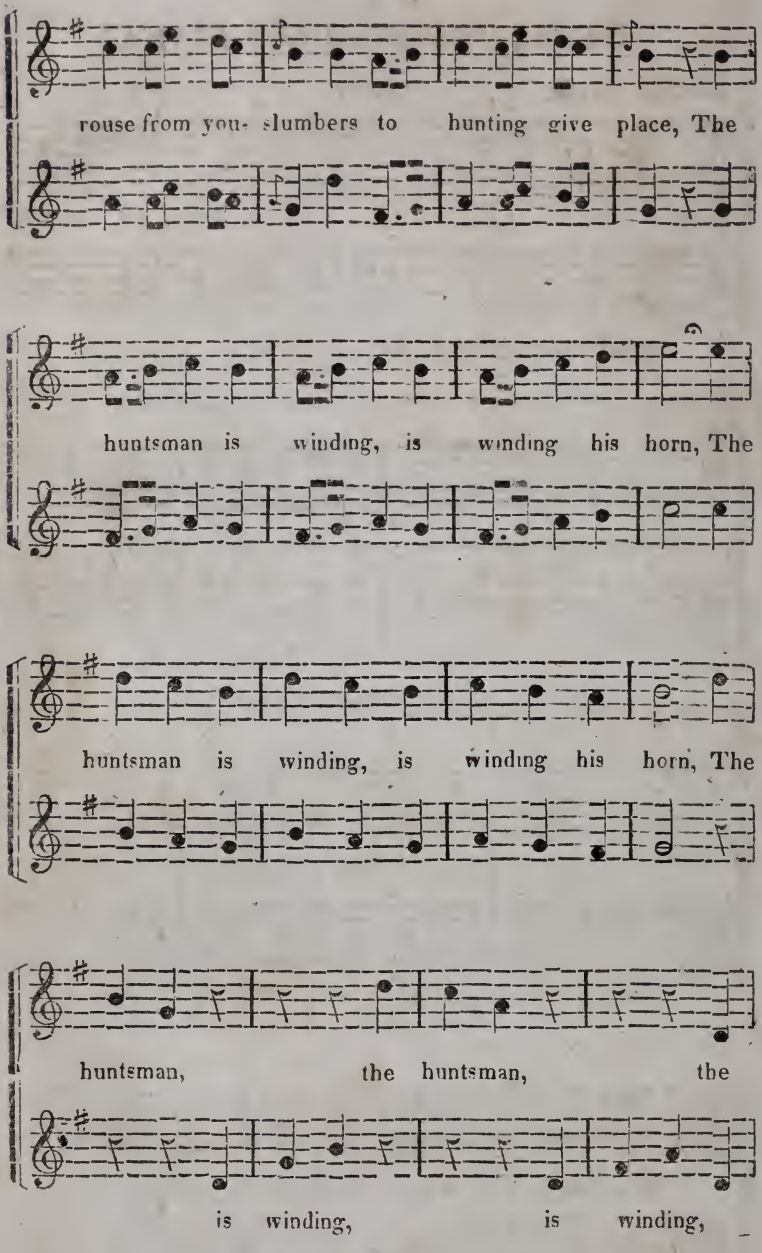
Not one sigh, shall tell my story,
Not one tear, my cheek shall stain,
Silent grief, shall be my glory,
Grief that stops not to complain.

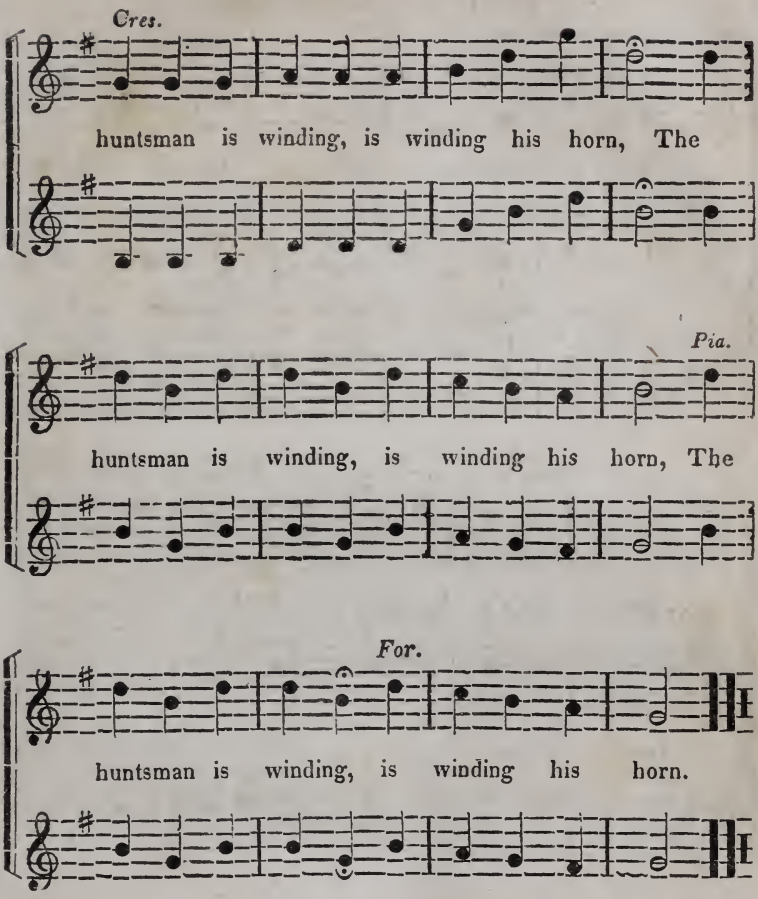
7.

When with thee, what ill could harm me,
Thou could'st ev'ry pang assuage,
But, when absent, nought could charm me,
Ev'ry moment seem'd an age.

HARK! THE GODDESS DIANA!

ANDANTE VIVACE.
DUET.
calls out for the
Hark! the goddess Di - an - a,
chase, bright Phœbus a - wa - kens the morn!
Hark, the
calls out for the chase, Bright
goddes Di - an - a,
Phœbus a - - wa - kens the morn. Rouse,

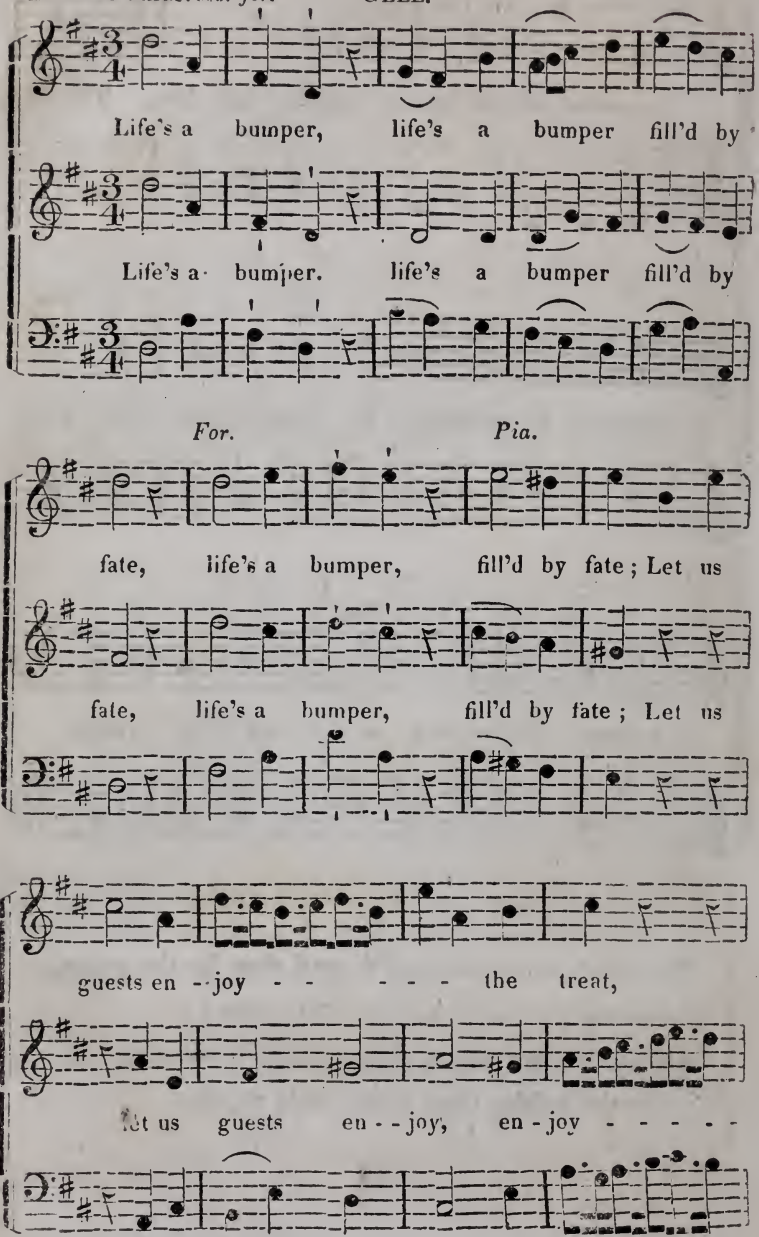

rouse from you- slumbers to hunting give place, The
huntsman is winding, is winding his horn, The
huntsman is winding, is winding his horn, The
huntsman, the huntsman, the
is winding, is winding,

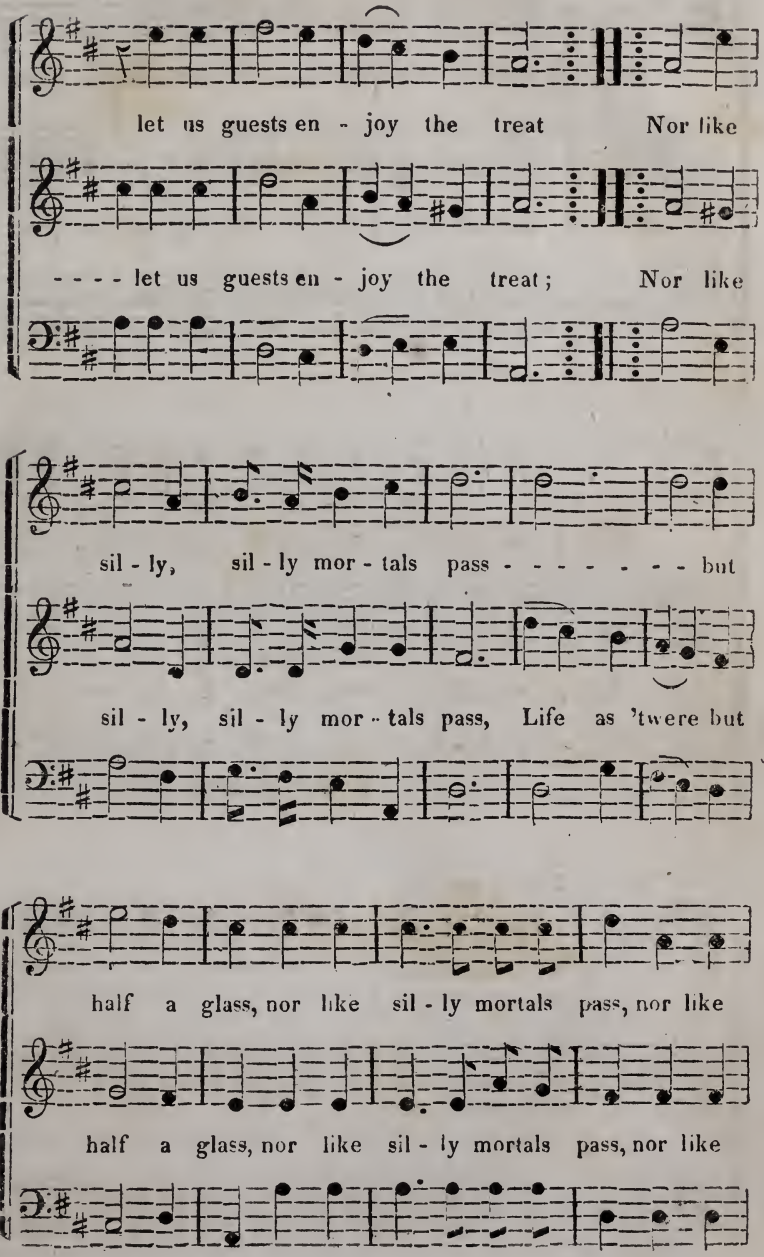

Cres.
huntsman is winding, is winding his horn, The
Pia.
huntsman is winding, is winding his horn, The
For.
huntsman is winding, is winding his horn.

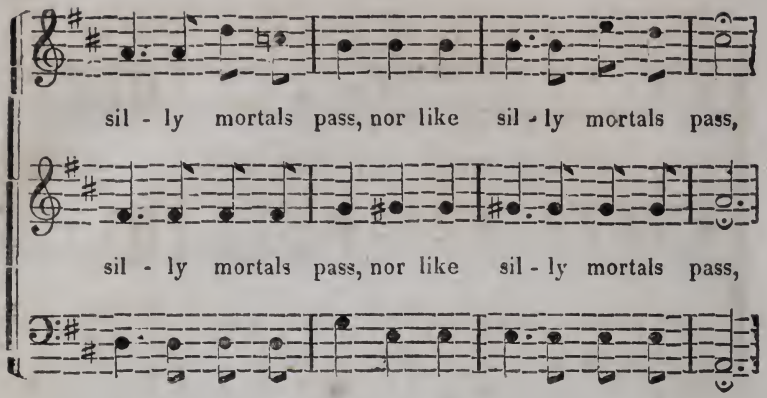
The Dogs are unkennel'd, and ripe for the game,
We start to o'ertake the swift hare!
All danger we scorn, for pleasure's our aim,
To the fields, then away, let's repair.

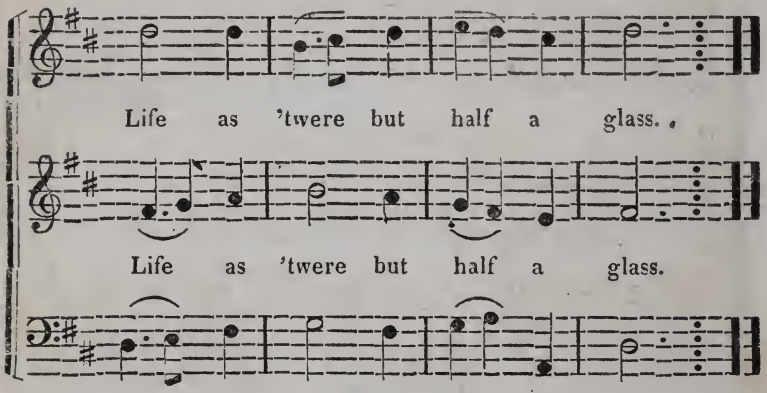
LIFE'S A BUMPER.

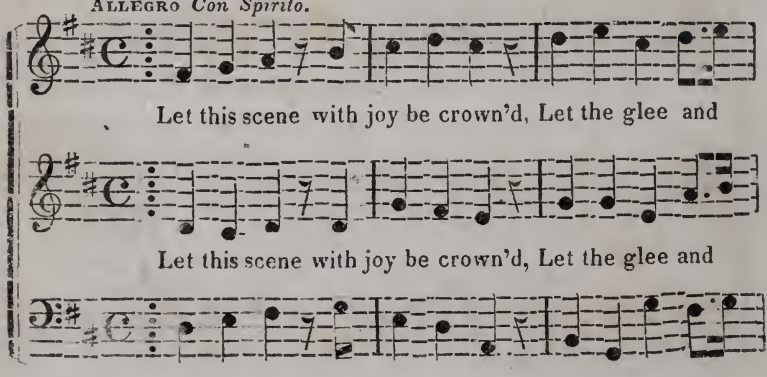
ALLEGRO MAESTOSO. *for.* GLEE.

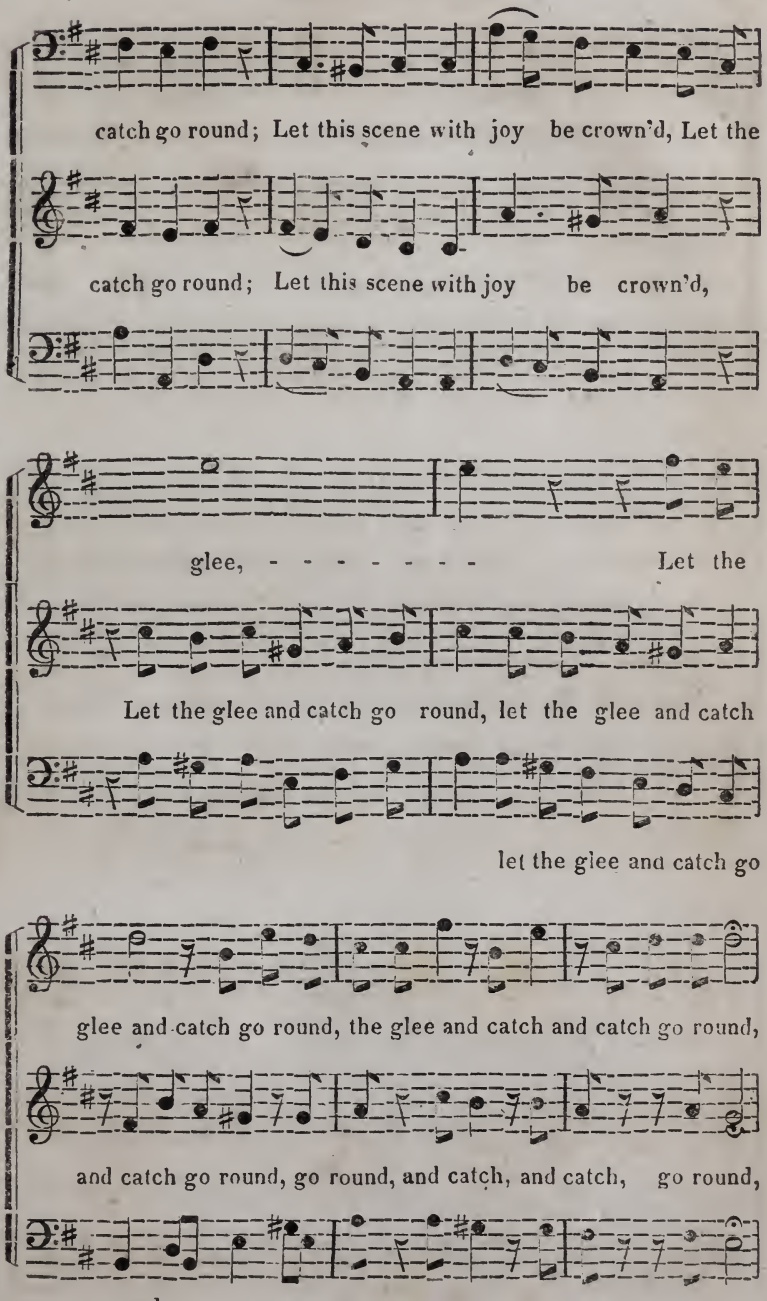

Life's a bumper, life's a bumper fill'd by
Life's a bumper. life's a bumper fill'd by
For. Pia.
fate, life's a bumper, fill'd by fate; Let us
fate, life's a bumper, fill'd by fate; Let us
guests en - joy - - - - the treat,
Let us guests en - - joy, en - joy - - - - -

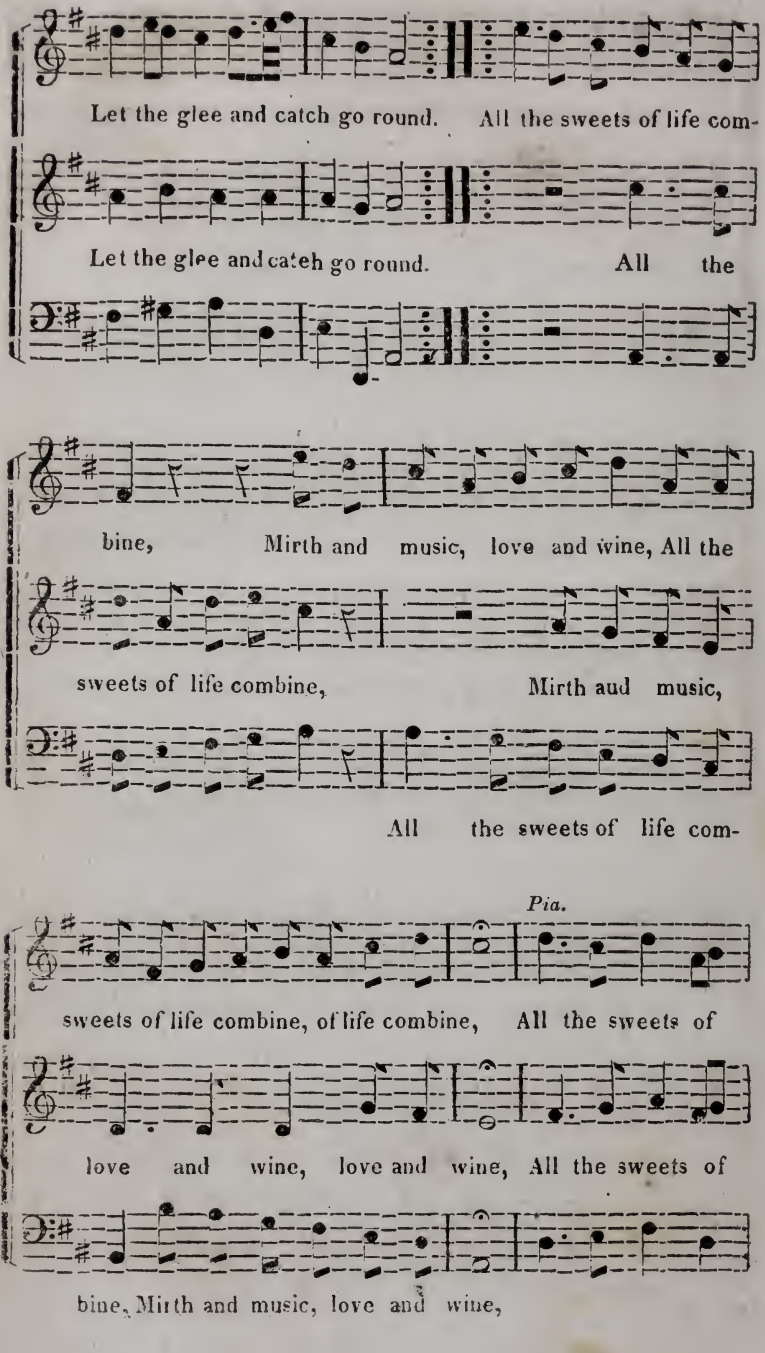

let us guests en - joy the treat Nor like
- - - - let us guests en - joy the treat; Nor like
sil - ly, sil - ly mor - tals pass - - - - - - - - but
sil - ly, sil - ly mor - tals pass, Life as 'twere but
half a glass, nor like sil - ly mortals pass, nor like
half a glass, nor like sil - ly mortals pass, nor like


sil - ly mortals pass, nor like sil - ly mortals pass,
sil - ly mortals pass, nor like sil - ly mortals pass,

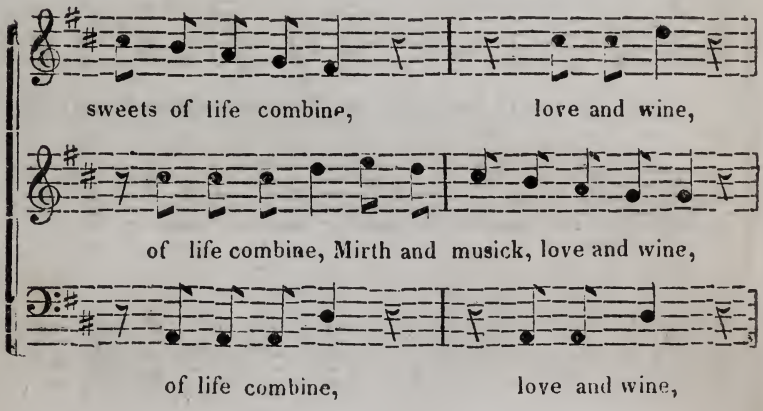

Life as 'twere but half a glass.
Life as 'twere but half a glass.

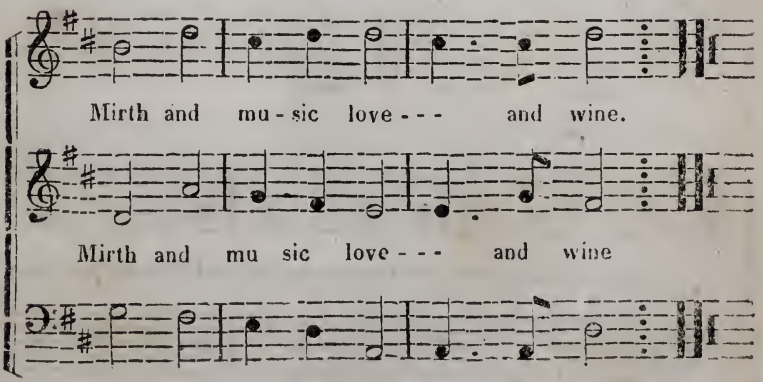

Allegro Con Spirito.
Let this scene with joy be crown'd, Let the glee and
Let this scene with joy be crown'd, Let the glee and


catch go round; Let this scene with joy be crown'd, Let the
catch go round; Let this scene with joy be crown'd,
glee, - - - - - - - - Let the
Let the glee and catch go round, let the glee and catch
let the glee and catch go
glee and catch go round, the glee and catch and catch go round,
and catch go round, go round, and catch, and catch, go round,
round, - - - - - - - - -


Let the glee and catch go round. All the sweets of life com-
Let the glee and catch go round. All the
bine, Mirth and music, love and wine, All the
sweets of life combine, Mirth and music,
All the sweets of life com-
Pia.
sweets of life combine, of life combine, All the sweets of
love and wine, love and wine, All the sweets of
bine, Mirth and music, love and wine,

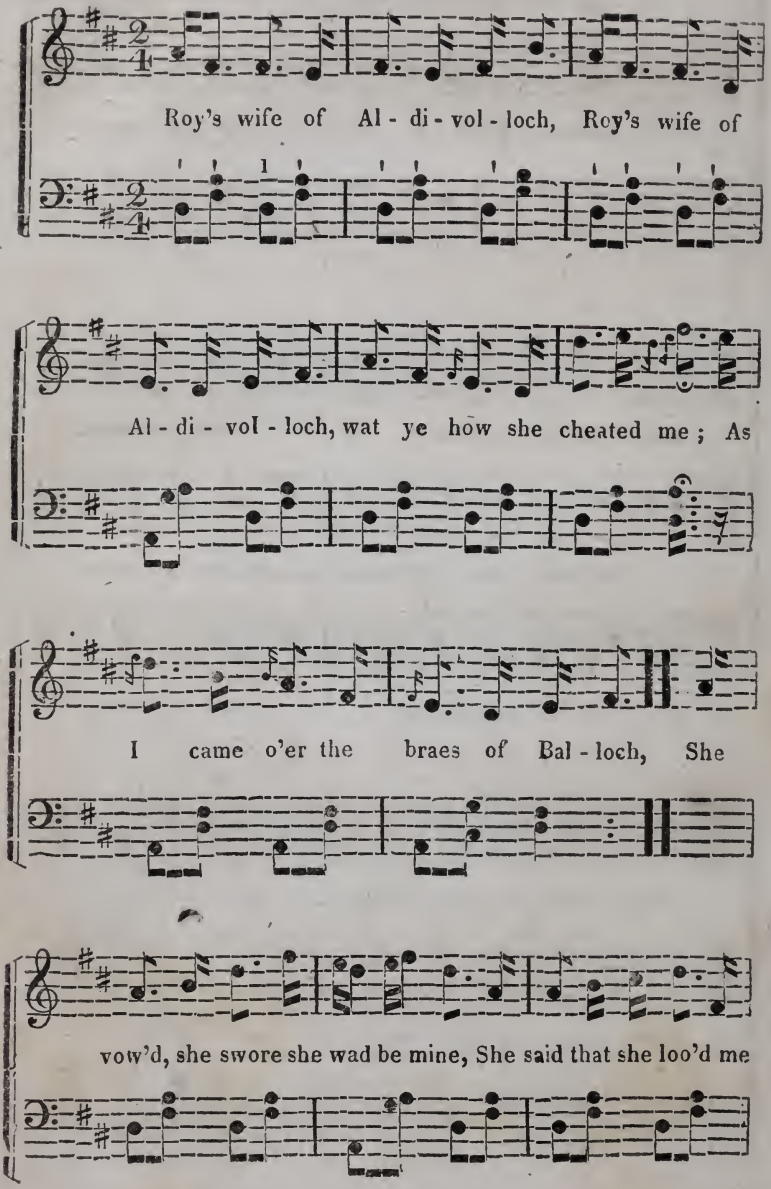
life combine, Mirth and mu . sic, love and wine; All the
life combine, Mirth and mu - sic love and wine;

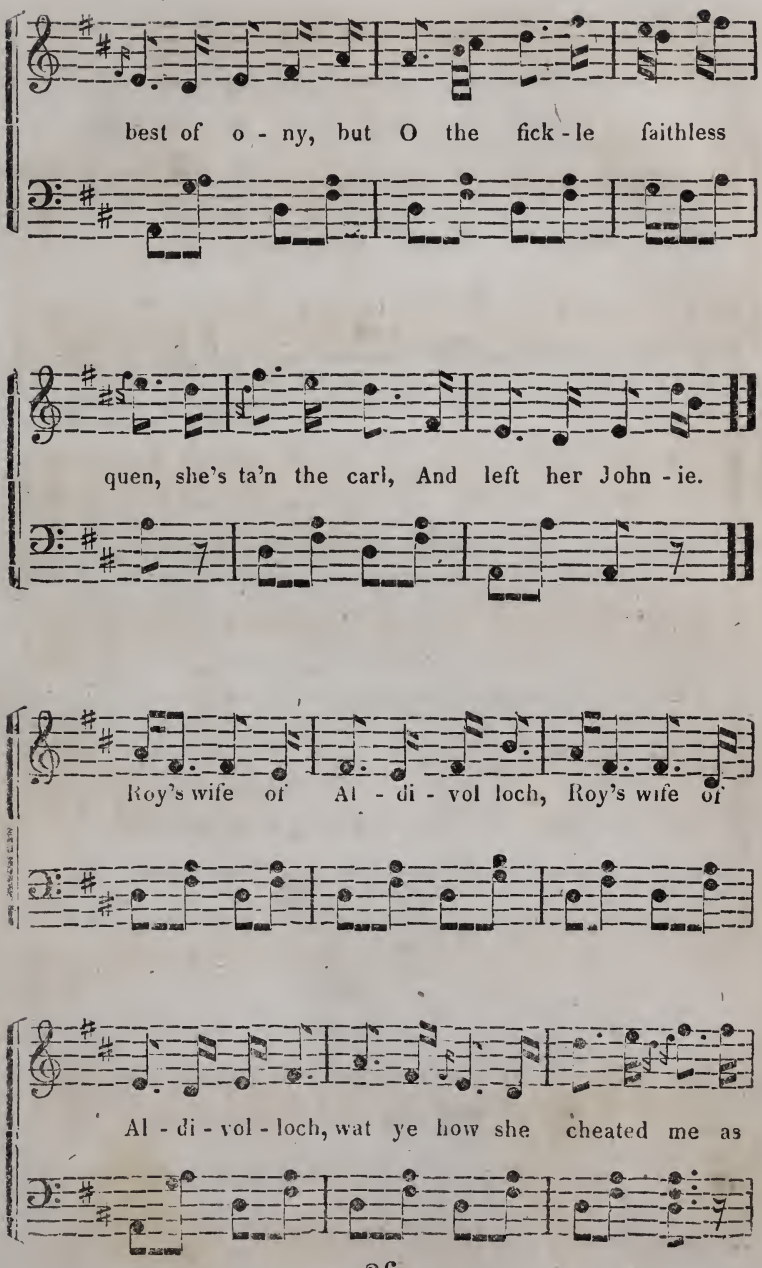

sweets of life combine, love and wine,
of life combine, Mirth and musick, love and wine,
of life combine, love and wine,

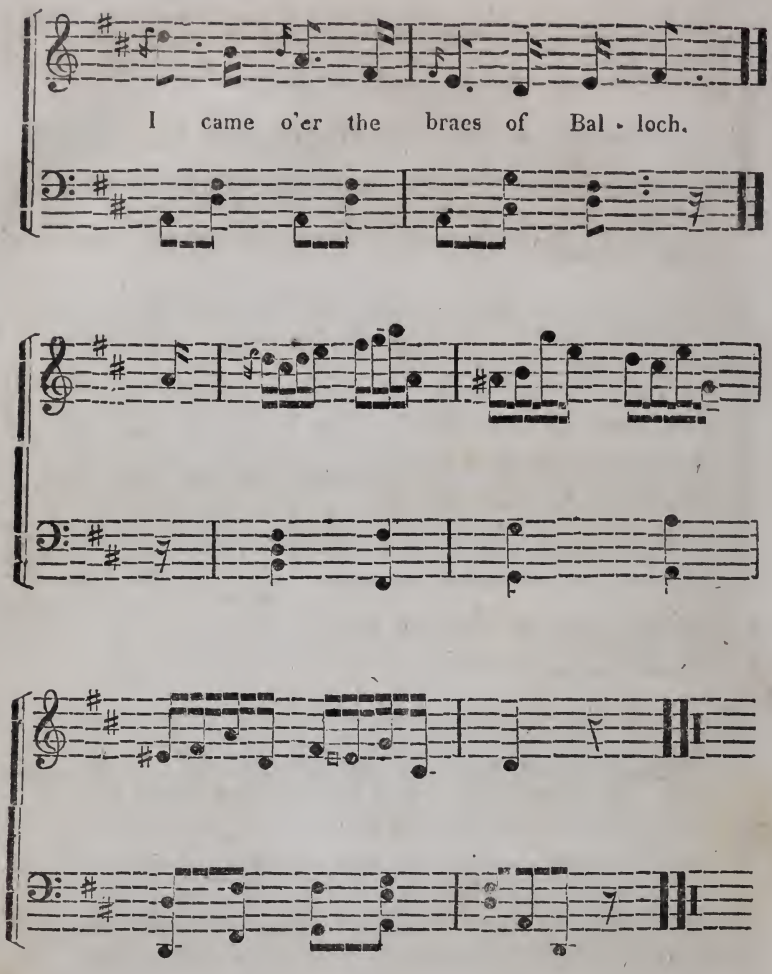

Mirth and mu - sic love - - - and wine.
Mirth and mu sic love - - - and wine

ROY'S WIFE.

A Favourite Scotch Song.


Roy's wife of Al - di - vol - loch, Roy's wife of
Al - di - vol - loch, wat ye how she cheated me; As
I came o'er the braes of Bal - loch, She
vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said that she loo'd me


best of o - ny, but O the fick - le faithless
quen, she's ta'n the carl, And left her John - ie.
Roy's wife of Al - di - vol loch, Roy's wife of
Al - di - vol - loch, wat ye how she cheated me as



2

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloc h,

O she was a canty quean,
And weel cou'd she dance the Highland walloch.
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

3

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch,
But Roy's age is three times mine,
I think his days will nae be mony,
And when the carl is dead and gane,
She'll may be, rue and take her Johnny.

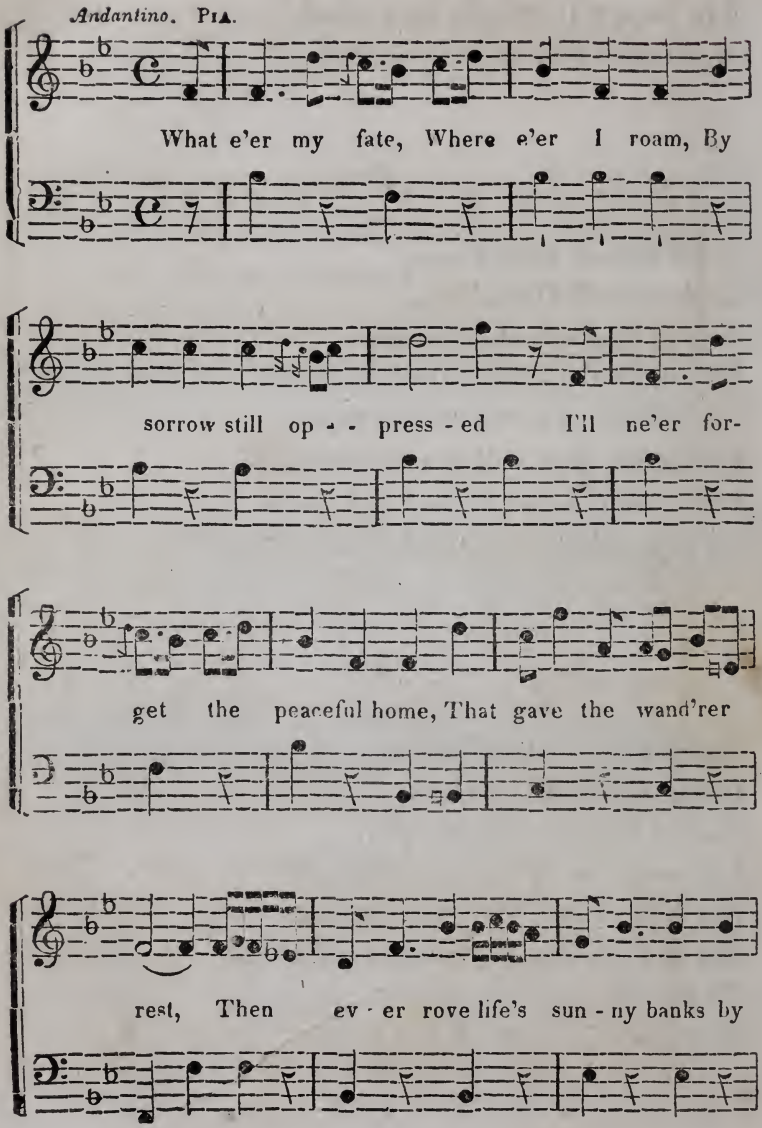
4

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cameo'er the braes of Balloch,
Her hair so fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnie.

A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Sung by Mr NICHOLS.


Andantino. Pia.
What e'er my fate, Where e'er I roam, By
sorrow still op - - press - ed I'll ne'er for-
get the peaceful home, That gave the wand'rer
rest, Then ev - er rove life's sun - ny banks by

sweetest flow'rets strew'd, Still may you claim a
soldier's thanks, A soldier's gra - ti - - tude, - - A
sol - dier's grat - i - - tude - - - Still may you
claim a Sol - dier's thanks, A sol - dier's gra - ti -

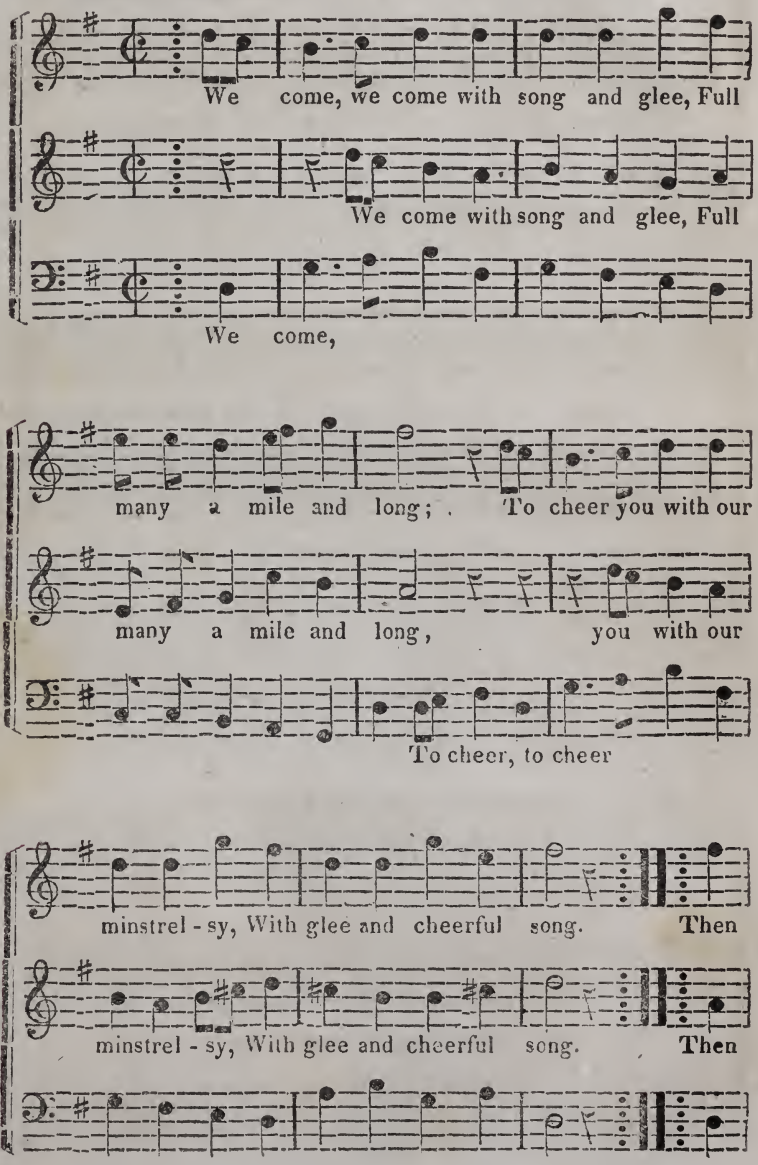
2

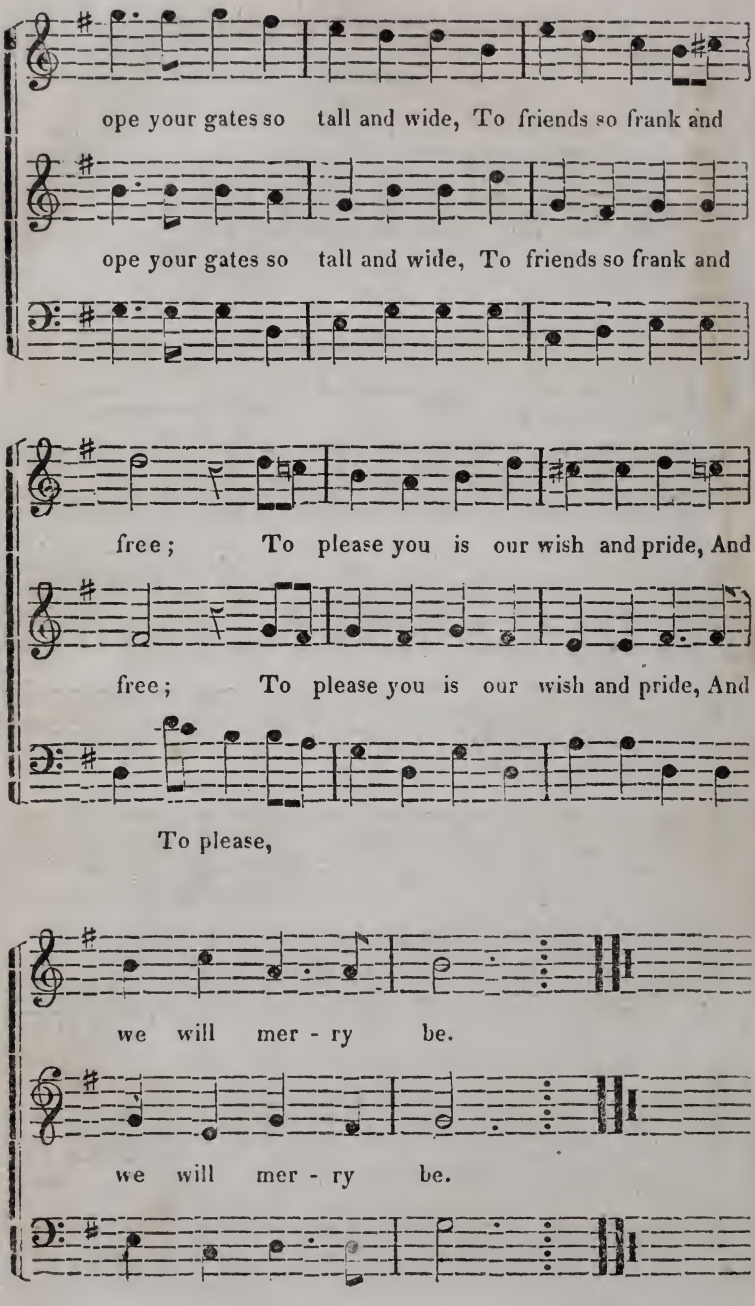
The tender sigh, the balmy tear,
That meek ey'd Pity gave,
My last expiring hours shall cheer,
And bless the wand'rers grave.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,
Still may you claim a Soldiers thanks,
A Soldiers gratitude, &c.

WE COME....WE COME!

GLEE.

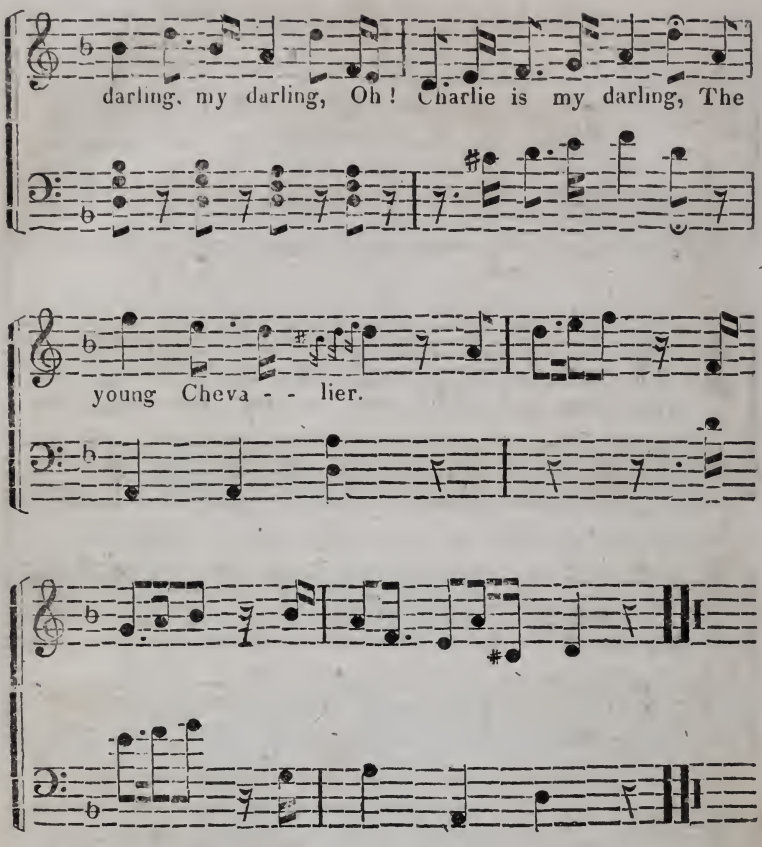
ALLEGRO. *Moderato.*


We come, we come with song and glee, Full
We come with song and glee, Full
We come,
many a mile and long; To cheer you with our
many a mile and long, you with our
To cheer, to cheer
minstrel - sy, With glee and cheerful song. Then
minstrel - sy, With glee and cheerful song. Then


ope your gates so tall and wide, To friends so frank and
ope your gates so tall and wide, To friends so frank and
free; To please you is our wish and pride, And
free; To please you is our wish and pride, And
To please,
we will mer - ry be.
we will mer - ry be.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Moderato.
Charlie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my
dar - ling, Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The
young Cheva - lier, 'Twas on a Monday morning, right
ear - ly in the year, When Charlie came to our town the
young Chevalier; Oh! Charlie is my darling my



2

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out,
To meet the Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier;

3

Wi Highland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores long and clear,
They came to fight for Scotlands right,
And the young Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier;

4

They've left their bonnie highland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier;
Oh Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier;

This Song may be sung to the preceding Music.

Sleep in thy sweetness, my love, till to morrow.
Sleep on that pillow the cold tomb hath giv'n;
Soon at thy side I shall cease from my sorrow,
And leave this cold world, to be happy in heav'n,
Sleep till the days of my mourning are o'er;
* Oh! sleep on my lov'd one, till time is no more.

2

Soon did the days of enjoyment depart, love,
Swift did our visions of happiness flee;
Cold is thy pillow, but colder my heart, love,
Silent 'tis bleeding and breaking for thee.
Soon shall my joys and my sorrows be o'er;
Then sleep on my lost one, 'till time is no more.

3

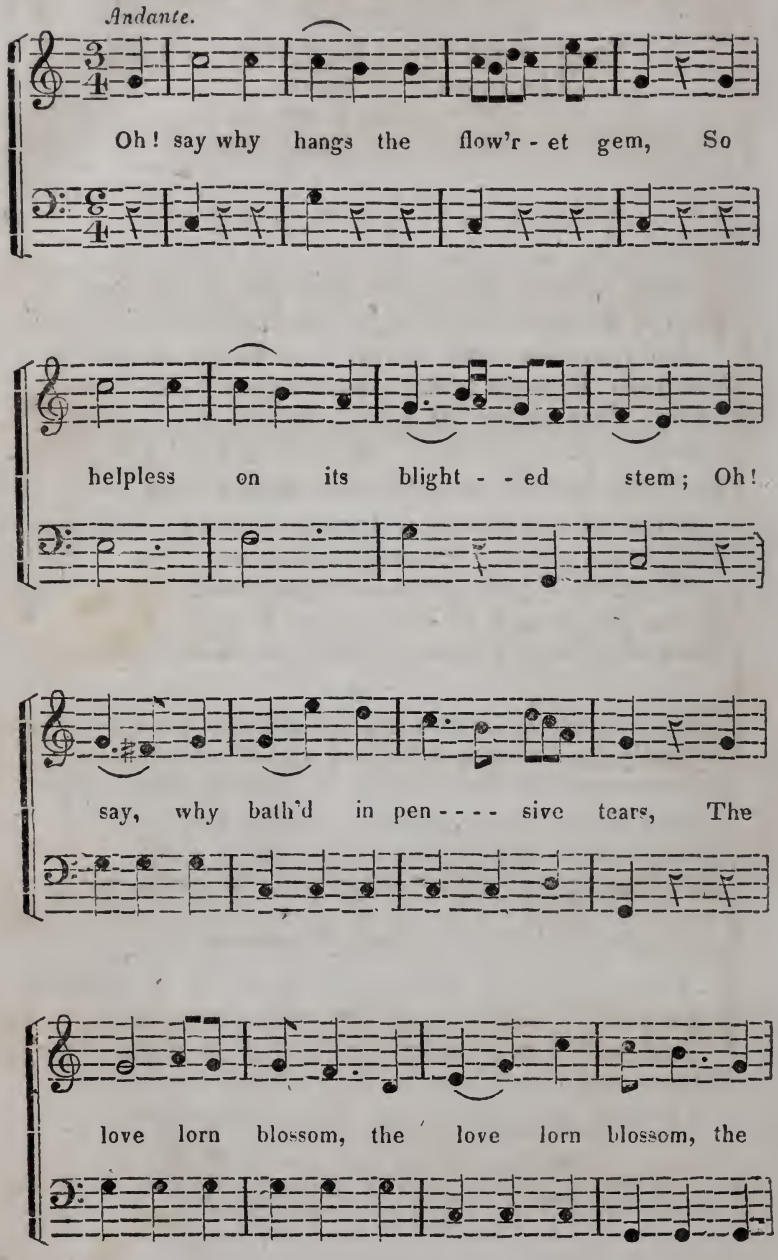
The turtle-dove mourns for her mate of the mountains,
And prunes for her love her white bosom no more;
Like her do I fly to the wild woods and fountains,
And weep for the joys that forever are o'er.
Sleep then in tranquil till time shall be o'er,
And the hopes of the wretch beguile me no more!

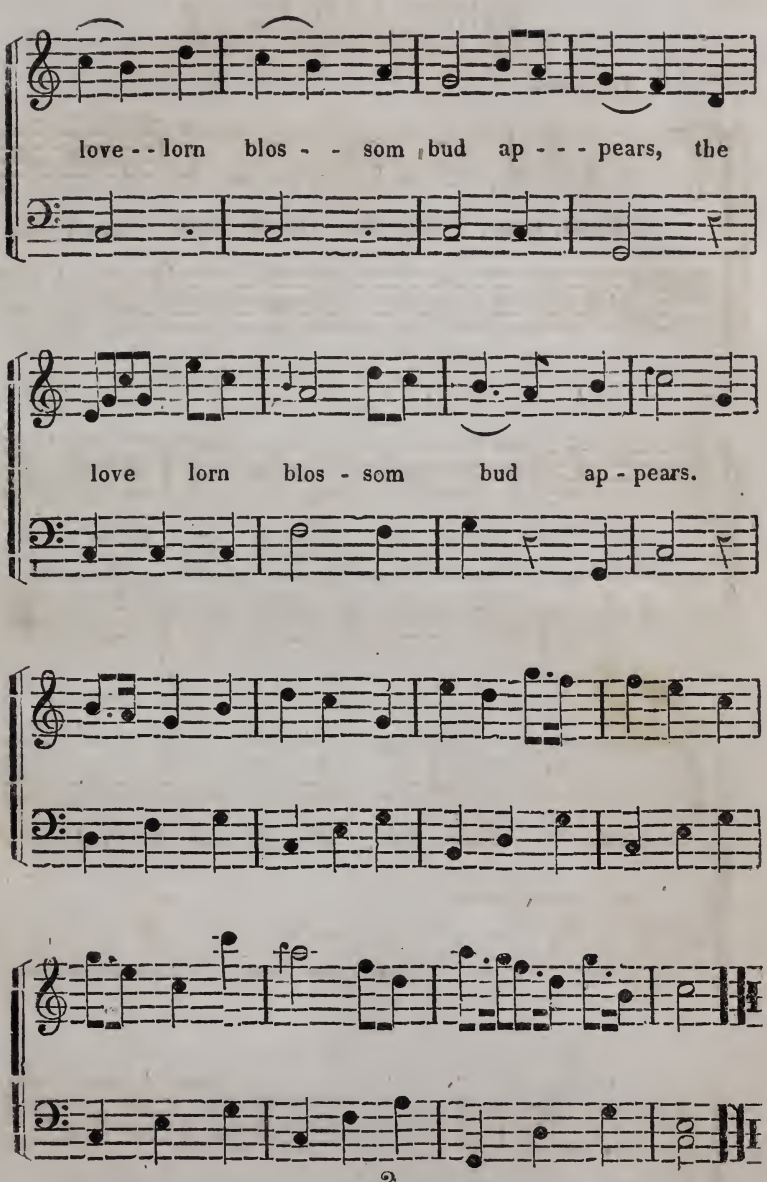
4

Sadness and sorrow our hearts could not sever,
The light of thy love sweetly rose o'er their gloom;
Like hope it shone brightest when fading forever,
And smil'd as it set in the night of the tomb.
Then sleep on my love till its darkness is o'er;
Oh! sleep in thy sweetness till time is no more.

* The first syllable in the last line, to be sung as if the last in the preceding line, answering to the last syllable of the word "*darling.*"

THE FLOW'RET GEM.


Andante.
Oh! say why hangs the flow'r - et gem, So
helpless on its blight - - ed stem; Oh!
say, why bath'd in pen - - - - sive tears, The
love lorn blossom, the love lorn blossom, the

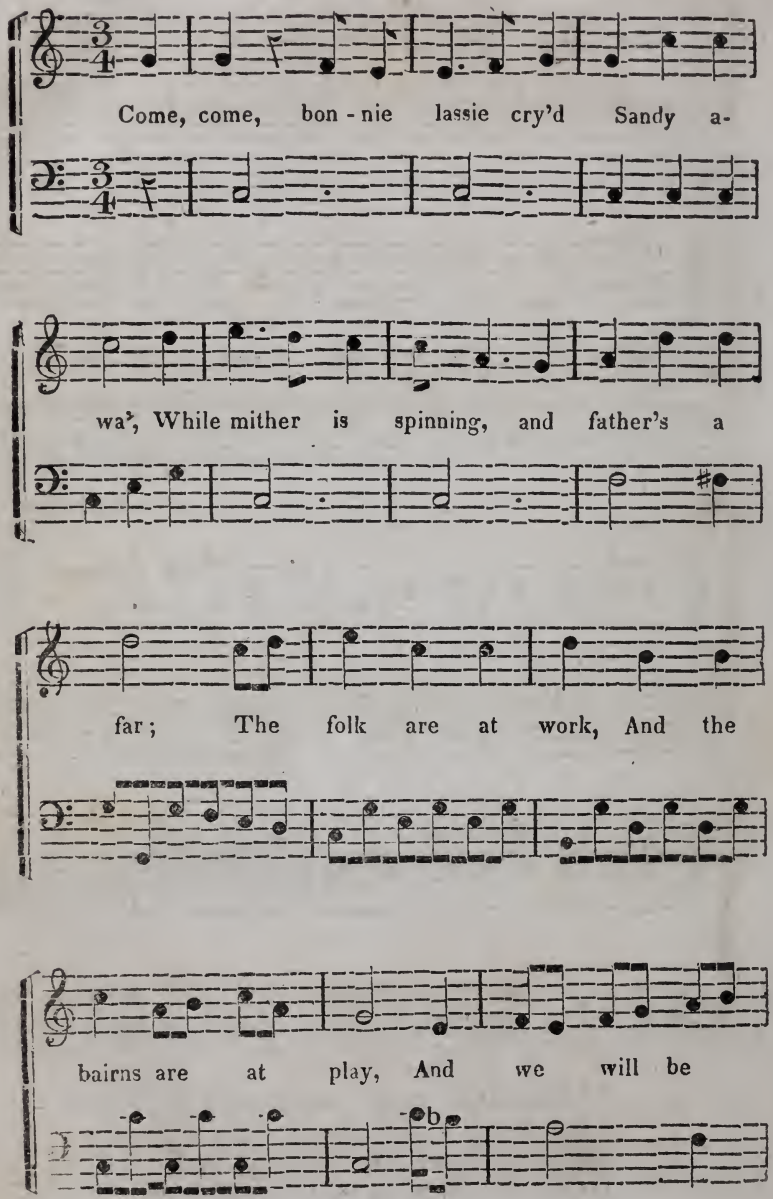


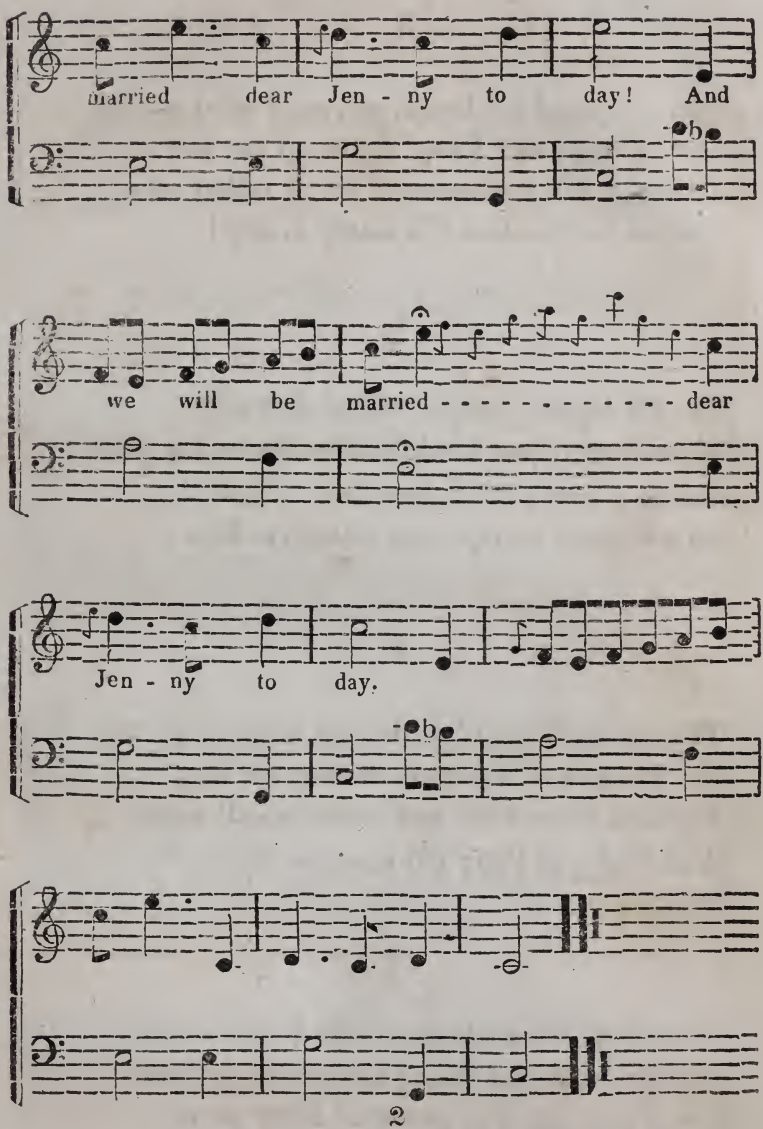
2

The Summer beam that warm'd it's breast
That first it's embryo sweets carress'd,
Forsakes it and the dropping gem
Hangs hopeless on its blighted stem-

SANDY AND JENNY.

Affettuoso.


Come, come, bon - nie lassie cry'd Sandy a-
wa', While mither is spinning, and father's a
far; The folk are at work, And the
bairns are at play, And we will be



Stay, stay, bonnie laddie, I answer'd with speed,
I canna, I munna go with you indeed;
Beside, should I do so, what would the folk say?
Oh! we canna marry, dear Sandy, to day.

3

List, list, cried he, lassie, and mind what you do,
Baith Peggy, and Patty, I give up for you;
Besides, a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,
And one or the other I'll marry to day!

4

Fie, fie, bonnie laddie, replied I, again,
When Peggy, you kiss'd t'other day on the plain;
Beside, a new ribbon does Patty display,
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to day.

5

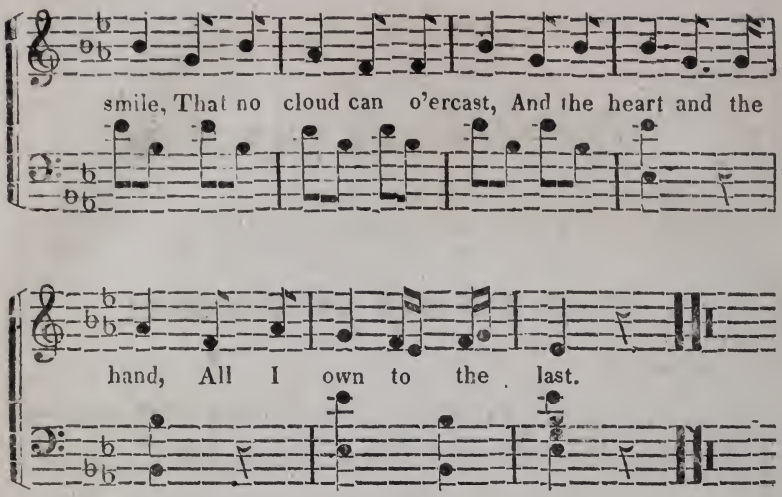
Then, then, a good bye, bonnie lassie, says he,
For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me;
The kirk is hard by, and the bells call away,
And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to day!

6

Stop, stop, bonnie laddie, says I with a smile,
For know, I was joking indeed all the while;
Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
And we will be married, dear Sandy to day!

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM!

ANDANTE.



2.

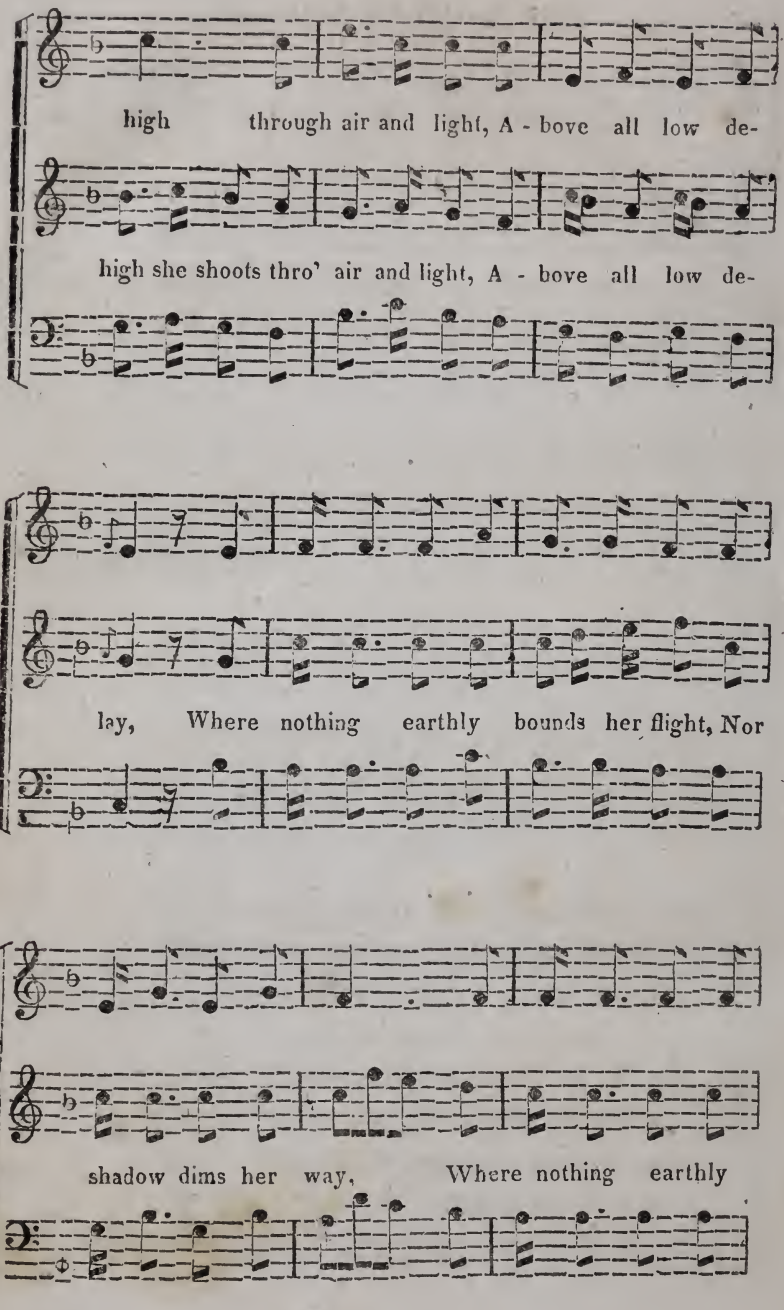
Oh! what was love made for,
If 'tis not the same,
Thro' joy and thro' torments,
Thro' glory and shame?
I know not I ask not,
If guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee,
Whatever thou art!

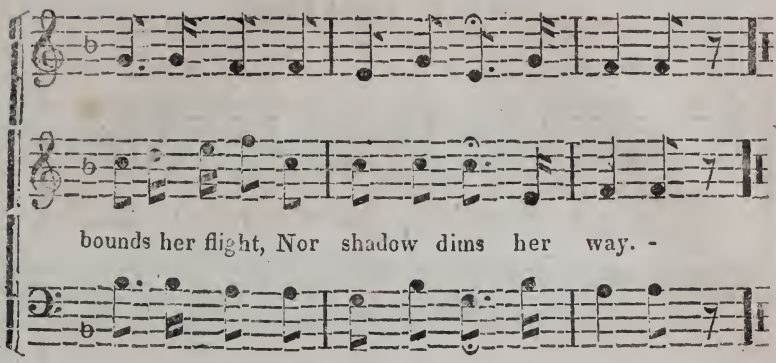
3.

Thou hast call'd me thy angel,
In moments of bliss—
Still thy angel I'll be,
Mid the horrors of this—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking,
Thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,
Or perish there too!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

The bird let loose in East - ern skies, When
hast'ning fondly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her
wing, nor flies, Where idle warblers roam, - - But


high through air and light, A - bove all low de-
high she shoots thro' air and light, A - bove all low de-
lay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor
shadow dims her way, Where nothing earthly



1.

The Bird, let loose in Eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies,
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

2.

So grant me, GOD, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

THE INVITATION.

ANDANTE.

A lone - ly cot is all I own, It
stands on yon - der ver - dant down, And
near the brook;— the brook - is small, Yet
clear its bubb - ling foun - tains fall.

1.

A LONELY cot is all I own:
It stands on yonder verdant down;
And near the brook;—the brook is small,
Yet clear its bubbling fountains fall!

2.

A spreading beech uprears it head,
And half conceals the humble shed:
From chilling winds a safe retreat;
A refuge from the noon-tide heat!

3.

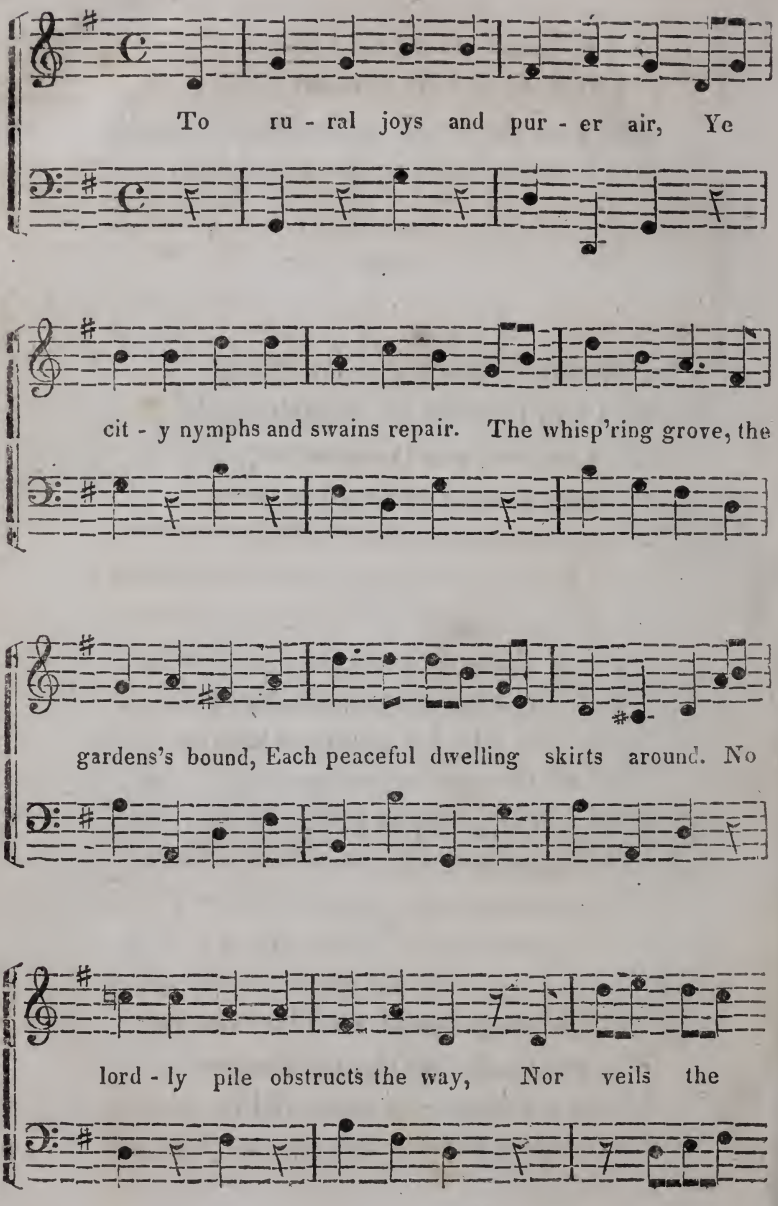
And on its boughs the nightingale
So sweetly tells her plaintive tale,
That oft the passing rustics stray,
With loit'ring step to catch the lay!

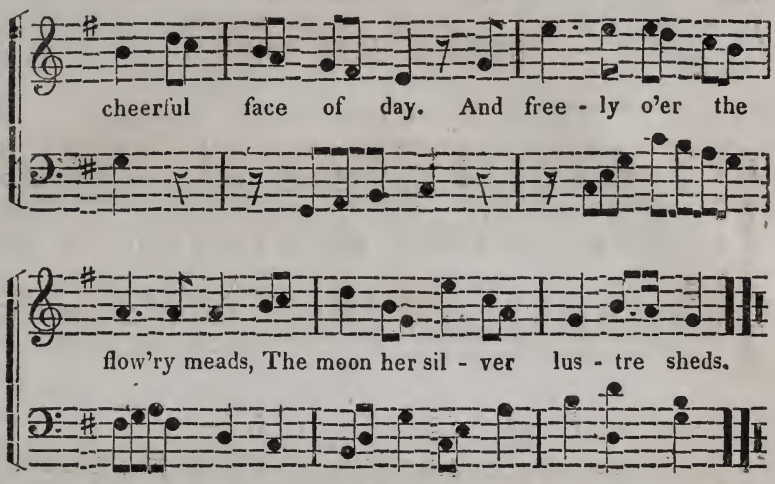
4.

Sweet blue-ey'd maid with locks so fair,
My heart's dear pride, my fondest care!
I hie me home;—the storm doth low'r.
Come share, sweet maid, my shelt'ring bower!

RURAL LIFE.

Moderato.


To ru - ral joys and pur - er air, Ye
cit - y nymphs and swains repair. The whisp'ring grove, the
gardens's bound, Each peaceful dwelling skirts around. No
lord - ly pile obstructs the way, Nor veils the



2.

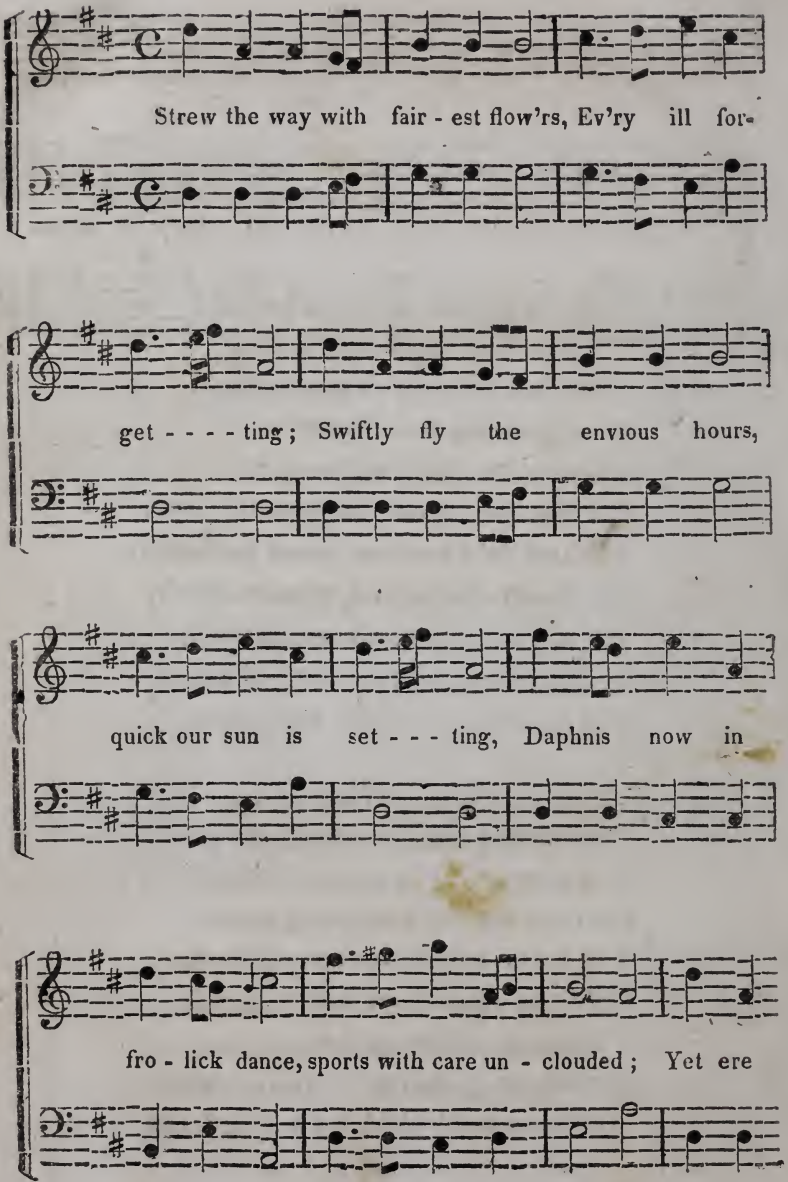
At early morn the villager
Resumes his daily pleasing care,
For him the vernal landscape blooms,
For him the hawthorn sheds perfumes;
His borders glow with many a flow'r,
The nightingale awakes his bow'r,
The bee prepares her nectar'd hoard,
And fair Pomona decks his board.

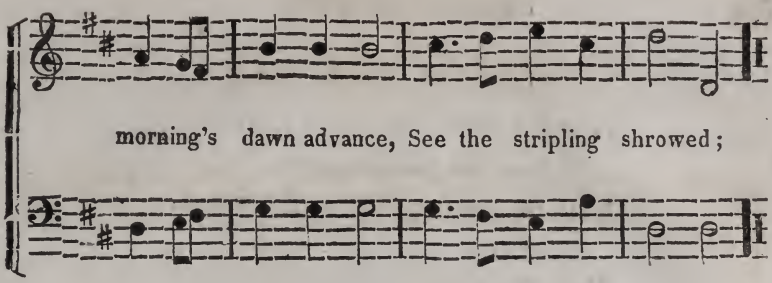
3.

Then hither hie, ye courtly train,
And share the pleasures of the plain;
Forsake the city's irksome glare,
And leave behind each sordid care.—
Let Love alone your breast invade,
Fit inmate of the rural shade;
Haste here, your tender vows declare,
And soon shall yield the soft'ned fair.

STREW THE WAY.

VIVACE.


Strew the way with fair - est flow'rs, Ev'ry ill for-
get - - - - ting; Swiftly fly the envious hours,
quick our sun is set - - - ting, Daphnis now in
fro - lick dance, sports with care un - clouded; Yet ere



2.

See, in Hymen's joyous band,
Blushing Phœbe plighting,
See, ere ev'ning's dews expand,
Death her eyes benighting;
Give then grief, and moping care,
To the breeze that passes;
'Neath this beechen grove so fair,
Quaff the jingling glasses.

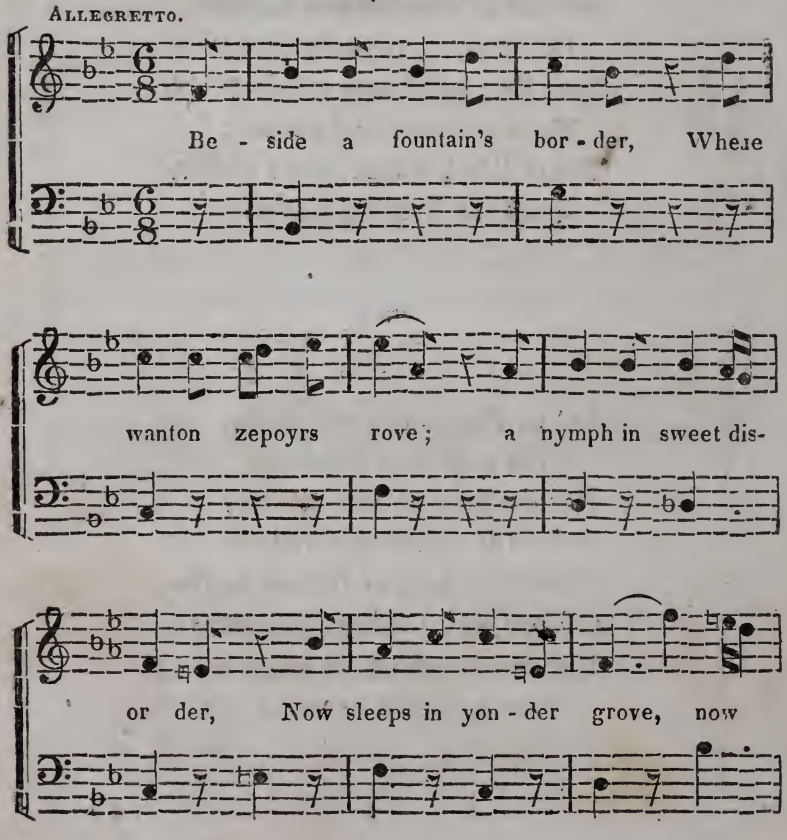
3.

Let no Philomel's soft strain,
Trill neglected numbers,
Nor the hum of bees in vain,
Lull to soothing slumbers:
Snatch, as long as fortune smiles,
Love and drinking pleasures;
Ruthless death no art beguiles,
Soon he steals our treasures.

4.

O'er the dark and silent grave,
Where his prey reposes,
Vain their wings the zephyrs wave,
Scatt'ring breath of roses;
Vain the glasses tinkling sound,
Death's dull ear invading,
Vain the frolic dance around,
Deftest measures treading.

BESIDE A FOUNTAIN'S BORDER.


ALLEGRETTO.
Be - side a fountain's bor - der, Where
wanton zepoyrs rove; a nymph in sweet dis-
or der, Now sleeps in yon - der grove, now

sleeps in yon - der grove. If thus her beauties
charm me, All sleeping as she lies, What
ills a - las! shall harm me, When once she opes her
eyes, What ills, a - las! Shall harm me,
When - - - - - once she opes her eyes!

1.

Beside a fountain's border,
  Where wanton zephyrs rove,
A nymph in sweet disorder,
  Now sleeps in yonder grove.
If thus her beauties charm me,
  All sleeping as she lies,
What ills, alas! shall harm me,
  When once she opes her eyes.

2.

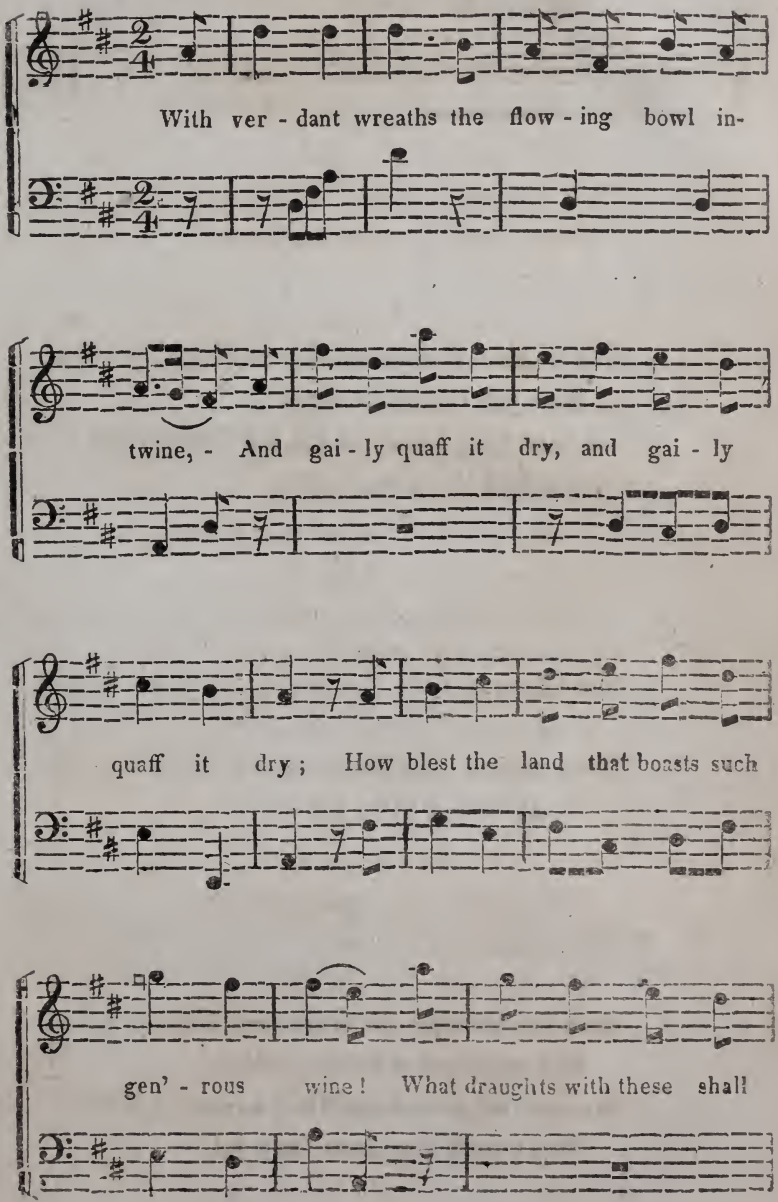
On her white arm reposing,
  Reclines her lovely cheek,
Far sweeter tints disclosing,
  Than May's sweet mornings deck.
What tender fears alarm me,
  What tender hopes arise—
Alas! what ills shall harm me,
  When once she opes her eyes.

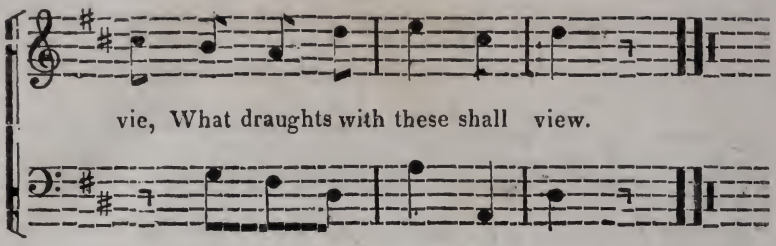
3.

And fain would I discover,
  What pains my breast invade;
But ah, too timid lover!
  My lips refuse their aid.
May Love with boldness arm me,
  And check desponding sighs,
Or, oh! what ills shall harm me,
  When once she opes her eyes!

WITH VERDANT WREATHS.

ALLEGRO.


With ver - dant wreaths the flow - ing bowl in-
twine, - And gai - ly quaff it dry, and gai - ly
quaff it dry; How blest the land that boasts such
gen' - rous wine! What draughts with these shall



2.

Nor need our steps to distant Hung'ry tend,
Nor yet to Gallia roam;
Let him who likes, so far for liquor send,—
We find it nearer home.

3.

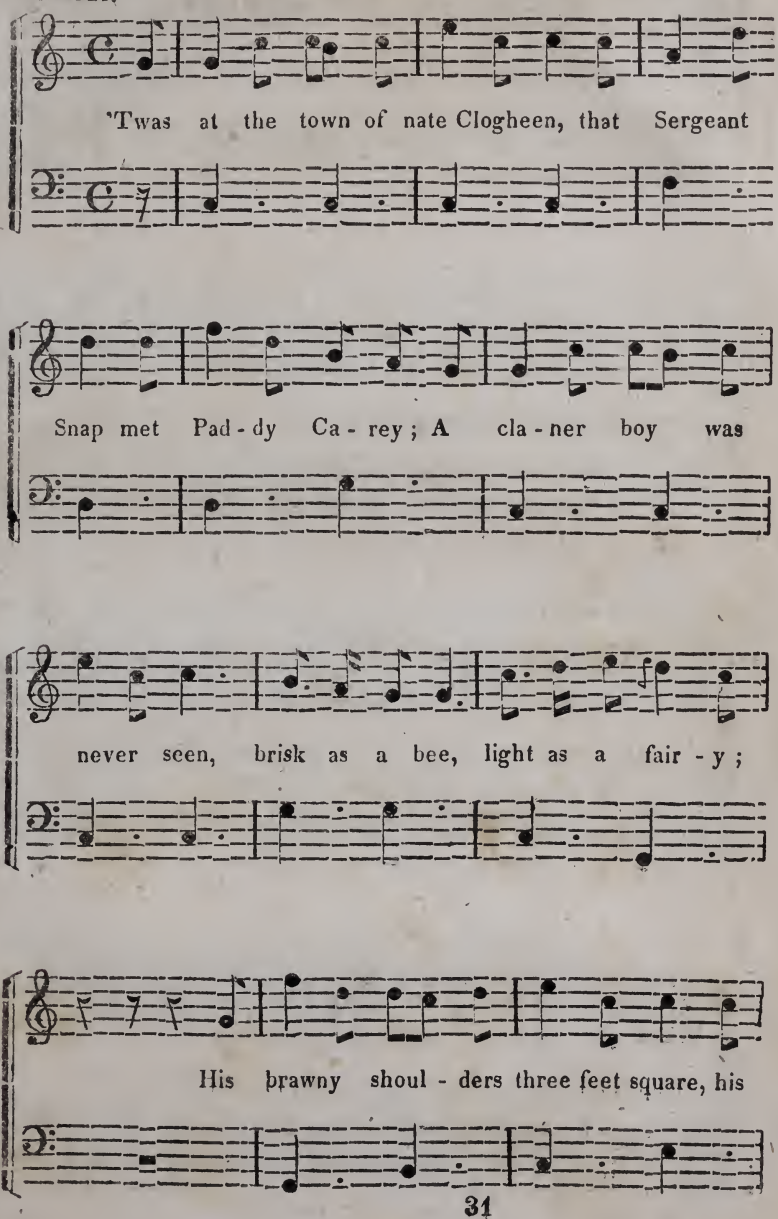
Our German hills the bounteous juice supply,
And hence its worth so rare!
Dear native land, beneath thy temp'rate sky,
What varied gifts we share!

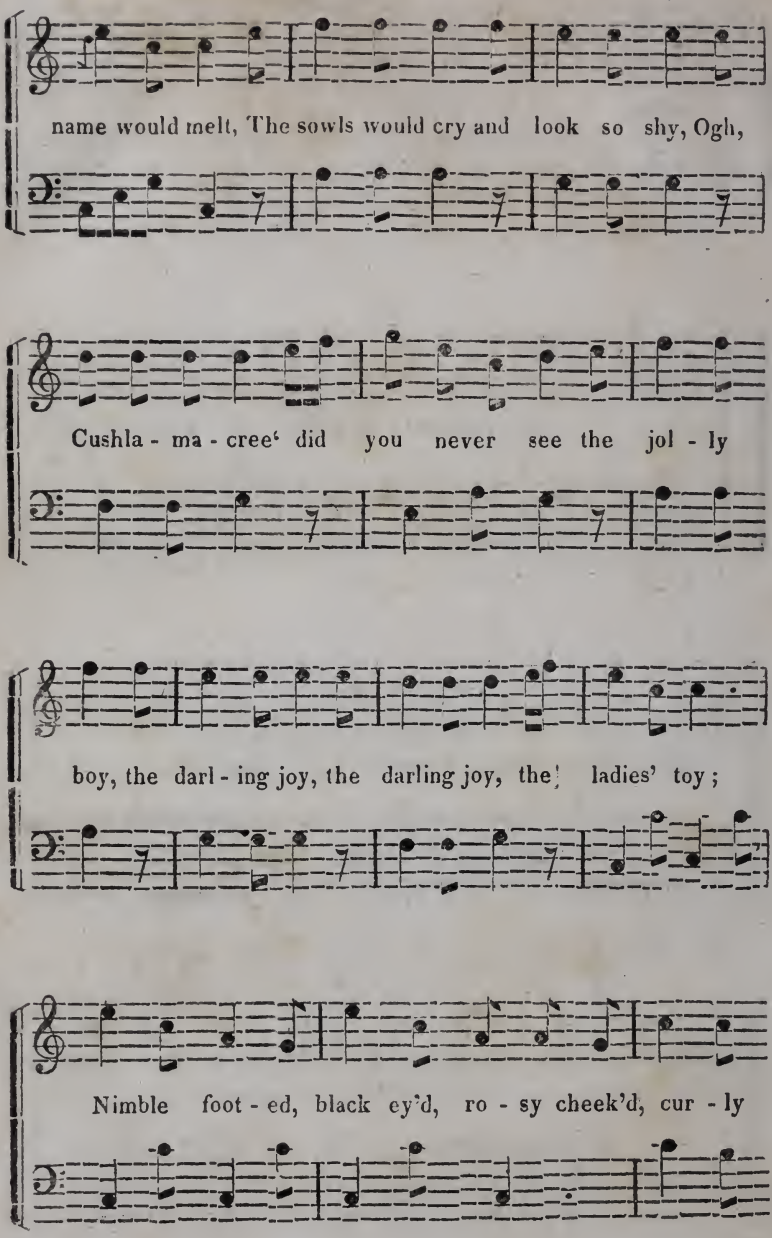
4.

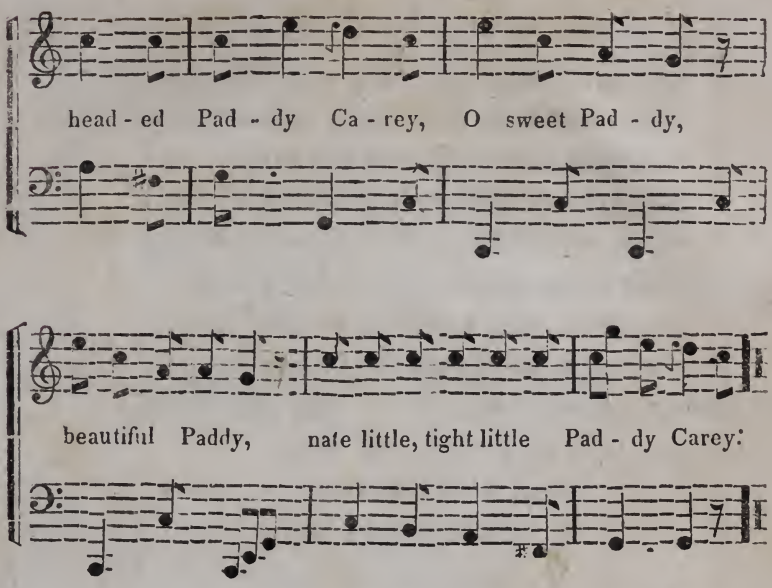
Nor yet through all Germania does it grow,
Where many a barren hill,
And many a rock uplifts its rugged brow,
Not worth the place they fill.

PADDY CAREY'S FORTUNE,

LIVELY.

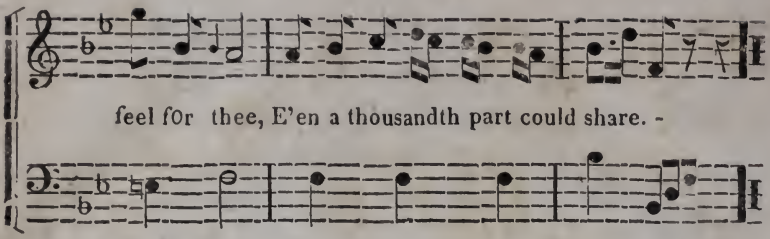

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen, that Sergeant
Snap met Pad - dy Ca - rey; A cla - ner boy was
never seen, brisk as a bee, light as a fair - y;
His brawny shoul - ders three feet square, his


name would melt, The sowls would cry and look so shy, Ogh,
Cushla - ma - cree' did you never see the jol - ly
boy, the darl - ing joy, the darling joy, the ladies' toy;
Nimble foot - ed, black ey'd, ro - sy cheek'd, cur - ly



2.

His heart was made of Irish oak,
Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney,
His tongue was tipt with a bit o' the brogue,
But the deuce a bit at all the blarney.
Now Sergeant Snap so sly and keen,
While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,
A shilling slip't so neat and clean,
By th' pow'rs he listed Paddy Carey—
Tight and sound, strong and light, cheeks so round, eyes so bright,
Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
Light, tight and airy,
All the sweet faces, &c.

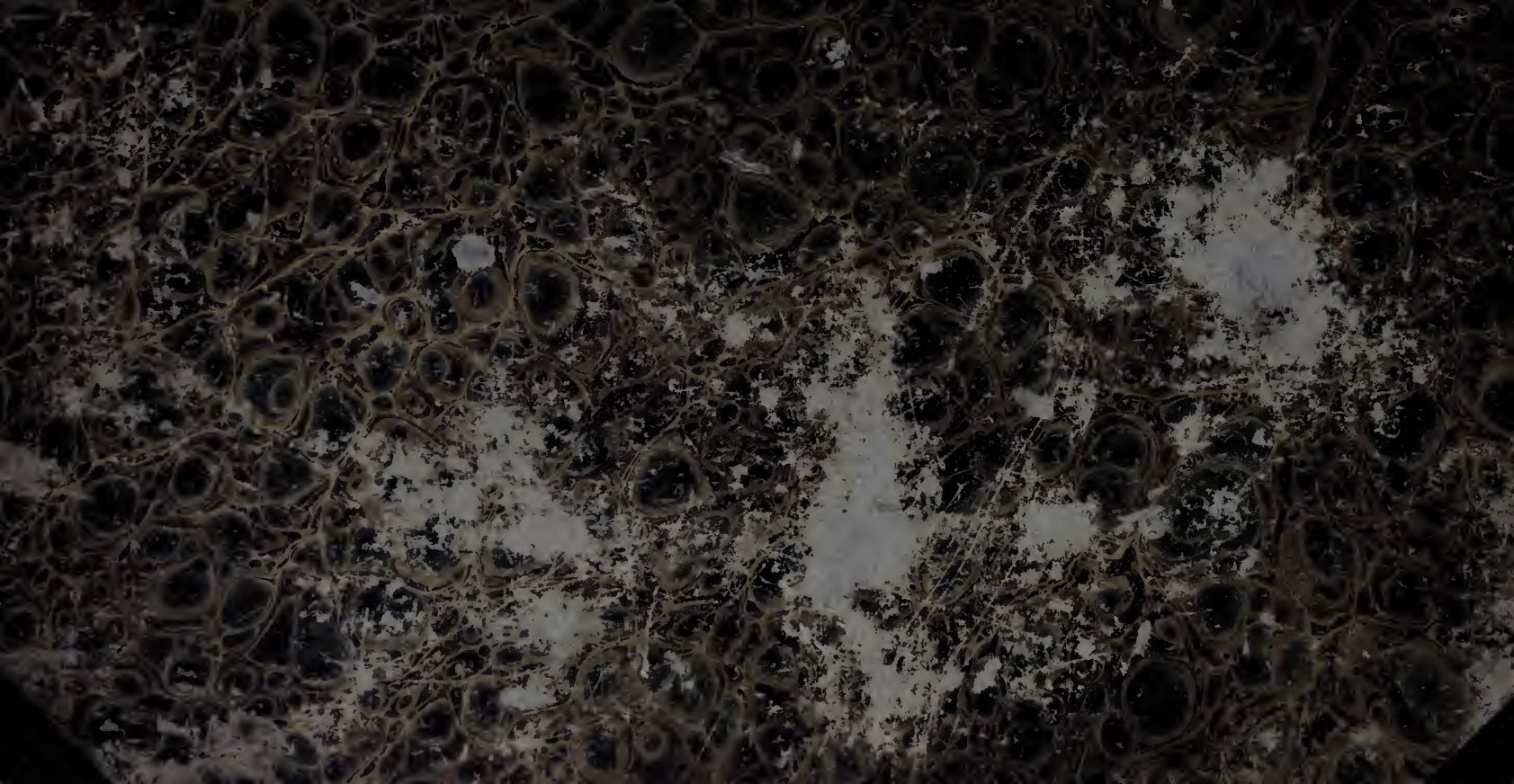


2.

When I greet thee, would'st thou deign,
One kind look, to bid me live;
Or, one kiss return again,
Sweet return for those I give.

3.

All dissolv'd in tender joy,
High my raptur'd heart would beat;
Fondly at thy feet I sigh,
Fondly call my bondage sweet.

4.

Dear the change of mutual vows,
Love return'd, new love shall claim;
And the spark that faintly glows,
Soon shall blaze an ardent flame.